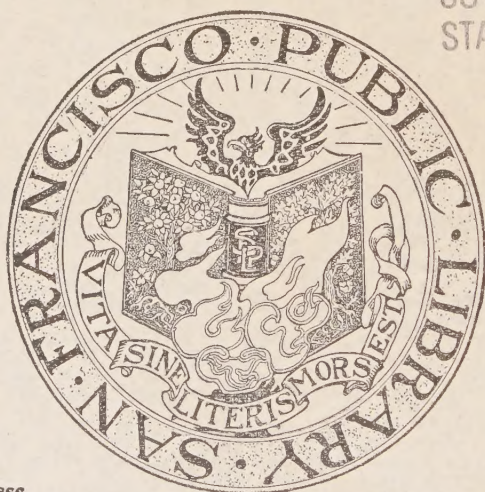




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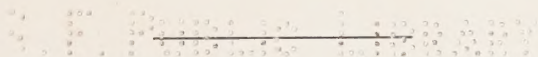
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ERRATA.

Page 1, second line from top for Vol. XXXIV read Vol. XXXV.

Page 206, tenth line from bottom for Sedwick read *Sedgwick*, for Bloomy read *Bloody*.

Page 245, fourth line from top for Burgyn read *Burgwyn*.

Southern Historical Society Papers.

Vol. XXXIV Richmond, Va., January-December. 1908

From N. O., La., *Picayune*, July 26, 1908.

ANDERSONVILLE PRISON.

A Northern Witness for Captain Wirz.

Immediately after the surrender of the relics of the Southern armies that had fought the war of secession to the end and had laid down their arms upon guarantees given by General Grant, who commanded all the United States armies and was universally recognized as the savior of the Union, the leading politicians in the North, infuriated and enraged against the Southern people, sought some pretext upon which the Southern leaders could be put to ignominious death and their property confiscated and divided out among the robbers, while portions of the confiscated lands were to be allotted to the emancipated negro slaves.

Such was the programme marked out by the South-haters in both houses of the United States Congress. Fortunately they were prevented from carrying out their nefarious and murderous schemes by several circumstances which may well be considered providential interventions.

One of these was the declaration by General Grant that no policy of violence and outrage could be perpetrated upon the military officers and soldiers who had laid down their arms and surrendered to him as long as the prisoners regarded their paroles and kept faith upon which they had ceased fighting. General Grant was at that time universally popular, and so complete was his hold upon the regard of the people that nothing could be done towards persecuting the surrendered Southern Soldiers contrary to his will.

Another circumstance which also contributed to save the Southern people from wholesale massacre and confiscation was

the fact that President Lincoln, just before his tragic and to the South most calamitous death, had begun to put in operation a plan to rehabilitate and restore to their places in the Union the several Southern States, and after his death the task was recommenced by his successor, Andrew Johnson.

Whatever might have been the disposition of the Northern politicians toward Lincoln's movements for Southern reinstatement, when it was undertaken by Andrew Johnson, it created such a state of fury and hate that his impeachment and expulsion from office was immediately attempted by Congress. In a trial of impeachment a committee from the House of Representatives makes the accusations, while the Senate sitting as a court under the presidency of the Chief Justice, hears the evidence and votes upon the guilt or innocence of the accused. A two-thirds vote is required to convict, and in this case one vote was lacking to secure conviction. Thus, by the narrowest possible margin President Johnson escaped impeachment, and he constantly stood as a stern and unflinching opposer of all the radical schemes attempted by Congress against the Southern States and people, so that although he could not prevent the legislation that imposed the infamous Reconstruction measures upon the South, he was able at least to prevent the wholesale enslavement of the white people of the South and the plunder of their property.

Being unable to wreak their hate in mass upon the Southern people there still remained the possibility of resorting to individual outrages. One of these expedients was to try Jefferson Davis for treason and to condemn him to death and execute him. When all the great lawyers of the North had vainly searched the Constitution and laws for some warrant to make Davis a traitor, the bloody inquisitors, determined to have a victim at last, were reduced to the expedient of making one of Captain Henry Wirz, the Commandant of the Confederate prison at Andersonville, Ga.

In August, 1865, a special order was issued from the War Department, summoning a court martial to try Captain Henry Wirz and other prisoners. That military court made a report, of which the following is an extract:

Washington, D. C., Nov. 6, 1865.

Before a military commission, which convened at Washington, D. C., Aug. 23, 1865, pursuant to Paragraph 3, Special Order No. 453, dated Aug. 23, 1865, and Paragraph 13, Special Order No. 524, Aug. 22, 1865, War Department, Adjutant General's Office, Washington, D. C., and of which Major General Lewis Wallace, United States Volunteers, is President, was arraigned and tried Henry Wirz.

Finding—The Commission, after having maturely considered the evidence adduced, find the accused guilty, as follows:

Of specification to Charge 1, guilty, after amending said specification as follows: In this, that the said Henry Wirz did combine, confederate and conspire with them, the said Jefferson Davis, James A. Seddon, Howell Cobb, John H. Winder, Richard B. Winder, Isaiah H. White, S. Reed, R. R. Stephenson, S. P. Moore, ——— Keer (late hospital steward at Andersonville), James Duncan, Wesley W. Turner, Benjamin Harris, and others whose names are unknown, maliciously and traitorously and in violation of the laws of war, to impair and injure the health and to destroy the lives of a large number of Federal prisoners, to-wit, 45,000 soldiers, etc.

The court implicated with Wirz, President Davis and members of his Cabinet and other high officials of the Confederate service, but the others mentioned were never brought to trial. On Nov. 6, Wirz was sentenced to death, and four days afterward he was executed by hanging. It will be noted that the trial and execution of Wirz was resorted to as a means of implicating the heads of the Confederate Government, and it is known that Wirz was offered life and liberty if he would charge the treatment of the prisoners on President Davis, but he scorned such knavery and went to his death a brave and innocent man.

In this connection a volume of extreme interest and importance has appeared in the form of "A defense of Major Henry Wirz," by two Northern soldiers, James Madison Page, late Second Lieutenant, Company A, Sixth Michigan Cavalry, and M. J. Haley. Mr. Page was captured by the Confederate troops Sept. 21, 1864, and was sent to Andersonville Confederate prison. Says Mr. Page in his book:

Touching my treatment on the whole, I cannot recall a solitary instance during the fourteen months while I was a prisoner of being insulted, browbeaten, robbed, or maltreated in any manner by a Confederate officer or soldier.

The books written by other Union soldiers who were prisoners in the South teem with accounts of brutality, insults, and suffering heaped upon them by Rebel officers and guards seemingly for cruelty's sake. I cannot question the veracity of those Northern writers; but I can and will speak for myself as far as I was concerned and as to my experience and as to what came under my observation. With all due respect to my late brethren-in-arms and in prison life, I cannot but think that to some extent they were instrumental, if they state facts, in bringing it upon themselves. Did they give the "soft answer" when questioned? I do not hold that the prisoner when questioned should be obliging to the extent of giving information. O, no; but he can be courteous in his refusal to do so.

He thus describes Andersonville:

Visions of exchange were dispelled when we left the cars and stood in line before the south gate of Andersonville Prison. This was the 27th of February, 1864, between 10 and 11 a. m. I spent the remainder of the day exploring the camp to find a favorable place for our habitation.

The camp was situated on what had been heavy pine timber land, but the trees had been cut down. There was a stream of clear water running east through the prison grounds. The stockade was built of pine logs cut twenty feet long and hewed to the thickness of one foot and set in a trench five feet deep, making a wall fifteen high, on the top of which were sentry boxes about thirty-five feet apart. The stockade was not quite completed when we arrived there, but a strong force of men was at work at it. When completed, it would comprise about eleven acres. There were only about 2,000 prisoners confined there upon our arrival.

We were guarded by the Twenty-fifth Alabama Infantry, veteran troops, who knew how to treat prisoners. And I said then and have ever since said in speaking of our guards—the Twenty-fifth Alabama Infantry—that I never met the same number of

men together who came much nearer to my standard of what I call gentlemen. They were respectful, humane, and soldierly.

We were organized into squads of ninety, and I soon discovered that the young sergeant in charge of our squad was a fine young fellow. I shall refer to him more explicitly farther on.

I have read Richardson, Kellogg, Urban, Spencer and Grisby, on Andersonville, the most of it recently, and I was and am surprised at the free-lance recklessness of description.

Let us first discuss the topographical selection of the Andersonville site for a prison camp. I realize that this phase of the question has been reverted to and minutely described every five or six years, since Richardson first gave his views to the public, early in the autumn of 1865. The selection of the site was excellent. I do not propose to dilate on the beauties of a prison. * * * I wouldn't advise any one to seek a prison as a place at which to spend a vacation.

Of course there was suffering, hunger and misery among the prisoners at Andersonville. I had my share of it. There was also hunger, misery and suffering at Salisbury and at Rock Island and Elmira, the two latter places right in a land of plenty.

The Confederate officer who selected Andersonville gave evidence of his being an engineer of no mean caliber. I don't believe that in the whole State of Georgia a better choice could have been made. The place was healthful and salubrious and the water was good. The ground within the inclosure was not, as has been described by an unfriendly chronicler seemingly with malice aforethought, wet, boggy, miry, and a swamp.

Captain Wirz has been so often characterized as a monster of cruelty that one recalls with surprise this description of him by the Union officer:

Meeting him in one of his rounds of the prison, I approached and saluted. "C'aptain Wirz, I believe," said I. "Yes, sir." "May I speak with you?" "Certainly." "Captain, there are a number of the prisoners adjacent to my quarters, several of whom are immediate comrades, who are sick. We have no fuel with which to cook our rations. The meal issued of late is poor in quality. I think that there is part of the cob ground with it. I am here on a begging mission to see if something cannot be done to remedy matters, I trust that you will pardon my pre-

sumption." "Yes, sir; you are certainly excusable and justifiable in coming to me. I realize that situation. I am doing all I can to remedy matters and to relieve the deplorable condition, but I am hampered in many ways. We are building a bakery, working day and night to complete it. There will be a change very soon. The men will soon get bread." I heartily thanked him.

He impressed me as an unassuming, kind-hearted man with a somewhat sad expression of countenance.

Within a day or two after this meal of a better quality was served us, and a day or two later still we received corn meal mush and later bread.

And this was the man who was charged with putting a deadly poison into vaccine matter that was used in vaccinating the prisoners, as a result of which "one hundred and twenty died by vaccine poisoning one week!"

The interview produced upon me a complete revolution of opinion relative to the man. I went to him with fear and trembling, looking for the worst.

Everybody who has any knowledge of the conditions in the Northern military prisons during the Civil War knows that the Southern soldiers imprisoned in the North were treated with extreme cruelty and were made to suffer the most unnecessary privations, and the Federal authorities strenuously opposed any exchange of prisoners of war. General Grant, commanding the United States Armies, wrote the following on the subject:

"City Point, Va., Aug. 21, 1864.

"Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

Please inform General Foster that under no circumstances will he be authorized to make an exchange of prisoners of war. Exchanges simply reinforce the enemy at once, whilst we do not get the benefit for two or three months and lose the majority entirely. I telegraph this just from hearing that some five hundred or six hundred prisoners had been sent to General Foster.

U. S. GRANT,
"Lieutenant General."

The following from the official statistics of prisoners on both sides is of particular interest:

Whole number of Federals in Confederate prisons.....	270,000
Number of Confederates in Northern prisons.....	220,000
Excess of Federal prisoners.....	50,000
Confederates died in Northern prisons.....	26,436
Federals died in Southern prisons.....	22,570
Excess of Confederate deaths.....	3,866

Thus the death rate of Confederates in Northern prisons was over 12 per cent., while that of Federal prisoners in Southern prisons was under 9 per cent.

The Northern official record with regard to the treatment and exchange of prisoners in the war of 1861-65 was shameful, and the murder of Captain Wirz to divert public attention from the real authors of the sufferings of the prisoners on both sides was one of the greatest atrocities of modern times.

Mr. Page's book is published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington.

From N. O., La., *Picayune*, August 16, 1908.

TWO IMPORTANT LETTERS BY JEFFERSON DAVIS DISCOVERED.

**They Prove that He Was in No Way Responsible for
Conditions at the Andersonville Military Prison.**

**Prof. W. L. Fleming Shows that the Confederate Chieftain Never
Saw the Chandler Report until after the War.**

The two letters below, which were written by Jefferson Davis to Colonel R. H. Chilton, of Richmond, make certain the contention of the Southern historians of the war that a report made in August, 1864, by Colonel Z. T. Chandler on conditions in Andersonville Prison was not forwarded to Mr. Davis and that he did not know of the report until after the close of the war. Chandler, who had been sent by the Confederate War Department to inspect Andersonville, reported that conditions there were bad, chiefly on account of the lack of proper sanitation and the crowding of too many prisoners into the stockade. He recommended that numbers of the prisoners be removed to other places.

This report, the records show, reached the Confederate War Department, where it was read by Colonel R. H. Chilton, who forwarded it to Judge J. A. Campbell, Assistant Secretary of War. Campbell was much impressed by the contents of the report, and is said to have declared to Chilton that he intended to see President Davis about the matter. The report then went to the Secretary of War, by whom it should have been forwarded to Davis. It was not forwarded, however, and Campbell did not carry out his intention of seeing Mr. Davis. The prisoners were soon moved, but they would probably have been moved earlier had Davis seen the Chandler report.

In 1865 when Wirz, the Commandant at Andersonville, was tried and hanged, a strong effort was made to prove that Mr. Davis had known of this report and that he had deliberately

caused the Andersonville prisoners to suffer. Wirz was even offered his life, it is said, if he would implicate Davis, but he withstood the temptation. The Northern historians have generally asserted that Davis had seen the Chandler report, and consequently have held him responsible for the suffering that resulted after the date of the report. James Ford Rhodes, the most liberal of the Northern historians of the war, does not quite accept the Southern contention that the report was never forwarded to Davis.

In explanation of the matter, it has been suggested that Chandler and Winder, who had charge of all Federal prisoners, were so unfriendly that Chandler's report, which attacked Winder, was somewhat discounted by Secretary Seddon and turned over to Winder for explanation. Further, the record shows that Seddon had, before the Chandler report reached him, issued orders to move some of the prisoners from Andersonville.

In the first letter, in saying that the "United States authorities are to blame," Mr. Davis was referring to the refusal of General Grant to exchange prisoners with General Lee. Grant said: "If we commence a system of exchange which liberates all prisoners taken we shall have to fight on until the whole South is exterminated. If we hold those caught, they amount to no more than dead men."

In regard to Stanton's report, Mr. Davis had in mind those statistics which he later gave in his book, "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government." Federal prisoners held by the Confederates 270,000, of whom 22,576 died; Confederate prisoners held by the Federals 220,000, of whom 26,245 died.

Colonel Wood mentioned in the second letter was John Taylor Wood, the grandson of Colonel Zachary Taylor. He was one of President Davis' aids de camp.

The original of these letters were furnished me by Mrs. Chilton, who lives in Richmond. They have never before been printed, and, so far as known, contain the only statement ever made by Mr. Davis in regard to the Chandler report.

WALTER L. FLEMING,

Professor of History, Louisiana State University.

Memphis, Sept. 2, 1875.

General R. H. Chilton:

My Dear Sir,—Accept my thanks for your kind letter of the 30th ult. I did not know of the document to which you refer of the attempt to make Colonel Chandler implicate me in neglecting the sufferings of prisoners. I had heard of offers made to Wirz the night before his execution, to give him a pardon if he would criminate me. I would be glad to have such a statement as you offer to make, and if Colonel Chandler would state the facts of his examination by the Wirz Court, as well as any others bearing on the question, I would be obliged not only for my own sake, but also for others, who, being innocent, have nevertheless suffered from the charge of cruelty to prisoners.

That was the excuse for torturing me when in prison, and that is the burthen of anonymous letters yet occasionally sent to me. Though it is true that the United States authorities are, as you say, to blame for any suffering by prisoners, in that they alone prevented prompt release under the cartel, they have boldly charged us with the death of everyone who died in prison, and our people have been dumb as sheep brought to the shearing.

The fact is, as a general proposition, we showed humanity, and though we could not provide for the prisoners as well as we would have wished to do, we did the best we could. They, not embarrassed as we were, treated prisoners with brutality, and as shown by Secretary Stanton's report, the percentage of deaths in Northern prisons was greater than in ours.

Please give my special regard to Mrs. Chilton. I am sorry to learn that you have been visited by that tormentor, neuralgia, and hope before this reaches you that you may have been relieved. As ever, truly your friend,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Memphis, Tenn., Dec. 9, 1875.

General R. H. Chilton:

My Dear Sir,—Accept my thanks for your kind letter of the 14th ult. and for your valuable defense against the wholesale slander of the writer for the "Radical" paper of St. Louis,

the *Globe-Democrat*. If Judge Campbell should be moved by such impulse as caused you to overcome your aversion to newspaper notoriety, he could contradict the statement that he said "I will make it the subject of a special interview with the President." His official position and personal relations render it unlikely that he said so; and if he did his declaration was certainly never carried into execution.

As to Colonel Wood, the statement amounts to nothing, as it does not even pretend to relate what Colonel Wood said, or show that he even knew of the existence of Chandler's report, as he probably did not. We all knew of the disease and fatality among the prisoners at Andersonville, and I remember it was attributed to the climate and corn meal diet, and the absence of the proper medicine for such diseases as existed. It was under those circumstances that I sent General Lee to hold an interview with General Grant, and press on him the necessity for resuming the exchange of prisoners according to the cartel. He failed to awake any of that tender regard for the prisoners which is now assumed for the purpose of maligning me. A short time since W. S. Winder, the son of General Winder, wrote to me in urgent terms, asking me to vindicate his father's memory. I informed him that the report of Colonel Chandler had not been submitted to me, and that I had but recently learned of its existence from you. That to its specific allegations I could only offer in reply the confidence I had entertained in General Winder as a gentleman and a soldier, and the conviction I had felt that he was too gallant to have oppressed anyone when at his mercy. In the same letter W. S. W. stated that the report of Colonel Chandler had been sent to General Winder for explanation, and that he had answered; also sending replies to special points by the quartermaster, the commissary and surgeon.

These I pointed out to him would be the best possible defense of his father, and if he could not get access to the captured archives, that the Secretary of War and the Adjutant, General S. Cooper, would no doubt remember the substance of those reports. I have never believed the Northern accusations against us in regard to the treatment of prisoners, and have contended that we did as well as our means permitted. It is another sad

loss to me to have my faith in the knightly bearing of our army shaken even in a single instance. God grant that those reports of the officers of the Andersonville Prison may satisfactorily explain whatever seemed inhuman or neglectful. Our enemy, I hoped, would have all the shame of torturing the helpless.

Like you, I regret that the report of Colonel Chandler was not laid before me. It is probable that the explanation of General Winder was satisfactory to General Cooper, for I have never known a man who more directly walked in the path of duty, regardless of personal bias, than General Cooper. Though he and General Winder had been cadets together and were friends, I think he would have notified me of the fact, if he had thought there was valid objection to W.'s promotion. As you do not refer to the replies from Andersonville, I infer they did not come under your notice.

Please give my kindest remembrance to Mrs. Chilton.

Having been for many years a sufferer by your present tormentor, neuralgia, let me suggest to you to diminish your office hours, increase your outdoor exercise and eat at regular hours.

Like many quack prescriptions, this may be recommended as not injurious, if not beneficial. I am, as ever, truly your friend,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

From the Danville, Va., *Bee*, April 20, 1907.

THE LAST CHARGE

Of the 14th Virginia Cavalry at Appomattox C. H., Va.,
April 9, 1865, and its Battle Flag.

Interesting Incidents of the Retreat.

[Captain Bouldin is a well-known member of the Virginia Bar, and has contributed to past volumes of this serial.—ED.]

In his address to the veterans and "daughters" here Thursday night, Captain Morton, their Inspector General, referred to the battle flag of the 14th Virginia Cavalry, which is among those returned by the Government. Yankee Sgt., J. Donalson, Company L., 4th Pennsylvania Cavalry, who had turned over the old war worn banner to the United States Government, claimed that he captured it on the 9th of April at Appomattox and pinned a paper on the flag to that effect, which was found by Captain Morton, when he took the flags out of their care for exhibition in the Capitol. The interesting local feature about the flag is that it was Captain E. E. Bouldin's regimental flag, and he says it was not captured, but picked up after the color-bearer, James Wilson, was killed and the regiment left the field. There was no capture at all. This statement was vouched for by two letters produced by Captain Morton, one to him by Sgt., J. Scott Moore, of Lexington, Va., and the other by W. L. Moffett, of Augusta County, Va., in a very interesting letter to Captain Bouldin, which was referred to by the speaker and is reproduced here:

Steels' Tavern, Augusta Co., Va.

April 6th, 1899.

Captain E. E. Bouldin,
Co. B., 14th Va. Cavalry.

Dear Sir,—I note your letter in the Rockbridge News of recent date, asking members of the 14th Va. Cavalry, to write

you at Danville what they remember of the last charge of the 14th at Appomattox C. H.

The ever memorable day of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia by Gen. R. E. Lee, to Gen. U. S. Grant. Let us go back in the history of the regiment for a time. * * *

After a few days the retreat from Petersburg and Richmond was commenced, the battles of Butterwood Creek and Dinwiddie C. H., and Five Forks, and they were hot and we had it all the way to Appomattox C. H.—skirmish, picket, scout—with very little to eat and no forage for our horses, scarcely. It was an awful retreat. Yankees, by the thousand, after us, and on our flanks. The day and night before we reached Appomattox—we were covering the retreat of Lee's Army—about ten or eleven o'clock the bugle sounded "Mount your horses," and we passed the whole of our army to the front and formed into line of battle, were dismounted and ordered to stand and hold horses and keep awake. You were in command, having joined the regiment a few days before from Camp Chose, Ohio, where you went the previous July from Morefield, without your own consent. You never will forget Morefield, will you? I won't.

Just as the daylight was dawning a shell from our front shrieked over our heads, and to mount was sounded by our bugler. At the same time Col. W. T. Poague's regiment of artillery just to our left opened (he told me afterwards) sixteen guns on the woods in our front and the shells passed over our heads, as we went by fours down the little slope towards the hill from where the shell had come that started us. As I now remember we went slow at first, then at a trot and as Poague's guns ceased firing we charged the woods and captured the battery, four brass howitzers, and horses and men. The battery belonged at Philadelphia, and was a light battery with a cavalry brigade that had reached our front. We captured a lot of prisoners in the charge and brought them out. I was ordered to guard them fellows, and when I got rid of them, the regiment had gone somewhere, I did not know where. But I did know I was left with some yankees, and could only see the dust you all were making to my right and to the yankee's left. General W. H. F. Lee came along my way as I stood with the prisoners, and I asked him where the command was. He answered me: "It has gone;

you turn them fellows alose and come with me," and I came. As I looked over my shoulders, as I went down the hill we had charged up, I saw a regiment of Yanks riding by front of line with their carbines slung, and carrying a white flag in the middle of the regiment and gradually expanding around our camp. The battery we had captured was moving back towards their lines, and one fellow said to me as they passed, "Guess you did not keep us very long, Johnny, did you." I followed General Lee down and back the way we came and found Generals R. E. Lee and Gordon and Pendleton and Pickett and Longstreet at the apple tree where General W. H. F. Lee joined his father, and I was told it was all over.

There I was; not a 14th man to be seen, and I felt like I was in a strange land, hungry. Pretty soon Captain Bill Smith who had as you may remember been in charge of the picket line, the night before, and we had not been relieved where we came from rear to front of Lee's army up to me and said: "Moffett, where is the regiment: what are you doing here," all in the same breath, to which I answered "I don't know, do you?" "They say we have surrendered," he said. I said, "Well I am not going to surrender." Just then Gen. R. E. Lee, passed near us and Smith said to him, "General, what is the matter? I am not going to surrender; can't I leave here?" Gen. Lee said, "I have surrendered this army; I cannot give you permission to leave, and captain you ought not to leave; stay with the rest of us." But Bill Smith said, "I am going to get out of here or die, and he did leave and got out and lives to this day, the same brave, daring and every inch a man. He was at the regiment as I came back with those prisoners. I came by where Sam Walker was lying wounded in charge of John Whitmore who said he was mortally wounded. He died that evening. Near him was James Wilson, our color sergeant, and he too, poor fellow, had seen his last on earth. His beautiful bay mare stood near him, and the colors of our old regiment were furled and leaning against a tree never again to be unfurled. I do not remember who was with him, but I think it was his brother. I knew he was dying; my heart sunk within me when he said to me, "Moffett, it is hard to die now just as the war is over. But it was his

fate. I think the colors fell into the hands of the enemy, as I never heard of them afterward.

In due time those of us who were left got home, many and many changes since the surrender that Sunday morning, April 10, 1865. But those who were there will never forget it and never ought to. Then after the dark days of reconstruction we must be good fellows down South to have stood it all. But we did, and when the next war came our Fitzhugh Lee and Wheeler and a host of others joined the lines again to fight for the flag we fought from 1861 to 1865.

Yours truly,

W. L. MOFFETT,

Private in Co. D., 14th Va. Cavalry.

BARKSDALE'S MISSISSIPPI BRIGADE AT FREDERICKSBURG.

Read At Seventeenth Annual Reunion Louisiana Division U. C. V.,
Monroe, October 15, 1908, By Captain JAMES DINKINS,
Member of the History Committee.

[The gallant Captain Dinkins has contributed frequently from his experience in the field to the newspaper press. Many graphic articles from his pen have appeared in the *New Orleans Picayune*.—ED.]

After the first Maryland campaign the Army of Northern Virginia rested for a short time in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley.

About the 13th of November we received orders to march, and hurried with all speed towards Rapidan station. Burnside had moved from Warrenton, destined for Richmond. Then began a race between the two great armies which ended at Fredericksburg. McLaws' Division, composed of Kershaw's South Carolina, Semmes' Georgia, Cobb's Georgia and Barksdale's Mississippi Brigades, was under Jackson at that time. It was not a question if we could reach Fredericksburg ahead of Burnside; we were obliged to do so. The weather was very severe. Before reaching Rapidan we crossed two rivers, the North Anna and South Anna, which formed a junction about a mile below where we crossed. Arriving at the North Anna, the men removed their shoes and stripped off their trousers. We were told that the south fork was but a short distance ahead; therefore, all decided to carry shoes and pants under their arms until they had forded the South Anna.

The Eighteenth Regiment was leading. Soon after crossing the first river, the road wound around a hill; through a skirt of woods, we entered a cut in the hill and the road changed direction to the right. Suddenly the head of the column came running back, the men in fits of laughter, and seeking places to hide.

The Colonel and his staff were left without followers; they rode back also, their faces wreathed in smiles.

Those of us who had not emerged from the cut had no idea what the cause was, but soon the word was passed along: "Put on your breeches, quick." Between the two rivers there is an elevated plateau, about fifteen acres in extent, which rises some ten feet above the surrounding surface.

It was almost square. On the plateau stood a little village, the most picturesque place the writer remembers ever to have seen. Around the bluff of the little village there was a plank fence, along which the entire population stood, waiting to see Jackson's foot cavalry pass. Therefore, when the head of the column came in view of the people, the boys fled in disorder.

We finally arrived at Rapidan and crossed the river. I think it was the 15th of November. After reaching the south bank the brigade halted in a scrubby woods, and stood on the roadside while a brigade of cavalry passed. The Mississippians indulged in every species of exasperating criticisms, and declared there were no Yankees ahead, otherwise the cavalry would not be marching to the front.

The men were in a laughing mood, notwithstanding sleet was falling and the ground was covered with snow.

After the troopers had gone, we resumed the march. While watching the cavalry pass our clothing was freezing. It may seem strange how men endured the cold, but they did. The march was kept up almost constantly until we reached Fredericksburg, where Barksdale's Brigade went into camp along the edge of a woods, but were not allowed to build fires. It was a desperate night. The ground was covered with snow to a depth of several inches and the trees with sleet. Very few men had blankets, and the boys huddled together in piles to prevent freezing.

A few days after reaching Fredericksburg, Barksdale's Brigade moved into the city and picketed the river from a little place called Falmouth to a point below, where Deep Run creek empties into the Rappahannock. The Federal army was camped on the opposite shore.

It has been said that "Military history is the repository of inspirations and of genius, and also of excessive follies." It may

also be said, therefore, that it would be difficult for a commander to commit a blunder which cannot be matched by precedent.

What General Burnside expected to accomplish by taking up position opposite Fredericksburg we do not know, but certainly he did not anticipate such a result as followed. It may be that he expected to cross the river before the arrival of the Confederates, and doubtless could have done so under cover of his 200 cannon when he first reached the scene, because the river was low and fordable, but from prudential reasons, or otherwise, he did not attempt it.

About December 8th the river rose, and he decided to bridge it. During the delay, our forces were actively engaged building earthworks and rifle pits which crowned the heights and surrounding country by the 10th of the month. Burnside, however, made strong demonstrations above and below the city, which necessarily called to each point a part of General Lee's force. Burnside evidently expected to surprise General Lee at Fredericksburg and defeat us before A. P. Hill and Jackson could reach Fredericksburg from their positions above and below the town, but the obstructions in his pathway were sufficient to delay his passage until they were there.

Fredericksburg is not a strategic point. On both sides of the Rappahannock there are hills which run parallel with the river. On the south side there is a valley from 600 to 1,500 yards wide before the hills are reached, while on the north shore the ridges are near the river. Stafford heights on the north side command the city, and also the river, for two miles in each direction. It will, therefore, be understood that the Confederates could not prevent the crossing of Burnside's army, but what they could do and did do, after he had crossed, constitutes a bright page in the world's history. As before stated, Barksdale's Brigade occupied the city and built rifle pits along the outskirts. Lieutenant Colonel John C. Fiser, of the Seventeenth Mississippi, with his own regiment, four companies of the Eighteenth and three or four from the Twenty-first Regiment, occupied the immediate river front as a picket line, where he also dug rifle pits. It was the evident purpose of General Burnside to make his main attack on the city. Major General Lafayette McLaws, with

his division, was assigned to that important position, and Barksdale was given the post of honor for the division.

During the night of Dec. 10, the enemy began to lay his pontons. We could distinctly hear the noise of launching the boats and laying down the planks. The work was prosecuted with wonderful skill and energy, and by 3 o'clock a. m. of the 11th, we could hear them talking in undertones. General Barksdale directed us to remain quiet, and offer no resistance until the bridge approached our shore. About 4 o'clock a battery posted on the ridge back of the town fired a few shots at the bridge, then the Mississippians poured a concentrated fire on it. The bridge was doubtless crowded with engineers and workmen who suffered severely. The pickets immediately along the river, under the gallant Fiser, from their rifle pits maintained such a destructive fire that the enemy was compelled to abandon the work. Very soon, however, they returned and made repeated efforts to complete one bridge, but the fire of the Mississippi boys was too deadly, and the enemy was forced to withdraw.

When daylight dawned a heavy fog hung over the scene, and the vision was obscured as much as it had been during the night. About 10 o'clock of the 11th, Burnside, annoyed because a few skirmishers were able to prevent the completion of his bridges, and, therefore, delay his passage of the river, ordered his chief of artillery to batter down the city. His purpose was to drive the Mississippians from their rifle pits and hiding places.

Assuredly General Burnside knew the wide destruction which would follow his order. Several thousand women and children sat in their homes, exposed to that storm of iron. Looking back upon the event of nearly forty-six years ago, it seems that the necessities did not warrant the destruction of that city, and we now regard it as a savage act, unworthy of civilized war. But Burnside concentrated 200 cannon on the city. Suddenly, as it was unexpected, the flash of these guns, followed by the explosions, hurled at the same instant 10,000 pounds of iron into the city. The shells exploded in and over the town, creating the greatest consternation among the people. The bombardment was kept up for over an hour, and no tongue or pen can describe the dreadful scene. Thousands of tons of iron were hurled against the place, and nothing in war can exceed the horror of

that hour. The deafening roar of cannon and bursting shells, falling walls and chimneys, brick and timbers flying through the air, houses set on fire, the smoke adding to the already heavy fog, the bursting of flames through the housetops, made a scene which has no parallel in history. It was appalling and indescribable, a condition which would paralyze the stoutest heart, and one from which not a man in Barksdale Brigade had the slightest hope of escaping.

During that hail of iron and brick, I believe I can say that there was not a square yard in the city which was not struck by a missile of some kind. Under cover of the bombardment, Burnside undertook to renew his efforts to complete the bridges, but the matchless men of Barksdale's Brigade, acting under the immortal Lieutenant Colonel Fiser, concealed in their pits along the river bank, poured a volley first and then a concentrated fire on the workmen and drove back all who survived their deadly aim. During this time the flames were blazing from every quarter, and ladies and children were forced to flee from their cellars to escape death by fire, even at the risk of being stricken down by shells and bricks.

The horror of the occasion was heightened by the veil of fog, which obscured all objects 50 yards distant. About half an hour after the bombardment had ceased, the fog cleared away, leaving a picture which riveted every eye and sickened every heart. Mansions that for years had been the scene of a boundless hospitality and domestic comfort, lay in ruins and smoldering ashes. Blackened walls and wrecked gardens were all that were left of numerous happy homes. The memory of those scenes will be hard to efface.

Defeated at every turn, the Federal commander abandoned his bridges for the time and began to cross in boats. He directed a destructive rifle fire against the Mississippians along the river bank, and also against those in the city. Colonel Fiser continued to dispute this passage, and many of the boats were forced to return to remove their dead and get others to take their places.

After a large force had been landed above and below, Colonel Fiser was ordered to rejoin the brigade in the city. The enemy soon formed line and dashed at the Mississippians, deter-

mined to drive them from their rifle pits and other places of shelter. They moved forward in splendid style, and perfect military order. Soon the advance was followed by a second and third line. It was a magnificent sight, which won the admiration of the Mississippians. There was no nervousness nor hesitation. They may have thought that all the troops in the city were killed, but, matters not, they were a fine body of men.

Barksdale's Brigade watched them from their hiding places and awaited their near approach. Suddenly, when within about 75 yards of our line, as if by common impulse, a volley rang out from the rifle pits on the cold air, which sounded almost like one gun, and hundreds fell dead in their tracks. The front line of the enemy, paralyzed and dismayed by the shock, fell back in confusion. In the meantime the Mississippians were firing on them as they ran. It was a dreadful slaughter, which might have been considered a retaliation for the dreadful bombardment of two hours before. Quickly the second line advanced, firing as they came, and was met by a deadly aim from the Confederates. The column halted in front of Barksdale's men, when the third line rushed to their support and charged headlong into the city.

Whole companies of Barksdale's men were concealed in cellars, where they remained even after the enemy had passed, and emerging, fired into the rear of the Federal line from behind corners of houses and stone walls. The Mississippians began to retire slowly, fighting as they retreated. It was a grand sight which was witnessed by both armies. Hundreds of brave officers and men fell ere they could reach the city.

General McLaws ordered Barksdale to fall back to our main line on the crest of the hills, which he did soon after dark. The fighting lasted until about that time. The brigade occupied a cut in the side of the hill until 10 o'clock the following day, December 12th. During the night of the 11th the enemy crossed over two divisions, and other troops crossed during the 12th. Barksdale had been engaged continuously for forty-eight hours, and was ordered back for rest and food. We went into camp in a woods behind Marye's Heights, where we remained until the morning of the 13th. General Thos. R. R. Cobb, with his

brigade of Georgians, took position in the sunken road, or cut, at the foot of Marye's Hill, in front of the city.

When the Mississippians who had thus far stood the brunt of the attack, marched over the ridge to rest, carrying their guns at a right shoulder, cheer after cheer rang out from along the line. Little hope was entertained that any of them would escape that dreadful bombardment, and when they held their ground after the bombardment had ceased, driving back line after line of the enemy, the other troops were struck with amazement and wonder, and felt a pride in their comrades which they could not conceal.

When daylight dawned on the 12th, the city and valley were again veiled in fog. It was so dense no object could be distinguished 50 yards distant, and this condition lasted until nearly midday. During the afternoon a heavy skirmishing was kept up, but nothing of a serious nature occurred.

Saturday the 13th, the earth was again enveloped by a fog, which did not clear away before 10 o'clock. The whole country was covered with sleet and snow, and the men stood to their places without fires, and with very scant clothing.

McLaw's division was posted from the foot of Marye's Hill, where Cobb occupied the cut, extending towards the south, with Kershaw on his right, and Barksdale on the right of Kershaw, while Paul J. Semmes was held in reserve. The Washington Artillery was posted on Marye's Hill, just in the rear of Cobb, and behind Kershaw and Barksdale were two batteries of the Richmond Howitzers and the Rockbridge Battery of rifled guns.

Soon after the fog had cleared away Federal officers rode boldly out and examined the ground between the two armies. They rode within a hundred yards of our line, but were not fired on. No one seemed disposed to kill such bold, brave fellows.

Not long after they had retired, a strong line moved towards the right of Barksdale's Brigade, but were surprised and driven back by the fire of the batteries just behind us.

Line after line of infantry stood along the valley, and we could distinctly see immense columns of troops on the opposite side of the river waiting to cross on the bridges. We were in

a woods, our rifle pits concealed by underbrush, which also obscured our artillery above us.

About 11 o'clock the enemy moved forward, and halted about one hundred yards from the cut where Cobb was concealed. The line was dressed, and every man stood in his place. It was a formidable column, out for a desperate encounter.

Everything in readiness, they advanced about thirty yards when the artillery back of us opened, throwing grape and shell into their ranks. The Georgians, resting their guns on the bluff, fired a volley which almost destroyed the alignment. The enemy fell back, leaving their dead and wounded. The color bearers threw down their flags, and numbers of the men dropped their guns and fell, outstretched on the ground.

Quickly another line advanced and met the same disaster. A third and fourth line rushed forward, and were driven back with equal slaughter. Charge followed charge until night relieved the scene. The enemy acted with great gallantry, and rushed into our works to meet defeat and death, but others took their places and suffered likewise. There was no occasion during the war when the Federal troops displayed such determination and behaved with greater credit.

During that dreadful engagement, General Cobb was seriously wounded, and died soon afterwards. General Cobb was a distinguished man in peace, and could have won even greater fame in war had he lived.

Soon after he was wounded, General McLaws observed the enemy massing for a final effort, ordered General Kershaw to move his brigade into the cut also. Hardly had he done so, when the enemy rushed at our line; then it was that hundreds of them fell almost in front of the cut, and numbers fought their way to our line, to be driven back in defeat.

When the last charge was made the dead and wounded were lying so thick in our front that the enemy stumbled over them in their desperation.

The enemy retired to the river and remained along the bank until the 15th then recrossed, leaving 15,000 dead and wounded behind. The Confederate loss did not exceed 5,000.

Looking back on the scenes of Fredericksburg, and remem-

bering the conduct of General Barksdale and his men, we are forced to believe that the defense of the city was one of the greatest achievements of the war, and the behaviour of the men unsurpassed by any troops of any field.

Their courage and endurance challenges comparison with any soldiers in history. No one who did not participate in the defense of Fredericksburg can form an idea of the terrible scenes of destruction and terror, and if hell be more dreadful than that bombardment, men had better halt and consider.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, July 10, 1903.

ROSTER OF THE ALSTADT GRAYS.

Owing to the large number still living in Chesterfield county, and to the relatives and families of many who are no more, Mr. W. B. Ashbrooke has compiled a roster of the famous Alstadt Grays, who were mustered in and about Manchester. The Grays belonged to Mahone's Brigade, of Anderson's Division, of A. P. Hill's Corps, of the Army of Northern Virginia.

They were mustered into service on May 24, 1861. They surrendered at Appomattox. They took part in the charge of Mahone's Division at the battle of the Crater.

The membership of the company, as compiled, reads as follows: Captain, E. H. Flournoy; First Lieutenant, Charles Friend; Second Lieutenant, Samuel Flournoy; Third Lieutenant, David M. Goode; First Sergeant, Charles Fossey; Second Sergeant, Samuel Woodfin; Third Sergeant, J. W. Jones; Fourth Sergeant, George Woodfin; First Corporal, Cornelius Wilkinson; Second Corporal, Wesley Rudd; Third Corporal, Joseph Dorsett; Fourth Corporal, Calhoun Hawkins; Privates, J. H. Ashbrooke, W. B. Ashbrooke, Thomas Bailey, Joseph Bailey, James H. Bailey, John A. Bailey, William E. Bailey, Robert H. Bass, Joseph Bass, John Bass, Aaron H. Branch, Lucius Branch, Merritt Boatwrights, R. M. Cheatham, A. A. Cheatham, John F. Cheatham, William E. Cheatham, Julius C. Condrey, Lewis Dorsett, William Dorsett, A. A. Ellett, C. C. Ellett, Richard Ellett, Joseph Elam, Richard Elam, Abner E. Fossey, David Fossey, Samuel Fossey, A. A. Ford, M. W. Ford, Samuel Flournoy, T. C. Farley, William F. Fuqua, David H. Franklin, James B. Goode, E. C. Goode, Robert Godsey, John E. Goode, J. W. Goode, W. D. Goode, Lemuel J. Goode, Charles Hancock, Newton Horner, William S. Hobson, William A. Harris, Richard Jones, John D. Jones, Samuel J. Jones, Henry Lee, John F. Martin, George O. Markham, G. A. Morris, James A. Morrisett, John Moody, James Moore, Wilson Moore, Edgar Nunnally,

Edward T. Osborne, Eddie Phaup, William Pinchback, Coleman Purdie, John E. Porter, Lewis Porter, William Rudd, Samuel Rudd, Richard Stratton, R. O. Stratton, John W. Simes, J. B. Simes, T. M. Simes, Alexander Simes, A. C. Wilkinson, John Wilkinson, Samuel Wilkinson, Richard Wilkinson, William C. Woodfin, James F. Woodfin, Charles Worsham and Marcellus Williams.

COUGHED UP A BULLET.

Out of the many wounded of the Alstadt Grays, two notable instances yet survive in the persons of Julius Chesterfield and Lewis Dorset, of Richmond.

Mr. Condrey was so desperately wounded in the neck by a minnie ball that his surgeons advised against an operation, and he carried the ball in his neck for twelve years.

One Sunday, after attending church, he returned home and lay on his bed. He leaned far over and coughed. The bullet fell out on the floor.

'Squire Cheatham, of Oak Grove, vouches for this incident, which he related yesterday afternoon.

In the case of Mr. Lewis Dorset, who was wounded in a fight below Petersburg, the soldier was left on the field to die, remaining on the ground for many hours.

The ball which struck Mr. Dorset entered the left breast just above the heart, penetrated the lung, and tore away the anterior portion of the right shoulder blade.

Mr. Dorset has been refused by practically every insurance company in the country; he nevertheless enjoys good health at an advanced age.

THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION OF 1788.*

An Address Delivered to the Virginia Society of the Sons
of the American Revolution, at the Westmoreland
Club, February 22, 1908, Richmond, Va.,

By JOSIAH STAUNTON MOORE.

The writer of this thoughtful paper, a retired merchant and capitalist, is now in the due enjoyment of the result of his enterprise and sagacity. He was born in Richmond, Virginia, June 18, 1843. His course of education was at the Jefferson Male Academy, which he left in April, 1861, to join the Confederate States Army, serving in Pickett's Division, Army of Northern Virginia. He was engaged in the battle of Bethel, the first, and Five Forks, the last pitched battle of the Civil War, and was captured at the last, and imprisoned at Point Lookout, until released, June 16, 1865.

He has proven himself constantly alive to the various interests and progress of his native city and State.

Among his representative connections, the following may be cited:

Past President of the Wholesale Grocers' Association of Richmond and Past Masters' Association of Masons of Virginia, President of the Masonic Home of Virginia; of the 15th Virginia Infantry Association; of the Board of Governors of the Prison Association of Virginia; Vice-President of the Virginia Society, Sons of the American Revolution; member of the Virginia Historical Society; of the Society for the Preserva-

* Reference may be made to the finished and glowing address of the late Hon. Hugh Blair Grigsby, LL. D., delivered before the Virginia Historical Society, of which he was the President, and which was published by the Society in 2 vols. 8vo., 1890-1891, with a biographical sketch of Dr. Grigsby, and notes by R. A. Brock, then Corresponding Secretary and Librarian of the Society, forming Vols. IX and X of "Virginia Historical Collections," New Series.

tion of Virginia Antiquities; of the Board of Public Interests of Richmond, Virginia, of the Virginia Club, and of the Southern Historical Society. In politics he is a Democrat and has been constant in his allegiance to the party.

His pen has not been idle and he has not only contributed to the secular and religious press on timely topics, but has prepared and published a number of works of interest and value, among them being the following: *A Trans-Atlantic Steamer*, 1900; *Reminiscences, Letters and Miscellanies*, 1901; *History of Henrico Parish*, and *Old St. John's Church*, 1903; *From Gotham to Jerusalem*, 1906.

COMPATRIOTS:

At the last annual meeting of our Society a resolution was passed requesting me to prepare a paper to be read at this gathering on the Constitutional Convention of 1788, which assembled in the city of Richmond in June of that year. The Convention held its first sittings in what was known as the Old Capitol, a wooden building* situated at the southwest corner of Cary and Fourteenth Streets. This building was erected in 1780 for the temporary use of the government until the building on Capitol Hill was completed. In 1855 the Old Capitol was torn down and the stores known as Pearl Block were erected by Hugh W. Fry on its site. The Convention later held its sessions in the New Academy on Shockoe Hill. This building stood on the square bounded by Broad and Marshall and Twelfth and Thirteenth Street, where Monumental Church now stands. The scope of your resolution, as I understand it, embraced brief mention of some of the distinguished members of the Convention, questions debated, interesting incidents, and some of the characteristics of the personnel of this august body. In my judgment, no more interesting theme could have been selected for the entertainment of those whose forbears helped to achieve the independence of the American Colonies, which culminated in the establishment of this great nation. The part that Virginia sustained in the heroic struggle will ever be a source of pride and congratulation to her sons. I approach the task assigned me with extreme diffidence and with a serious mistrust of my

ability to do justice either to the occasion or the subject, fully aware that your partiality and a mistaken conception of my powers caused you to favor me—a mere layman in such matters—to undertake a task that has engaged the ablest minds of those learned in the law, schooled in politics and experienced in statesmanship. Of course, in a paper of this character, I shall be enabled only to touch upon these matters in a cursory and extemporaneous manner.

You are all familiar with the historic events that led up to the assumption of sovereign powers by the thirteen Colonies and caused them to throw off their allegiance to the Mother Country—the *casus belli*—the last straw that broke the back of the patient camel that had borne many heavy and unjust burdens, imposed by a tyrant King and an inconsiderate Parliament, was taxation without representation. This was the touchstone that consolidated opposition, this the spark that aroused the fires of resentment and kindled the flame of liberty that smouldered in every patriotic breast.

Our ancestors justly regarded the right of local self-government as an inalienable and self-evident right. They looked upon it as a fundamental or constitutional law, just as the principles of Magna Charta were regarded by their forefathers as the fundamental law of England. Our "struggle was for chartered rights, English liberties—for the cause of Algernon Sydney and John Hampden."

The thoughts, opinions, sentiments and determination of the people of Virginia were epitomized in those soul-stirring words uttered by Patrick Henry, almost within the sound of our voice, when, from the hallowed precincts of old St. John's on yonder hill, he exclaimed in impassioned and inspired eloquence, "Give me liberty or give me death." Virginia may be justly called the Cradle of Liberty and Patrick Henry its apotheosis.

It was in Virginia that was first heard the tocsin call that aroused and united the Colonies—"The cause of Boston is the cause of all." Bancroft, the historian, truthfully says, "Virginia rang the alarm bell for the continent." Recognizing the gravity of the situation Virginia was the first to suggest the Convention of all the Colonies that met in Philadelphia in September, 1774.

It was on the 5th of this month that delegates from twelve of the thirteen Colonies assembled, and Peyton Randolph, a Virginian, was called upon to preside over its deliberations. It is not my purpose to recapitulate the stirring events of the period that flashed across the horizon like the shifting scenes in a kaleidoscopic panorama—the Boston massacre, the battle of Concord, Lexington and other events that resulted in the appointment of Washington to the command of the armies of the embryo republic. On the fourth of July, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was proclaimed. Eight days thereafter the committee appointed for that purpose reported the articles of confederation, under which the war of the Revolution was waged and independence achieved. The war of the Revolution itself is an interesting theme and well worthy of a separate paper at some future date. The struggles, sufferings, the heroic sacrifices, the patriotism displayed, all call for admiration and evince the devotion of our forefathers to the principles they avowed and so strenuously maintained.

But whilst the sufferings of the Colonial troops at Valley Forge and throughout the struggle were great, I question if they were more severe or more heroically borne than the ordeal through which many of us passed during the second struggle for constitutional liberty—during the trying period of 1861-'65.

At the termination of the struggle for independence the Colonies were confronted with chaotic conditions. Bills of Credit had been emitted known as "Continental Money," not including what was termed the "New Emission," amounting to two hundred millions of dollars—a vast sum for those days and values at that time and the poverty of the young republic. Public credit was exhausted; general stagnation existed; commerce was languishing; discontent prevailed; the confederation was inadequate to properly conduct the government or enforce the laws. The system was about to dissolve in its own inanity and imbecility. Congress had made requisitions upon the States for their quota to meet the public debt, some had paid in part, others refused to pay—there existed no adequate power to enforce payment. Large sums were due France and Holland upon which even the interest had not been paid. The individual indebtedness to the English merchants was over ten million

dollars. The country had been devastated, the property of the planters, in slaves and cattle, carried off; cities plundered, towns burned. The value of the currency had fallen to almost nothing. In December, 1778, one thousand dollars in Continental bills was worth about \$150 in hard dollars. In December, 1779, it was worth \$38. In 1780 it took \$1,000 in Continental bills to buy \$25 in hard dollars. The following accounts, copied from original vouchers printed some years ago in the *Historical Magazine*, will, perhaps, give a better idea of the depreciation of the currency then in use, than could be done otherwise, as they exhibit the real difference in business transactions between Continental paper and specie in 1781:

The United States

1781.

To Sam'l Martin, Dr.

May 28.—To shoeing two wagon horses belong-

ing to the Continental..... 60 pounds

Received the above sum this day of Mr. Thomas Pitt

(Signed) SAMUEL MARTIN.

The United States

Sept. 2.

To Wm. Hansill, Dr.

To 1½ pounds Brown thread at 88

shillings per pound. Depreciation at

at 600 per 1..... 360 pounds

Staunton, Va., 27th Sept., 1781. Received payment.

(Signed) WM. HANSILL.

The United States

1781.

To Richard Mathews, Dr.

Oct. 17th.—To 1,000 wt. of Bar Iron at six-

pence per pound, the depreciation

at 600 per 1..... 15,000 pounds

Staunton, Va., 17th Oct., 1781. Received payment.

(Signed) RICHARD MATHEWS.



J. STAUNTON MOORE.

The United States

1781. To Alx. St. Clair, Dr.
 Sept. 20.—To four Quires writing paper 2-6
 per quire, 10 shillings. Depreciation
 17th Nov., 1781, at 1,000 per 1.... 500 pounds
 Staunton, Va., Nov. 30th. Recd. payment of Capt. Thos.
 Hamilton.
 (Signed) ALX. ST. CLAIR.

The United States

1781. To Robt. Baggs, Dr.
 Sept. 9.—To my pay, as a wagon master, from
 July 24th last, to this day, inclusive,
 being 47 days at 48 shillings per day,
 pounds 9-8-0.
 Sept. 27.—By cash received pounds 3 950 cur-
 rency at 600 pounds per 1..... 6. 11. 8.
 By ditto pounds 2, 21, 13 at 1,000
 per 1..... 2. 16. 4.
 Pounds.... 9. 8. 0.

Staunton, Va., 30th November, 1781. Received payment
 of Capt. Thomas Hamilton the sum of six thousand, seven hun-
 dred and sixty-pounds, thirteen shillings and four pence, cur-
 rency, in full for the above acct.

(Signed) ROBT. BAGGS.

The above accounts read like a page from the history of the
 days of the ill-fated Southern Confederacy of 1861-'65.

At the date of the assembling of the Convention (1788)
 the State of Kentucky was an integral part of the Old Dominion
 and was known in the geography of the State as the District of
 Kentucky, and was divided into seven counties, and was repre-
 sented in the Convention as follows: Bourbon County by
 Henry Lee and Notlaw Conn; Fayette County by Humphrey
 Marshall and John Fowler; Jefferson County by Robt. Breckin-
 bridge and Rice Bullock; Nelson County by Mathew Walton
 and John Steele; Mercer County by Thomas Allen and Alx.

Robertson; Lincoln County by John Logan and Henry Pawling; Madison County by John Miller and Green Clay.

Virginia at this time was an empire not only in territory, but her population had reached over 800,000 souls. Her population was over three-fourths of all that of New England. It was nearly double that of Pennsylvania. It was not far from three times that of New York. It was three-fourths of all the population of the Southern States. It exceeded by 60,000 that of North Carolina (including what was afterwards Tennessee), of South Carolina and of Georgia, and it was more than a fifth of the population of the whole Union. The great problem to be solved by the Convention of 1788 was, should we continue as thirteen Colonies or States, under a loose and undefined confederation, united together with a rope of sand or become a *nation*, riveted together with bands of steel and the indissoluble bonds of a permanent Union, under a consolidated government, so far as national affairs went, with local self-government as to personal or domestic matters. The issue was thus joined—the lines drawn, the forensic battle begun, the war of words waged, the victory won. The Convention was an imposing body. “There were giants in those days,” physically as well as intellectually. Many of its members were over six feet in height. Virginia was noted for large men—Washington, Randolph, Henry, Pendleton, Richard Henry Lee, Bland and Harrison were six feet, their average being over six feet, and their average weight over two hundred. The longevity of some of the members of this Convention was also remarkable; numbers lived to be over three score and ten, and the following lived to be over four score: William Dark, of Berkeley; Henry Lee, of Bourbon; Edward Winston, of Buckingham; Humphrey Marshall, of Fayette, whilst Paul Carrington, of Charlotte, lived to be ninety-three and James Johnson, of Isle of Wight, survived the adjournment of the Convention fifty-seven years, dying at the ripe old age of ninety-nine.

The Convention of 1788 presented as proud a galaxy of genius, worth, patriotism and public spirit as had ever shone in the councils of a single State. Its representatives were chosen from different pursuits in life—the judge, the merchant, the planter, the lawyer, the physician, the divine, the soldier made

up the complement of its members. All added the luster of their names, their experiences and talents to this illustrious body.

Paul Carrington nominated Edmund Pendleton as President, and notwithstanding the fact that the opposition to the adoption of the Constitution was strong, and it was known that Pendleton was its warmest advocate, he was elected not only without opposition, but as though his eminent fitness for the position was generally recognized. It may have been, and doubtless was, owing to the sagacity of the opposition in not caring to risk the chances of defeat at the start—an unwillingness to test their strength. The chief advocates of the Constitution were Edmund Randolph, George Nicholas, Edmund Pendleton, James Madison and John Marshall. The opponents were Patrick Henry, George Mason, William Grayson, James Monroe. These were the principal debaters. For the first week Henry stood pretty much alone in opposition to the solid phalanx of its advocates, except for a short speech by George Mason. Henry was the orator of the people—the great objector. He fought the Constitution, line by line, clause by clause, article by article, section by section—in detail and as a whole. The chief objections raised by Mr. Henry, and sustained by his side, were that the Constitution was a consolidated government and subversive of the rights of the people, a surrender of the sovereignty of the States. He objected strenuously to the expression in the preamble, “We, the people,” instead of “We, the States.” He plead for the rights and liberties of the people; contended for amendments before ratification. He grew eloquent on the Bill of Rights; denounced the tax-gathers under the proposed Federal law; he brought up the navigation of the Mississippi; dwelt on the dangers of the system; objected to the powers of the judiciary, the authority of Congress. In fact, Mr. Henry raised every objection to real and imaginary dangers that a fervid imagination and a patriotic heart could devise. The other side, of course, took the opposite view, depreciated the cry of alarm, urged the necessity for the Constitution. Pointed out in forceful language, and with telling effect, the imbecility of the confederation; defined, with logical force, the difference between the Federal and State governments, the autonomy of the State and the defined powers granted by the General Government.

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contending that the Union was necessary for the people of Virginia, for her protection, growth and prosperity. The rights and liberties of the people were more secure under a Constitution than under the confederation, they claimed. These were briefly the contentions of the two parties, contending for and against the proposed measures upon which they were called to deliberate and determine.

In the time and space allotted, I shall endeavor to give a brief sketch of some of these characters. The material is ample; the subject prolific, but time will not permit me to trespass upon you sufficiently to be more prolix.

PATRICK HENRY.

The most conspicuous character in the Convention was, unquestionably, Patrick Henry—the Demosthenes of America, the seer of the Revolution. He had made himself popular and famous by the resolutions offered declaring the Stamp Act unconstitutional; had served in the public councils for years, and was the first Governor of the Commonwealth in the Revolution.

Henry was the first to use the magic words, in his letter of acceptance of the Governorship of Virginia, “The Commonwealth of Virginia,” now so familiar to us all. He was the orator and the idol of the people and was regarded by them as the champion of their liberties and the defender of their rights. He was at this time just past fifty and should have been in the vigor of life, but he had encountered many hardships and had endured much trouble as a man and as a patriot. There was a stoop in his shoulders and he wore glasses. His hair had disappeared in early life and its place was supplied by a brown wig. His attempts to adjust it, in his forensic efforts, caused it to assume many curious and ludicrous positions. But his voice had not lost its magic and his intellectual powers knew no decline. He displayed in this assembly a splendor of eloquence which swept all before him, surpassing all his previous efforts, and yet one, calmly and dispassionately, reading the debates, would say he was rather rhetorical than logical; he appealed to the passions rather than to reason. He frequently, it would seem, “talked to the galleries.” His language

and appeals sound very much like the modern demagogue. He was a splendid orator, a good debator, but I should hardly rank him as a logician or a statesman. In his first effort he declared "I consider myself as the servant of the people of this Commonwealth, as a sentinel over their rights, liberty and happiness." In fervid tones he inquired, "what right had they to say, 'We, the people,' instead of We, the States?" States are the characteristics and soul of a confederation, he asserted. His reply to the speech of Henry Lee, of Westmoreland, is said not only to have been his longest, but the most eloquent and pathetic he had ever made. He was a man of wonderful personal magnetism and could play upon the chords of the hearts of his hearers like some inspired minstrel of old—

"Like that wild harp, whose magic tone
Is waken'd by the wind alone."

He was a prominent character from the time his star rose above the horizon at Hanover Courthouse in the famous "Parson's cause" to the time of his death. Here, Wirt says, "Was first witnessed that mysterious and almost superhuman transformation of appearance which the fire of his eloquence never failed to work in him." He was noted for his winsomeness of speech. His voice was rich, strong and clear. It has been said of him, "With that voice of his, Patrick could make love in a corner or call a hound a mile away." "Henry's traits," included the captivating gesture, a smile that played about the mouth and a splendid use of the eye—"the Patrick flash." Judge Roane says: "His voice, countenance and gestures gave an irresistible force to his words which no description could make intelligible to one who had never heard him speak." As a speaker he was a man of extraordinary persuasiveness. It is said "his irresistible charm was the vivid feeling with which he spoke and which was communicated to his hearers."

His reply to Lee is full of beautiful hyperboles, lofty sentiments, touching appeals, flights of fancy, patriotic devotion. Such was the effect of his eloquence that General Thomas Posey, an officer of distinction in the army of the Revolution, and warmly in favor of the Constitution, declared to a friend that he was so overpowered by Henry's speech on this occasion as to

believe that the Constitution, if adopted, would be the ruin of the liberties of the people, as certainly as he believed in his own existence; that subsequent reflection reassured his judgment and his well-considered opinion resumed its place. Another gentleman who heard the fervid description which Henry gave of the slavery of the people, as he imagined would be wrought by the Federal executive at the head of his armed hosts, declared that so thrilling was the delineation of the scene that "he involuntarily felt his wrists to assure himself that the fetters were not already pressing his flesh." Indeed.

"His words were like a stream of honey fleeting,
The which doth softly trickle from the hive,
Able to melt the hearer's heart unweeting
And eke to make the dead again alive."

Not only was Henry powerful in his eloquence, but he employed sarcasm as well, and could shoot a Parthian arrow that not only wounded, but rankled in the wound. In his reply to Governor Randolph he said: "It seems to me very strange and unaccountable that that which was once the object of his execration should now receive his encomiums"—alluding to his shifting course, his inconsistency as shown by his letter of recantation. Randolph had in his speech claimed to be "a son of the Revolution," and Henry raised a laugh, at his expense, by reason of this expression. Randolph became very much exasperated at these thrusts, and a personal difficulty was only averted by the timely interposition of mutual friends. Henry dwelt very much upon the "American spirit" and the "genius of America" in his forensic debates, and these favorite expressions were ridiculed by his opponents as being vain, impractical and visionary.

But he threw a bomb of consternation into the camp of his opponents when he sprang upon them the alleged scheme to turn over, by treaty, the navigation of the Mississippi River to Spain, as was then being negotiated by order of Congress. The Northern States, from purely selfish motives, attempted to barter away the navigation of the Mississippi. Henry declared, says John Marshall, "he would rather part with the confederation than relinquish the navigation of the Mississippi." He

placed Monroe and Madison, who were in Congress when this matter was discussed, in the most embarrassing predicament, which they were called upon to explain. His effort on this occasion won the approval and sympathy of the delegates from the District of Kentucky, who, being more directly interested in the matter, were bitterly opposed to the treaty. His efforts on this occasion were spectacular and dramatic, and produced so profound an impression that it is said had the vote then been taken that the Constitution would not have been adopted. But it is impossible on this occasion to do justice to this great character.

Of Henry, as of so many of our public men, it can be said "*tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis.*" Consistency is a rare and precious jewel, and the Old Man Eloquent did not possess this rare gem. In his old age and full of honors showered upon him by a grateful and appreciative people, he turned to other gods than those he worshipped in his younger days. Patrick Henry, the man of the people, he who declared himself "the servant of the people of this Commonwealth, a sentinel over their rights and liberty and happiness," and denounced the Constitution as subversive of these priceless boons; the bitterest foe to the proposed instrument, the uncompromising anti-Federalist, went back upon his record in 1778. The great contest was on for the supremacy of the Republican party, for the control of the State, led by Jefferson, Monroe and Madison, and opposed by Washington, Hamilton, Lee and other leaders of the Federal party. It was a battle of the giants. Washington recognizing the man for the occasion—Patrick Henry—wrote and requested that he would be a candidate for Representative in the General Assembly of the Commonwealth. Washington's appeal touched a responsive chord in the heart of the grand old man, the lambent fires were once again kindled into a fervid glow of his wonted eloquence. The General Assembly had declared the Alien and Sedition Laws passed by Congress unconstitutional and had accused the Federal government of trespassing upon the rights of the States, all of which grew out of the imbroglio with France that came near culminating in a war with the sister republic. Jefferson and his party were for yielding to the unjust demands of France; Washington and

Lee were for sustaining the rights and dignity of our government, they unfurled their banner to the breeze. Emblazoned on its folds were the magic words of Pinckney: "Millions for defense, not a cent for tribute." The people rallied to this inspiring cry. The effort of each side was to secure for their respective party the control of the Virginia Legislature to back up the Federal government or to cause it to recede from its position towards France. Each party recognized the potency of Henry's eloquence and his influence with the people and both made overtures for his favor. The Jefferson faction, in control of the Legislature, elected him, for the third time, Governor, which honor he declined. The other side bid for his influence by offering him the position of Minister to France. What determined the great commoner to change and become an advocate for measures he had so long and so strenuously resisted is a mystery. By some it has been ascribed to old age and disease. By others attributed to a desire on Henry's part to secure the good opinion and friendship of Washington. It had been reported to Henry that Washington, while speaking of him on several occasions, considered him a *factious and seditious character*.

This was the dead fly that caused his pot of ointment to be unsavory. It rankled in his breast; it saddened his susceptible heart; it made life unendurable, for not only he, but all men wished the good will and opinion of he, who was "first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Whatever may have influenced Henry, whatever may have been his motive, we find that he, who in 1789 had said, "I want to crush that anti-Federal champion," in 1799 had veered round to the support of doctrines he had previously condemned. And so we come to his last public appearance—the last speech of his life in defense of principles and opinions he had formerly denounced.

We have seen the rising of the sun; we are now to behold its setting. At Charlotte Courthouse; March court, 1799, Henry addressed the people for the last time. From far and near they came; thousands to hear their favorite. Old and feeble with disease he appeared, but his eye lit up with its wonted fire and his clarion voice rang out clear and resonant as of old; but such

was his physical condition that when he ended he sank exhausted into the arms of his friends. Notwithstanding age and decrepitude, this speech, as reported in Wirt's *Life of Henry*, does not indicate any diminution of mentality or oratorical powers. He plead as fervently for the maintenance of those principles he now advocated as he had in opposition ten years before. So affected was the audience by the emphasis of his language, the solemnity of his voice, the fervency of his utterance that they wept like children, and when he closed one of his most ardent admirers, as he sank into his arms, exclaimed, "The sun has set in all his glory."

This speech was replied to by that remarkable and eccentric genius, John Randolph of Roanoke. Henry's sun was set, but Randolph's on this occasion rose above the horizon in matchless splendor.

EDMUND PENDLETON.

While Henry was the orator of the Convention, Pendleton was its master spirit. His dignity of mien, his venerable age, his carefulness in dress bespoke him no ordinary man. He had some years previously been thrown from his horse and had his hip dislocated and neither stood or walked without assistance.

By unanimous consent he was called to preside over the deliberations of this august body.

"With grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat, and public care,
And princely counsel in his face yet shone
Majestic."

The occasion of the Convention was to ratify or reject the Constitution prepared and recommended by the General Federal Convention of the States, held at Annapolis, convened at the request of the Assembly of Virginia some five years previously. Virginia was the first of the Colonies to instruct her delegates (in 1776) to declare independence, the declaratory resolutions adopted by Congress and offered by one of her representatives

and the public appeal to the world, in the form of a declaration of independence, was drawn by another Virginian.

It was in the Convention of 1776 that the first written constitution ever framed by an independent political society was adopted. In importance to the world it far exceeded the significance of Magna Charta granted by King John at Runnymede. The delegates in the general convention from Virginia were George Washington, Patrick Henry, Edmund Randolph, John Blair, James Madison, George Mason, George Wythe. Henry declined the appointment and Richard Henry Lee was appointed in his stead, but he also declined, and Dr. James McClurg, who lies buried in St. John's churchyard, was then appointed. This constitution was signed and recommended only by Washington, Blair and Madison, a minority of the delegation. During the debates in the Convention, when Henry was twitted for shirking this responsibility, he made the undignified reply that "He smelt a rat." Pendleton was a man of pure and benevolent character, was known and honored throughout the Commonwealth, had been in the public councils for years. He subsequently filled the chair of Speaker of the House of Delegates and presided for a quarter of a century on the bench of the Court of Appeals. Jefferson, in his Memoirs, says: "Taken all in all, he was the ablest man in debate I have ever met; he was cool, smooth and persuasive; his language flowing, chaste and embellished; his conceptions quick, acute and full of resource. Added to this he was one of the most virtuous of men, the kindest friend, the most amiable of companions." Notwithstanding his inability to stand, except upon his crutches, he presided with an ease and dignity rarely surpassed. Owing to his infirmity he was allowed to preside by sitting, not rising in addressing or putting the question to the house.

He met the objection of Henry to the words in the preamble of the Constitution, "We, the people," in this wise: 'An objection is made to the form. The expression, 'We, the people.' Permit me to ask the gentleman who made this objection, who but the people can delegate powers? Who but the people have a right to form government?' He further said: "On the subject of government, the worthy member (Henry) and myself differ on the threshold. I think government necessary to protect

liberty. He supposes the American spirit all sufficient for the purpose. I differ from the gentleman in another respect. He professes himself an advocate for the *middle* and *lower* classes of men. I profess to be the friend of *all* classes of men, from the palace to the cottage, without any other distinction than between *good* and *bad* men." His speeches were a complete answer and refutation of Henry's impassioned utterances, and were generally so happy and masterful that he was congratulated on all sides. He was regarded as the Nestor of the body. His opponents, as well as his friends, frequently crowded around him to do him honor. He pointed out the imbecility of the confederation and the urgent necessity for a government in conformity to the Constitution. Said he: "It is the interest of the Federal to preserve the State government; upon the latter the existence of the former depends." His speeches on the tariff feature of the Constitution, the judiciary and other subjects were ingenious and conclusive, and a complete refutation of the arguments of Henry. Pendleton had the happy faculty of analyzing his subject with inimitable tact, scorned the defects or eulogized the perfections with a masterly hand and the attributes of a consummate debator. To appreciate Pendleton it is necessary one should read his speeches inextenso in Elliott's Debates.

EDMUND RANDOLPH.

Of this distinguished Virginian it may be truly said—

"His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, '*This is a man.*'"

When Randolph took his seat in the Convention of 1788 he was in the flower of his manhood, being thirty-seven years old. His figure was portly, his face handsome, his hair long. He had already achieved distinction by his forensic efforts in the deliberations of the Convention at Philadelphia. His acquaintance with the English language was perfect; his voice finely modulated; his periods stately; his gestures graceful.

He was recognized as the most accomplished statesman of his age in the Convention. His father, during the Revolution,

adhered to the standard of England. The son, undaunted by the conduct of his father, who is said to have disinherited him for refusing to follow his example, but impelled by patriotic motives, hastened to the Continental army, then encamped on the heights of Boston, and offered his services in her defence. This manly course tendered to his advantage and he was looked upon with great favor and pride by the people. He was elected from Williamsburg to the Convention of 1776. He was successively elected Attorney-General and to Congress, and in 1787 he was sent to the General Convention which framed the Federal Constitution. He was at this time (1788) Governor of the Commonwealth. He was, at one time, opposed to the Constitution, and as one of the delegates from Virginia to the General Convention, refused to sign. He was now an advocate for its adoption and was placed in a delicate and embarrassing position, which Henry at once seized on and twitted him with. A spirited, and at times an acrimonious debate ensued, in which the Governor lost his temper and Henry rather got the better of him. Randolph was both argumentative and logical in his discourses. To Henry's inquiry, already adverted to, why, "We, the people?" he replied: "I ask why not? The government is for the people, and the misfortune was that the people had no agency in the government before * * * What harm is there in consulting the people on the construction of a government by which they are to be bound? Is it fair? Is it unjust? If the government is to be binding upon the people are not the people the proper persons to examine its merits or defects? I take this to be one of the least and most trivial objections that will be made to the Constitution." The bold and sarcastic tone in which he answered the inquiries of Henry told that he defied the attacks of the orator of the people. The personalities indulged in came near culminating in a hostile meeting. Randolph ended a long and brilliant debate in reply to Henry's charge of his inconsistency in opposing the Constitution at one time and advocating it at another. In a touching valedictory in justification of his conduct, said he: "But although for every other act of my life I shall seek refuge in the mercy of God, for this I request justice only. I went to the Federal Convention with the strongest affection for the Union; that I acted there in full conformity

with this affection; that I refused to subscribe because I had, as I still have, objections to the Constitution, and wished a free inquiry into its merits, and that the accession of eight States reduced our deliberations to the single question of Union or no Union." But though Governor Randolph was in favor of the Constitution, in referring to the proposed method of ratification, he said: "It is demonstrably clear to me that rights not given are retained." Edmund Randolph's memory is dear to the people of Richmond, because for years he was identified with us as a citizen. He was one of the twelve vestrymen of St. John's church, elected March 28, 1785. At the following meeting of the vestry he was chosen church warden and his autograph as such appears in the vestry book of the old church. He also represented St. John's church in the convention of the reorganized Diocese of Virginia, held at Richmond in June, 1785. He was a prominent Mason, having been Grand Master of Masons in Virginia in 1786. Richmond Randolph Lodge, No. 19, was named in his honor, he having assisted in laying the cornerstone of Mason's Hall in 1785.

JOHN MARSHALL.

The poet has drawn the following picture of

"A judge—a man so learned,
So full of equity, so noble, so notable;
In the process of his life, so innocent;
In the manage of his office, so incorrupt;
In the passages of state so wise, in
Affection of his country so religious;
In all his services to the King so
Fortunate and exploring, as envy
Itself cannot accuse or malice vitiate."

Had the poet, the person or portrait in his mind's eye, he could not have drawn John Marshall more truly than in the above lines. When this distinguished jurist appeared in the Convention of 1788, he was quite a young man, being only thirty-three, but destined to fill the office of Chief Justice of the United States.

During the Revolutionary war he served as captain and distinguished himself at Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth. His chief eminence, however, was in civic life and in the practice of his chosen profession, which he devoted himself to at the close of the war. His manners had been formed in camp and were in strange contrast to those of Randolph and Grayson. His habits were convivial and he was careless and indifferent in regard to his deportment and dress. He was doubtless saved from his amiable temper and social proclivities by his wife, who was the guardian angel of his earlier life. John Marshall and his wife lived happily together for fifty-three years, the tribute to her memory, written by himself and published in Meade's Old Churches, etc., is one of the tenderest and most affecting ever written. His intellectual powers are best shown in his judicial opinions, which to this day are quoted and referred to by those learned in the law. He found time in the midst of his official duties to write his well-known life of Washington. He was of high character—that spiritual and moral attribute and quality that distinguishes men amongst their fellows. His manners were simple and unassuming. He was extremely affable and easily accessible to the young as well as the old, by the poor as well as the rich, by the fair sex as well as the manlier. His face was kind and the expression benignant; his eye, black and piercing, never let the image of a friend, any more than the semblance of an organism, escape his vision. His lofty figure, clothed in the plainest dress, mingled, without ostentation with his fellowmen everywhere. He had less mannerism as a public speaker than any of his contemporaries. He was unaffected, plain and simple, yet he rose to flights of eloquence that excited the admiration of his listeners.

As a statesman he is justly entitled to rank with Jefferson, Hamilton, Madison and their compeers. He was nineteen years old when in the battle at Lexington. He was appointed lieutenant of a military company and walked ten miles with his gun on his shoulder to the muster grounds. The captain was absent; he took charge of the company and drilled it. He was dressed in a blue hunting shirt with pantaloons of the same cloth. His hat was ornamented with with a deer's tail in lieu of a cockade. After he finished drilling his militia he in-

dulged in pitching quoits and running foot races. He was in the army at Valley Forge during that terrible winter when the soldiers were tracked in snow by the blood on their feet.

When Marshall declared himself a candidate for the Convention to vote upon the adoption of the Federal Constitution, the majority of his constituents were opposed to it and he was informed that there would be no opposition if he would vote against its adoption. This he refused to do, and his election was warmly contested. His personal popularity secured his election, and it is generally conceded that but for his efforts and Mr. Madison's that it would unquestionably have been rejected. Judge Story has pronounced his speech in defense of the President for his conduct relative to the extradition of Jonathan Robins "one of the most consummate judicial arguments that was ever pronounced in the halls of legislation."

It was *response sans réplique*—an answer so irresistible that it admitted of no reply. His Supreme Court decisions are now the law of the land and are monuments of fame and wisdom.

His figure was a familiar one on the streets of Richmond, where he resided for many years. It is said he always made his own marketing, and that on one occasion a well dressed young man asked him to carry home a turkey for him, which he did. The young gentleman offered him a shilling for his services, which he declined, and on inquiring who the plainly dressed countryman was was told he was Judge Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States. Judge Marshall was an enthusiastic Mason and was Grand Master of Masons in Virginia in 1793, and a member of Richmond Randolph Lodge No. 19, and the last sad tribute of respect was paid to him by this lodge, July 9, 1835, when his remains were interred in Shockoe Cemetery.

"The great, the good, the wise."

JAMES MADISON,

The fourth President of the United States, justly called "the Father of the Federal Constitution," commenced his public career early in life. He entered the Convention of 1776 at the age of twenty-five. He was naturally modest and diffident, but

his long service in the House of Delegates and in Congress had made him one of the most thorough debaters of that age.

Madison was the ruling spirit in the Convention. He knew that great opposition would be urged against the adoption of the Constitution. He, Alexander Hamilton and John Jay wrote many explanatory articles, to prevent misconstruction of its powers, which were collected and published as the *Federalist*. His figure was below the middle stature. Owing to this he was called "the Great Little Mr. Madison," but was graceful and well proportioned, his manners and address most pleasant. He appeared arrayed in blue and buff, and at his breast and on his wrists he wore ruffles. His hair was worn low on his forehead to conceal partial baldness, and ended, according to the custom of that day, in a long cue. His face was clean shaven. In fact, hirsute appendages in those days were not in form, and the barbers did a thrifty business. Neither mustache nor whiskers was ever seen on the face of Washington, Madison, Jefferson or Monroe. Madison was credited with possessing the faculty of debate in such a degree that he exhausted every subject he discussed. He possessed an intimate knowledge of the men with whom he was associated, and to whom he was opposed. He knew their strong and their weak points and governed himself accordingly. He was temperate in debate and always appealed to common sense. By his enemies he was rated as a mere closet philosopher—an able logician, but a weak and timid statesman. In response to Henry's animadversions against the expression, "We, the people," he said: "The people, but not people as composing one great body, but the people as composing thirteen sovereignties," was referred to. As favoring the Constitution he made this sensible remark: "A government which relies on thirteen sovereignties for the means of its existence, is a solecism in theory, and a mere nullity in practice."

Madison was noted for his purity of character, his morality and devotion to civil, political and religious liberty. He has been condemned for urging in the old Continental Congress a treaty of peace with Great Britain, acknowledging the independence of all the States except the Carolinas and Georgia, which were to remain British provinces. The only justification he ever offered was that Georgia and the Carolinas had been conquered and

subdued by the armies of Great Britain. The true explanation is supposed to be that Mr. Madison thought that the free navigation of the Mississippi had to be relinquished or the conquered territory surrendered, and he doubtless thought the surrender of the conquered territory the lesser of the two evils. His reply to Henry on the subject of the navigation of the Mississippi is considered the most adroit made in the Convention—an exquisite specimen of the test and skill with which a statesman may appear to walk steadily over the ground that was quaking beneath him. Henry had him in a tight place. Madison labored under two difficulties—his low stature made it difficult to be seen from all parts of the house and his voice was so weak it was impossible to hear him at times. He had a habit of rising to speak, with his hat in his hand and with his notes in his hat, and when he warmed up his body had a kind of see-saw motion. Yet such was the force of his genius that one of his warmest opponents in the Convention declared that he listened with more delight to his clear and cunning arguments than to the eloquence of Henry.

“His tongue
Dropped manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturess counsels.”

Chief Justice Marshall, who was the chief of the opposition, when asked which of the various speakers he had heard was the most eloquent—and he had heard all the great orators of America—replied: “Eloquence had been defined to be the art of persuasion. If it includes persuasion by convincing, Mr. Madison was the most eloquent man I ever heard.” He was noted for the respect and courtesy with which he regarded the motives and treated the arguments of his opponents. He had great blandness of manner, conciliation and forbearance. He seldom, if ever, gave offence to any one in the most exciting political debates. From the most diffident of men, when he commenced his public career he could not speak at all, he became perfect in the art. Madison’s diary or journal of the Convention, comprised in the “Madison Papers,” is a valuable contribution to American history of that period.

Madison possessed, to a wonderful extent, an exquisite sense of humor, which though felt and admired in conversation, was so effectively controlled as never to appear in his written composition or his public discussions. It was reserved for social intercourse exclusively. He thought that truth and reason were the proper weapons for the forum. His love of humor did not forsake him even in old age. During his last days, when visited by two of his friends he rose and greeted them; as he resumed his recumbent position on his couch he apologized for so doing, observing with a smile, "I always talk more easily when I *lie*." He had a great many jokes on his friend, Jefferson, which he told with great glee. He died in his eighty-fifth year, in 1836.

GEORGE MASON

Was one of the most striking figures in the Convention. By his admirers he was regarded as at once the Solon and the Cato, the law-giver and the uncompromising patriot in the age in which he lived. In the Bill of Rights drawn by him, occurs the following sentence: "That no man, or set of men, is entitled to exclusive separate emoluments, or privileges from the community, but in consideration of public service, which not being descendible, neither ought the offices of magistrate, legislator or judge to be hereditary." Here is a volume of truth and wisdom. This truth is accentuated when we behold our trust-ridden country under an infamous and unjust tariff, under which one class of citizens are made hewers of wood and drawers of water for another class, and indiscriminate plunder permitted. The protected is allowed to exact separate emoluments and to enjoy privileges from the community at large under class legislation.

George Mason was a Virginian, not only by birth, but in sentiment, in affection and devotion. He was a Virginian first, last and all the time; secondarily, he was an American.

The views of Washington were the antithesis of Mason's. Washington believed in a strong centralized government; he knew the utter futility of the confederation. He regarded the Union not only as paramount, but perpetual. He was a patriot, an American. In his farewell address—so pathetic, so full of tender love and devotion—he writes as would a father to his children. He speaks of "the unity of the government, which

constitutes you one people." He says: "The name of American, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any other appellation derived from local discriminations." He deprecates sectional feelings and jealousies and warns the people against political factions and party strife. In his letter addressed to the Governors on his retiring from office, he uses the expression, "the citizens of America," and speaks of the country as "a nation," and amongst other things he dwells upon as essential to the well-being of our country, ay, to its very existence as an independent power, "And indissoluble Union of States under one Federal head."

He seemed to hold the view that the tie between the Colonies and Great Britain were irrevocably broken by the Revolution and their acknowledgment of independence by the world, the autonomy of the States were in like manner surrendered, except so far as domestic or local relation and regulations went, when the people, through their duly accredited representatives of their respective States, adopted and ratified the Federal Constitution for the declared purpose of forming "a more perfect union" for common defense and protection, each State, in all its departments, to be subservient to the supreme law of the land—the acts of Congress.

Mason regarded Virginia as an empire within herself, a sovereignty, and was utterly opposed to a consolidated government and the surrender of her rights to a central power. He was in favor of a union for mutual defense and welfare only. He wished Virginia to be a free Commonwealth, not to alienate beyond recall her powers, her liberty. He was as great an objector as Henry himself to the Constitution. These objections were radical and extended to every department of the proposed government. He particularly objected to the connection between the President and the upper house, what he called "the marriage between the President and the Senate," and the extraordinary powers conferred on the latter. When Mason first arose to address the Convention the audience was hushed and the eyes of all men fixed upon him. His once raven hair was now as white as snow, his commanding figure attired in deep mourning, still erect, his black eyes lit up with the flame of in-

telligence, his voice calm, deliberate and full. His reputation as the author of what was regarded as the palladium of our liberties—the Declaration of Rights and of the first Constitution of the Commonwealth, together with his known opposition to the ratification of the Federal Constitution, which he had refused to sign in the Federal Convention, as a delegate from Virginia, was calculated to attract attention. He was now past three score, but had only been in the public service about twelve years, but he was confessedly the first man in every assembly. He bitterly opposed unconditional grants to the General Government. He insisted upon amendments and conditions which he regarded as essential to secure the rights and liberties of the people. He wished these rights guaranteed in the instrument before its ratification and adoption. Throughout the session of the Convention he was an admirable coadjutor to Henry. One was the orator appealing to the sentiments and passions; the other the statesman invoking judgment and reason. He was not a broad man in his views; in fact his statesmanship appears to have been rather narrow and contracted, as evidenced by this question asked in debate:

“Does any man suppose that one general national government can exist in so extensive a country as this?” If living to-day he would doubtless have opposed the acquisition of Porto Rico and the Philippines.

“He was not of that strain of counselors
That, like a tuft of rushes in a brook,
Bends every way the current turns itself
Yielding to every puff of appetite
That comes from majesty, but with true zeal
He faithfully declared all.”

JAMES MONROE.

Attended a country school with John Marshall, with whom he traveled his eventful career, in war and peace, a long and honored course. He spent a term at William and Mary, but his elementary stock of knowledge was small, his real education was on the stage of life. He entered the army of the Revolution at the age of eighteen as a cadet, became a lieutenant and captain

and finally an aide to General Lord Stirling. He was in active service nearly the whole war, and fought in the battles of Harlem Heights, White Plains, of Princeton and Trenton with Lafayette, in which last he was wounded; of Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth. At the end of the war he was elected to the House of Delegates. At the age of twenty-four he was deputed to Congress and was the youngest member which the Assembly had ever elected to that body. He was tall and erect in person, his face, with its high cheek bones, betokened his Caledonian origin; his manner kind and affectionate, but of martial stiffness. His demeanor was marked by gravity which concealed from the common observer a warm and generous heart. He was noted for the concentration and sincerity with which he devoted his talents to the business in hand and his truthfulness. He was entirely devoid of those accomplishments that assure interest and adorn the social sphere. He lacked the charm in conversation of many of his compeers. He was slow in comprehending a subject, but he was, as Henry remarked, "slow, but give him time and he was sure." His mental faculties were neither large nor bright, not much enriched by art or learning drawn from books, yet vigorous and practical. The secret of his unparalleled success is attributed to his industry, integrity and personal intrepidity, which he displayed amid the clashing of arms or the more fearful and wonderful clashing of tongues. He possessed in a pre-eminent degree common sense. He was neither a graceful nor an accomplished speaker. Pronunciation, elocution, emphasis, gesture, the art and charm of diction, style, never crossed his mind; he looked at the staple or the matter of the speech as the paramount object and he went at it in a truly matter of fact way. In the Convention he propounded the question, "What are the powers which the Federal government ought to possess?" and proceeded to answer it deliberately and with consummate tact, shorn of sophistry and rhetoric. Monroe's name is more conspicuously connected with, and his fame rests more prominently on, the famous "Monroe Doctrine" than any other event in his life. Briefly stated, this doctrine is that "the American Continents should no longer be subjects for new European colonial settlement." His argument, as reported in Elliott's Debates, while not oratorical, is candid,

lucid and cogent. Monroe succeeded Mr. Madison as President of the United States in 1817, and was re-elected in 1820. Monroe's life teaches that

"Industry,
To meditate, to plan, resolve, perform,
Which, in itself, is good—as surely brings
Reward of good no matter what be done."

And his success exemplifies the fact that

"Truth needs no flowers of speech."

He died on the anniversary of American independence, July 4, 1831, and he rests on the banks of the noble James, whose waters sing his requiem as they pass on to the sea.

His obsequies were performed under the direction of Richmond Randolph Lodge No. 19, his funeral oration delivered by Robert Stanard, Esq.

I have, in a desultory and imperfect manner, briefly sketched the characters of some of the most distinguished members of the Convention of 1788. In review we have seen displayed the matchless eloquence of the immortal Henry; the masterful arguments of the learned Pendleton; Randolph with his classic reasoning and harmonious periods; Marshall with his simple and unassuming manners, but wise and conservative statesmanship; the Roman energy and Attic wit of George Mason; Madison with his incomparable powers of persuasion; Monroe with his sophistry and rhetoric. In regard to each of these great men it might be said there was—

"A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man."

But I feel that while the heavens are encompassed with this bright galaxy of stars—men known in history to us all, whose names have come down the corridors of time—there are a few others, now almost forgotten and whose names are passed into oblivion, who should be mentioned and who were active in the debates of this Convention. Of this pregnant list I have selected George Nicholas and William Grayson.

GEORGE NICHOLAS.

Whilst Henry was par excellence the orator of the Convention of 1788, Colonel Nicholas was, for his wonderful ability in debate, termed the Ulysses and the Ajax Telamon of the host which upheld the Constitution. His logic was clear, his reasoning sound, his illustrations apt, his arguments forceful and convincing. He bore the brunt of the contest of debate. There was a prestige in the name of Nicholas, which placed him in the front rank of the members of this august body and of those who had attained distinction during the Revolution. He was the son of the venerable patriot who was the watch dog of the Treasury during the war. He was born in Williamsburg and matriculated at William and Mary. Leaving college he entered the army and soon won the highest honors, having been promoted from captain to colonel. He was elected to the General Assembly, in which he held a prominent position. His stature was low, ungainly and deformed with fat, his brows shaggy. His voice unpleasant, but with all these deformities his address was polished. He was thoroughly acquainted with local legislation, was well versed in history, and, withal, entirely self-possessed. Without fancy or rhetoric, without action or gestures, save the use of his right hand and forefinger, yet so forceful were his arguments, so sound his reasonings, analytical his debates, so consummate his conclusions that he held the Convention in rapt attention for hours. His arguments could not be met by his opponents and they sometimes resorted to caricature. He was once pictured as a plum pudding with legs to it. He was also pictured as broad as he was long. He was said to be the fattest lawyer since the days of his namesake, Sir Nicholas Bacon, of rotund memory. Of all the friends to the Constitution he was the most formidable to Henry. His perfect acquaintance with the whole system of legislation; his connection by descent and affinity with the old aristocratic families; his physical qualities, which were entirely fearless; his civic and military career; his great powers of minute and sustained argumentation, made it difficult to evade or repel his attacks.

Neither oratory or sarcasm or ridicule availed in a contest

with him who was as potent in the war of wit as he was irresistible by the force of logic.

Referring to Henry's question, "Why, we the people?" He said: "The gentleman objects to the expression, 'We, the people,' and demands the reason why they had not said, 'We, the United States of America?'" The expression, in my opinion, is highly proper; it is submitted to the people, because on them it is to operate; till adopted it is but a dead letter and not binding on any one; when adopted it becomes binding on the people who adopt it." Henry had almost carried the day against the Constitution by one of his mighty outbursts of eloquence when he called attention to the proposed scheme of the surrender of the Mississippi to Spain by the confederation—the day was lost, but, like Blucher at Waterloo, Nicholas came to the rescue of the demoralized advocates of the Constitution.

In a splendid arraignment of facts and logic, Nicholas soon marshaled his forces and gained the sympathy and confidence of the house, then turning suddenly to Henry he became the accuser and the aggressor. He exclaimed with impassioned force: "By whom was this fearful surrender of the navigation of the Mississippi contemplated? By the gentleman's (with his index finger pointing to Henry) favorite Confederation."

After the formation of Kentucky as a State, Nicholas made his home there. He devoted his time and attention to politics and farming as well as to political economy. He took great pride and interest in preparing young students in law by his lectures and advice. He was the writer of the Constitution of the State of Kentucky. In the graces and courtesies of social life he was unexcelled and was noted for his generous hospitality. He believed that

"Without good company all dainties
Lost their true relish, and, like painted grapes,
Are only seen, not tasted."

His familiarity with all the great questions of the day, his intimacy with the most prominent men of the period made him a most interesting and instructive conversationalist.

He died in Kentucky at the age of forty-four. It is said the mourning and grief of his slaves, by whom he was dearly be-

loved, as his coffin was lowered into the grave was a strange and pathetic scene.

WILLIAM GRAYSON.

If George Nicholas was the Ajax Telamon who supported the Constitution, William Grayson may justly be regarded as the Cicero in opposition. He was a

“Statesman, yet a friend to Truth! Of soul sincere,
In action faithful and in honor clear!
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gained no title and who lost no friend.”

His arguments were powerful and logical. He declared that “the greatest defect” in the Constitution “was the opposition of the component parts to the interests of the whole.” He had not the fire and rhetoric of Henry, but he far surpassed him in reason and logic. To those interested in these debates I refer to Elliott and Robertson.

Alluding to Washington’s well-known partiality and advocacy of the Constitution, Grayson concluded one of his eloquent speeches by saying: “We have one ray of hope. We do not fear while he lives, but we can expect only his fame to be immortal. We wish to know, who besides him can concentrate the confidence of all America!” Grayson was both a soldier and a statesman. His military career began with the dawn of the American Revolution and was chiefly under the eye of Washington himself, for whom he had the most profound respect and admiration. He was a member of Washington’s military family. With the affairs at Valley Forge his name is intimately connected. He was at the battle of Long Island, of Brandywine and Germantown and Montgomery, and is said to have commanded a Virginia regiment on that field. In early life he indulged in the popular sport of fox-hunting with Washington over the moors of Westmoreland and whose esteem he enjoyed to the end of his life. Whilst his military career was brilliant it was lost sight of in his civic accomplishments. He was educated at Oxford, was a ripe scholar and particularly well versed in the classics and in history. He was also a student of political

economics and applied himself to that generous fountain of information and inspiration—Smith's *Wealth of Nations*—with the same assiduity that a student of theology would to the study of the Bible. His life was marked by enterprise, intrepidity and success. When the regulation of Virginia commerce was discussed, in connection with the Constitution, a favorite expression of his was "Let commerce alone, it will take care of itself." On his return to Virginia after the war he continued the practice of law. He was in 1784 elected to Congress. He was regarded as a most elegant gentleman as well as the most accomplished debater of his age. In dialectics he was thoroughly versed and equipped. It is said his powers of humor, wit, sarcasm and ridicule, prolonged and sustained by argument and declamation, were unrivalled. He had that happy faculty of making

"Wise things seem foolish and rich things but poor."

Grayson's speeches in the Convention abound in passages of humor and sarcasm. He was also noted for his physical qualities as well as his mental endowments. He was considered the handsomest man in the Convention. His person was imposing—his stature over six feet and though in weight over two hundred and fifty pounds, such was the symmetry of his figure that the beholder was struck more with its height than its magnitude. He had a majestic head—forehead high and broad, eyes black and deep-seated, nose large and curved, lips well formed, disclosing white and regular teeth.

It is related that his body was exhumed after it had lain forty-six years in his coffin and when the lid was lifted there was his majestic form as if it had been recently wrapped in the shroud, the features were fresh and full, the hair long and black—the growth of the grave—every lineament perfect and distinct.

The address of Grayson was said to be winning and courteous, his conversation playful, sparkling and profound as the time or topic called for or the mood prompted, but withal there was a dignity about him which the ablest and the bravest men would have been the last to trench upon.

He died in 1790 and is buried at Dumfries, Va.

So zealous were our ancestors for our liberties and so dis-

trustful of the Federal government that in the ratification of the Constitution Virginia expressly stipulated and asserted that "the powers granted should be resumed whensoever the same should be perverted to her injury or oppression, and that every power not granted thereby remains with them and at their will." And even under these conditions it was only adopted by a recorded vote of 89 to 79, a majority of ten only in its favor. Had the advocates of the Constitution declared their intention to create a centralized government, from which the States could not withdraw when their rights were jeopardized, of which the people of each State were to be the judges, the Constitution would never have been ratified by the States, certainly not by Virginia. Mr. Madison, "the Father of the Federal Constitution," would never have voted for it, for in the Convention he declared that "the use of force against a State would be more like a declaration of war than an infliction of punishment, and would probably be considered by the party attacked as a dissolution of all previous compacts; a Union of States containing such an ingredient seemed to provide for its own destruction."

In one of the debates in the New York State Convention, Hamilton, the great Federalist, said: "To coerce a State would be one of the maddest projects ever devised." And yet we have lived not only to see the attempt, but the complete consumation.

The cause the ill-fated Confederacy undertook to defend was that of constitutional liberty and fidelity to law and covenants.

Slavery was not the cause, but only the occasion, of the late Civil War. The existence of the institution was always the occasion of grave alarm. Jefferson prophesied that slavery would be the "rock upon which the old Union would split." Mr. Lincoln declared in 1858 that "this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free." Mr. Seward asserted that the antagonism between freedom and slavery was "an irrepressible conflict." The concensus of opinion of the best men North and South was that it was a great evil, both morally and politically.

Nearly a century and a quarter has elapsed since these debates occurred, which eventuated in the adoption of the Federal Constitution. Let us, with retrospective eye, glance down the pages of history and we shall see that with prophetic ken

many of our troubles were pointed out and foretold. Mr. Henry, during the debates asked this pertinent and pregnant question: "Suppose the people of Virginia should wish to alter their government, can a majority of them do it? No, because they are connected with other men, or in other words consolidated with other States. When the people of Virginia at a future day shall wish to alter their government, though they should be unanimous in their desire, yet they may be prevented." Again he asked: "What is to become of your country? The Virginian government is but a name." He asserted, "When you give power you know what you give." He declared, "Among ten thousand *implied powers* which they may assume, they may, if we be engaged in war, liberate every one of our slaves if they please! May they not pronounce all slaves free?" Did he with the discernment of a Daniel see and interpret the handwriting on the wall as embodied in Lincoln's emancipation proclamation? In the event of war he asks, "May not Congress say that every black man must fight?" Did he, with the vision of an Isaiah, look into futurity and see the war clouds on the distant horizon that swept away every semblance of sovereignty and that desolated the Southern States in the crime of 1861-'65? Did he, in his mind's eye, see the black cohorts, led by our Northern brethren (?) committing, during Reconstruction days, rapine and desolation against the people of the South? Was he, indeed, endowed with the Spirit of Divination? No, I do not believe that with all of his opposition to the Constitution; with all his love for Virginia and the South, with all his distrust of the Northern people Mr. Henry ever conceived of the diabolism of arming and inciting our slaves to plunder and murder their masters. He never for one moment thought it possible that a government formed for the protection of the people would be turned into an instrument for their slavish oppression. His fervid imagination never supposed the horrors and injustice of the Civil War or the abominations of the Reconstruction period, and we are glad he did not, for his great heart would have broken and his tongue palsied in his efforts to have averted these calamities. Mr. Henry was not the only member of the Convention with a discerning mind and who was distrustful and apprehensive of the future. Grayson declared that under the

proposed Constitution "he conceived the State governments to be at the mercy of the generality." On another occasion he made this observation, that "so extensive was the power of legislation in his estimation that he doubted whether, when it was once given up, *anything* was retained." He gave a forecast of what might occur when the election of President was close, which was realized in the famous Tilden-Hayes election.

The fears of George Mason gave him perception into the future. He pointed out with marked ability imperfections, dangers and defects of the sixth article of the Constitution. He dwelt with force upon the insecurity of our rights and privileges "as they depended on a vague, indefinite and ambiguous implication." With an insight into the future he said, speaking of slavery, "there is no clause in the Constitution that will prevent the Northern and Eastern States from meddling with our whole property of that kind."

Monroe objected particularly to giving the Federal government unlimited power of taxation and insisted that our great unalienable rights ought to be secured, either by a Bill of Rights or an express provision in the body of the Constitution itself.

The centralization of power assumed by the President, the assumption of legislative authority, the dictation of law-making power, the encroachments by the Federal judiciary upon the rights of the States have nearly extinguished their sovereignty. Were the apprehensions of our forefathers without reason? Did they hesitate without cause? Were they right or wrong—those who opposed the adoption of the Constitution? If the object and aim of government be the founding of a great nation; if laying the foundation for a great empire, the desire to become a world power; if the acquisition of foreign territory; if the accumulation of vast wealth in the hands of a few individuals or combines; if the importation of millions of immigrants and vast increase in population be the desideratum of the republic then we have succeeded beyond all expectations. But a student of history may reasonably fear that these vaunted acquisitions, these proud acquirements, instead of perpetuating our government may be the means of its downfall and disintegration. We are the heaviest taxed people, per capita, upon the face of the globe. We have a greater proportion of the foreign element in

our midst in proportion to native born than any other nation on earth.

The storm signals are up. There are unmistakable signs of unrest among the masses. The war between capital and labor, the dissatisfaction existing between employer and employee. The vast increase in the necessities of life without a corresponding increase in the daily wage. The gradual absorption of enterprises heretofore conducted by individuals, by the trusts and combines, who, with their vast aggregations of capital have driven to the wall so many less favored. The destruction of personal initiative. The covetous and inconsiderate spirit displayed by those engaged in various manufactures, out of which they have amassed wealth through the faithful labor of their employees and the loyalty of their patrons in selling out to these combines regardless of interests other than their own, has alienated this class of the community, to a great extent, from those who looked to them, not only for employment and for their support, but for sympathy and encouragement. But one by one these old concerns have hauled down their flags, folded their tents and, like the Arab, stolen silently away, carrying the swag of the trust with them. Many thousands of workmen in this city and throughout the country have thus been deprived of the means of livelihood, in which they have labored for years and have been compelled to work for less wages at other occupations. In their old age they have had the doors closed in their faces and seen posted on the portals "Sold out to the trust." This may be business; it is legitimate, but is it carrying out the divine injunction "love thy neighbor as thyself?" There used to be a pride in the transmission of a reputable business from sire to son, and the employee's sons took the same pride and interest in the business as their fathers did before them. There existed a loyal, genial, friendly vassalage between the employer and the employee, born of respect, friendship and appreciation, but "corporations have no souls" and this kindly sentiment no longer exists. The question arises, should business be conducted entirely along selfish lines? Should not a vein of sentiment, like a golden thread in the woof of a garment, enter into business transactions and influence its operations? In every large business the good will includes the result

of faithful and efficient labor, the confidence and support of patrons of many years. Have these people no rights that should be considered?

Dissatisfaction, alienation, distrust, feelings of suspicion, resentment and discontent have resulted from this method of doing business. Lynching bees, the beastly cruelties of the mob, riots, night riders, indifference to human life, contempt of authority, disregard of law, the miscarriage of justice, the barbarism of greed—all these things have to be reckoned with.

In feudal days in England and prior to the French Revolution strong men dealt with arms and force and lorded it over and oppressed the masses. Looking upon them as their natural prey and as subservient to their will, the same class of men in this day and generation deal with money, stocks and combines and the manipulation of vast properties and business and the corruption of lawmakers. These strong men and corporations claim they are above the law—that they are a law unto themselves! The conduct of business by a favored few, regardless of obedience to statutes, to the detriment of those who are required to comply with the law. The inequality of punishment for crime. The power and immunity of wealth from correction are signs of decadence and warnings of approaching danger, promoting socialism and fostering the growth of anarchy. The sky is calm, the waters still as they ripple in the passing breeze, but the faint rumbling of the thunders of unrest upon the quiet air portend a storm that will darken the sky of prosperity and lash the quiet waters into a seething rage of ungovernable fury, that like a besom of destruction may sweep away old landmarks and lighten the heavens with the fires of revolution.

I am not a pessimist nor an alarmist, but it behooves us to look at facts and conditions squarely in the face and not, like the ostrich, stick our heads in the sands and imagine we are immune to danger.

The Constitution ratified by the Convention of 1788 so pleased Washington that he styled it "the most perfect system ever before established by the wisdom of man." De Tocqueville, the great political philosopher of France, declared the theory of government embodied in the instrument "a great discovery in modern political science." Lord Brougham, the distinguished

English statesman, was so charmed with it that he said: "It is the very greatest refinement in social policy to which any age has given birth." Under these favorable commendatory auspices the ship of State was launched upon the untried waters of popular government, and while the good old ship has had comparative smooth sailing, she has encountered many adverse winds and stood the storm of many conflicts, both external and internal—wars without and wars within—and yet

"The star spangled banner continues to wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

In every foreign war and in conflicts with the Indians, our government has been victorious. The first domestic or internal trouble encountered was under Washington's administration in 1792, and is known in history as "The Whiskey Insurrection," in Pennsylvania, which was quelled without bloodshed upon the proper display of authority and determination by the Chief executive.

In 1797, when John Adams was President, the famous retaliatory measures known as the "Alien and Sedition Acts," were passed, resulting in great distress and discontent, and the country was brought to the verge of civil war, but this crucial test was passed in safety.

The next trouble, during Mr. Jefferson's term, was a threat by the New England States to withdraw from the Union on account of the Embargo Act. This measure was repealed by Congress and the malcontents became reconciled.

Again, in 1832, the Nullification Ordinance was passed by South Carolina, and disruption threatened. This critical trial was gotten over by the commendable firmness and decision of Andrew Jackson and the Tariff Compromise of 1833. The supreme test to which our government has been subjected was the war between the States, and the usurpation of powers not granted to the Constitution. The Federal authorities in their efforts to preserve the Union destroyed the government, so far as many of the rights of the States are concerned. It was the fond delusion, the basic idea of the founders of the republic, that it depended upon the States for its very existence. Who holds such ideas now? The man at Washington with "the big

stick" decides matters to suit himself. A territory knocking at the door for admission into the sisterhood of States has first to get his permission. We find the Federal Executive so far forgetting the dignity of his exalted position as to exert the weight and influence of his office in behalf of his favorites, even in the election of municipal officers in the States. Not content with these dangerous assumed prerogatives and meretricious innovations he attempts to foist "his policies" upon the nation in presuming to dictate the naming of his successor to the presidential office itself. A State cannot decide as to its public school policy without consulting him. The city of Richmond cannot regulate its street-car service, operated under a charter of its Council, without the ultimatum of a Federal judge—the ukase of an imperial order. The control of chartered corporations is no longer permissible by the power that created them. Our government is undergoing, in fact has undergone, many radical changes in its polity. The Constitution, by implication, has been interpreted and construed until it yields to interpretations with the elasticity of a rubber band. The people rule, or should rule, the country. How long will they submit to these impositions, these encroachments, these hardships? How will all this end? Some day the man on horseback may succeed to the man with "the big stick" and at his back will be the minions of his will and power. There is an increasing number of people in this country who believe that life and property would be safer under a strong than a weak government; they favor a centralized power. Our population has been vastly increased by the disorderly elements of Europe, with their inborn hate for all authority, who regard license as liberty. Universal suffrage has proven, in spite of Mr. Jefferson, the idol of Democracy, a universal curse. It may be necessary that power be concentrated in a centralized government to preserve our liberties and our property. It is a recognized and admitted fact that the law most respected and feared to-day is the Federal law; constant appeals are being made to it from the decisions of State tribunals, because it does not depend, to the same extent, on public opinion, local environments, sectional prejudices, individual sentiment as do State municipal enactments. In many communities of the different States it is impossible to convict for mob or lynch law crimes.

In some States peonage exists, and but for the fear of the Federal judiciary, slavery might be re-established by unscrupulous individuals. For many crimes it is only when arraigned before a Federal judge that conviction is possible. In this tribunal "the unwritten law" is an unknown factor in its jurisprudence, and has no place in its instructions and decisions. A conviction is gaining ground that human life is more secure under law than license or laws laxly administered.

The generation now growing up, unschooled in the old doctrine of States rights, are inclined to look upon the government as conceived by our forefathers as an exploded idea of Utopian transcendentalism. They know nothing of old conditions and care still less. They are living in a materialistic age; commercialism is the ruling spirit, and when those who fought in the Confederate and Federal armies shall have passed away, not only will all animosity between the sections be eliminated, but the nation will be bound together, with no bone of contention such as existed before the late Civil War, but will be cemented into a perpetual Union. Whether these are mere vagaries of the mind, figments of the fancy or draughts of deep philosophy, the results of sound reasoning and logical deductions, time alone can determine.

If the question had been asked thirty years ago, aye, even within a less period, would it have been best for the Confederacy to have succeeded? Would it have been better for two governments to have been established on this continent? It would have been regarded as disloyal to the memories of the past, an insult to the dead, sacrilegious.

The question of secession was one on which statesmen North and South differed. The history of the country shows there has been a continuous struggle between two opposing factions of political thought and schools of construction, one faction contending that in adopting the Constitution we became a nation, one sovereignty, and the indissolubility of the Union; the other that it was a confederation of sovereign States, bound together by a Constitution, from which each State could secede or withdraw at its own will.

By the Democratic party Mr. Jefferson is considered the father of the doctrine of States rights, and yet in his first inaugural ad-

dress he says: "If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated, where reason is left free to combat it." Calhoun believed in the right of secession. Henry Clay declared in the Senate chamber in 1850: "In my opinion there is no right on the part of any one or more States to secede from the Union." He depicted with horoscopic certainty the results that would ensue upon its consummation. Webster asserted "the people of the United States have declared that the Constitution shall be the supreme law." He denied both the right of nullification and secession. Benjamin Rush, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, declared "No individual State, as such, has any claim to independence. She is independent only in a union with her sister States in Congress." Andrew Jackson was of the opinion that in adopting the Constitution the States "were no longer sovereign," and that the people "became American citizens and owed primary obedience to the Constitution and to laws made in conformity with the powers vested in Congress." He was a States right man so far as local concerns go, but for Federal sovereignty so far as the Constitution ordained. Secession was never a constitutional right, but, like any other revolutionary act, may be morally justified by unjust oppression. Its exercise by the South was utterly without justification until the Southern States were called upon to furnish troops to invade their sister States. This act of the President was unconstitutional and forced Virginia out of the Union, both against her wishes and her interests. The election of Mr. Lincoln, *per se*, was not a *casus belli* or a justification of secession. He declared in his inaugural address: "I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it now exists. I believe I have no legal right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so." And in the platform of the party that elected him occurs this language: "*Resolved*, That the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the States, and especially the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions, according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to the balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depend, and we denounce the

lawless invasion by armed force of the soil of any State or territory, no matter under what pretext, as among the gravest of crimes." In view of these facts, and in the light of subsequent events, the conclusion is inevitable (even conceding the right) that *secession was a great mistake, a stupendous political blunder*. Secession could not effect or change geographical boundaries, it could not "bind the sweet influence of Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion." It could not remove sections from each other nor build impassable barriers between them or destroy propinquity.

When we come calmly to look at conditions that would have prevailed and confronted us had the Confederacy succeeded, we are brought face to face with the fact that it would have implied the perpetuation of the national blot, the crime against civilization—human slavery. To have maintained this institution would have required a cordon of forts along the borders of the frontier States bristling with artillery. There would have been standing armies with the menace of impending conflict—military rule; separate navies to protect our peaceful rivers and intervening waters with attendant costs of onerous taxation, jealousies, strife, friction, bloody conflicts with our neighbors.

Restrictions against interstate commerce espionage, a passport system, a lack of free communication that would have not only delayed the development of the South, but would have retarded progress and discouraged material growth. We would have had a confederation of petty principalities, with their rival interests, like those existing before the unification of the Teutonic races into the great Germanic empire. We would have had to concede to each of these States or petty kingdoms the right to secede or withdraw from the confederation whenever they considered themselves aggrieved.

When the border States ceased to be slave States, as they undoubtedly would have done in the course of time, they would have doubtless formed an alliance with the free States or set up separate governments of their own, with its attendant burdens and taxes, civic and military. The escape of slaves from the slave to the free States would have involved pursuit by their owners and repulse by their sympathizers, and war would have blazed all along the line. Such complications, border wars and

bickerings would have prevailed as would have resulted in confusion worse confounded and would have, in all likelihood, degenerated into military despotism. *I am of the deliberate conviction that the success of the Confederacy would have been the greatest calamity that could have befallen not only the South, but the entire country.* There are thousands who admit these facts in their hearts, but from a false pride refuse to make the acknowledgment by word of mouth. Slavery was a curse as well as a crime. It was a curse because it was the instrumentality of so many of our young men, who could not compete with slave labor, forsaking their homes—expatriating themselves. The Commonwealth was thus drained of its most energetic, thrifty and useful sons.

Its criminality is now generally admitted even by those who formerly believed it had divine sanction. Of course, under the Constitution, slavery was legally right, but never right in ethics. Both North and South were equally responsible for the crime. Whilst the South was apparently the beneficiary, in many particulars it was the greatest sufferer. No matter how sore and disappointed we who participated in the war between the States may have felt at the result, the downfall of our hopes, the failure of our cherished cause, we should accept the result philosophically, in good faith and in the firm belief that the Supreme Ruler of events in His superior wisdom so ordained it for our good. To believe otherwise would be disloyal to Him. What we at first looked upon with feelings of acute anguish and despair; what we first regarded as an untold calamity, an irreparable disaster, has been softened and soothed by the ameliorating touch of time, and the truer perspective of distance, and we come now to regard them as blessings in disguise, as providential sequences. The passions and prejudices existing before the strife and engendered by the war, have cooled and are fast disappearing. Social, business intercourse, personal contact, the exhibition of heroic courage and fortitude on many a well-contested battlefield has evoked mutual admiration and respect and have dissipated these conflicting elements. The inhuman, brutal, passion-bred acts and doings under the Reconstruction period have been repealed and we trust repented of, never again to be called into being. We are a reunited people. We are now citi-

zens of America and as proud of it as when we claimed prior allegiance to our mother States. We have become nationalized! The arbitrament of arms and the God of battles to whom we appealed, has resulted in the extinguishment of sectional feelings. Never, since the foundation of the republic, has the entire country been so firmly united in blood, sentiment and loyalty as at present. In the only conflict that has arisen since the Civil War, those who wore the blue and those who wore the gray stood shoulder to shoulder under the same old flag, under the joint command of officers who were opposed to each other in the war between the States. In a contest where victor and vanquished alike displayed such heroic courage, such patriotic devotion, such loyalty to duty, as each saw it, there is no occasion for shame.

We can console ourselves with the reflection, the assurance, that it is not a "lost cause." The conflict is not without result! It has cemented the people East, West, North and South in a common and indissoluble bond of union and patriotic devotion. If the vote were permissible and taken to-morrow the late seceded States would not withdraw from this Union—they are in the house of their fathers to stay. The consummation of these objects, the attainment of this result, the achievement of this end, in the life of a nation may be well worth the sacrifice—the blood so freely shed in their behalf!

I am optimistic in my belief, and the Ruler of Nations and their destinies may have called us to blaze the way, to point out the path of liberty and civilization to people yet unborn, for if we are true to ourselves, true to our principles and traditions we have a great future before us, and are destined to be the great world power.

I have thus briefly and imperfectly attempted an exegesis of the genesis of our government, looking over the pages of history and our own experiences, since these debates occurred, what is our verdict? We can but admit that the fears expressed by the patriots of the Convention of 1788 were well founded. Nearly every anticipated trouble predicted has materialized. The States attempted to resume their respective sovereignties but were compelled by the government they created to remain unwillingly in a Union they wished to withdraw from. A fratri-

cidal war resulted in which millions were expended and thousands lost their lives, but out of the clash of arms, the smoke of battle, the blood-stained soil, the smouldering ashes of cities destroyed, Phoenix-like, has arisen *the nation*.

The proud boast of Great Britain that "night never mantles her domain," is answered by the exultant shout of America "that the sun never sets on her flag!" When God wishes in His plans of civilization to form a great nation, He cements the ties with blood. This has been His method since "the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy." Sacrifice, atonement, expiation blood letting have ever been the precursors of nationality. It is a costly sacrifice, a royal price to pay, because it is life.

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

The wars of His favorite people show this, the expurgation of their sins, their nationalization was in blood letting. It was by the effusion of blood that the King of Macedon confirmed the alliance that bound Thrace, Illyria, Greece, Egypt and Persia to his throne and secured him the title of Alexander the Great—the world conqueror.

It was in the shedding of blood that Rome, the greatest nation of ancient times, forged those ties that made her the empress of the world and her legions invincible. It was in a holocaust of blood that the Cross was carried by Spain into the halls of the Montezumas and they christianized and became a part of this ancient people. In English history the Wars of the Roses culminated in the union of the two factions, the blood shed knitting them together in allegiance to a sovereign in common. It was through blood that Cromwell ascended to the Lord Protectorship and through regicide that his power was secured. It was at Marston Moor, and at Nasby, at Drogheda and Dunbar that the blood of England, Ireland, and Scotland commingled, cementing the three people in the indissoluble bond that constitutes the Kingdom of Great Britain. The process of blood assimilation has produced the dominant race—the Anglo-Saxon.

Just as the blood of the martyr is the seed of the Church, the blood of the patriot is the germ of nationality—"it is for the healing of the nations." Are the thoughts I have uttered, the sentiments expressed, the suggestions offered, the facts advanced, the questions asked, the conclusions aimed at, disloyal to the Lost Cause, false to the memories of the past, in forgetfulness of the trying period of 1861-'65? I apprehend not!

Those who fought under the banner of the Confederacy have no excuses to make or apologies to offer. Their splendid achievements, their heroism and fortitude was unsurpassed in ancient or modern warfare. The Confederate volunteer army was the greatest, grandest and most self-sacrificing ever aligned under any flag or fought in any cause. They believed their first allegiance was due to their respective States, and when their mother called it was their duty to obey. This idea of fealty and loyalty was "My country, may she ever be right, but right or wrong, my country!" When their country was invaded they fought in defence of their homes and friends.

To the survivors of the heroic struggle, the sentiments of fellowship engendered by the touch of elbows, the companionship of the camp, the familiarity of the bivouac, the admiration excited by deeds of chivalry, the association of common danger, the friendship formed by mutual sufferings, the feelings kindled by courage and fortitude will endure as long as life lasts. All these things are but tributes to the prowess and sensibilities of the English-speaking race. Our reunions imply no disloyalty to the flag we live under—we would not lower it and substitute our furled banner in its stead if we could. These reunions called for by former associations are a tie between the living and the dead, mystic chords of memory uniting the present with the past, a tribute to departed comrades, a hand-shake with those who are left, heart echoes, shadows of long ago, cemented by tears, prayers and blood, gradually fading beneath the horizon of time and soon to disappear. Our camp-fires will soon die out, the last reveille soon be sounded, as one by one we answer the final roll-call.

To thus meet in the course of years is now our only privilege, to mingle together at our camp-fires and fight our battles over again our sole heritage. There are revived memories, incidents of the past long dormant, for

“Lull’d in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are link’d by many a hidden chain;
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise,
Each stamps its image as the other flies!”

Of that vast host that followed the fortunes of the Confederacy, the ranks are thinning daily. All that the survivors have left are their memories and their monuments. Our memories and their monuments. Our memories perish with us, but our monuments we bequeath to our descendants as a perpetual legacy to commemorate sacrifices made to principles that never die, a cause that is imperishable—constitutional government and liberty for which our forefathers contended in the Convention of 1788 and for which their descendants fought in ’61-’65.

It is conceded that our banner is forever furled, but whilst the “Stars and Bars” are a cherished memory “Old Glory” is a living reality. Whilst “Dixie” and “Virginia” still make our hearts throb, and, mayhap our eye to moisten, “America” and the “Star Spangled Banner” stir our pulses in patriotic beats.

It was worth the shedding of much blood to have evolved such characters as Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson and to have proven to the world the valor of a nation.

God has given us a great country, a priceless heritage; He has clothed us with corresponding duties and responsibilities. Our freedom, happiness and prosperity will endure so long as we are a God-fearing and a deserving people.

In a spirit of patriotic devotion let us exclaim—

“Great God, we thank Thee for this hour,
This bounteous birthland of the free,
Where wanderers from afar may come
And breath the air of liberty!”

“Still may her flowers untrampled spring;
Her harvest wave, her cities rise,
And yet, till Time shall fold his wing
Remain Earth’s loveliest paradise.”

From N. O., La., *Picayune*, December 6, 1908.

THE REAL JEFFERSON DAVIS IN PRIVATE AND PUBLIC LIFE.

Some Facts Never Before Printed Concerning the Confederate President and His Lineage, Family and Descendants.

Physical Likeness to His Great Antagonist Abraham Lincoln, They Were Born in Adjoining Kentucky Counties—Both Were of Welsh Parentage; Both Fought in the Black Hawk War.

By T. C. DeLEON.

On the anniversary of the great Southern leader's death, at New Orleans, Dec. 6, 1889, and at the ending of the centennial year of his birth—it is fitting that the remnant of the people he wrought and struggled for should teach their children what manner of man he really was. And it is with regret that some of us see the year closing and the loving and practical suggestion of Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, U. D. C., unfulfilled and almost unheeded.

Engaged, at the opening centenary year of Jefferson Davis, upon a somewhat important work of Confederate chronicle, I was absolutely amazed at the dense and very generous ignorance of polite and well-bred people of the South regarding the most patent details of the Southern President's career.

In one of his piquante and meaty addresses Hon. Champ Clark, of Missouri, paralleled the manner in which noted Northerners and Southerners were treated in the histories, cyclopedias and biographical dictionaries of the last half century. He instanced among many that Robert Toombs—an important national factor on both sides of the supposititious "line" of Mason and Dixon—received a quarter-column comment and William H. Seward three columns; that Abraham Lincoln in several books averaged five columns, while Jefferson Davis—soldier, Senator, Cabinet minister and leader of a new nation—has one column.

In his premise the brilliant and well-equipped Missourian was exceptionally correct; but his deduction from it seems scarcely tenable: that the disproportion was the fault of the North. Mr. Clark left an important factor out of his calculation: that the histories and fact books have almost invariably been left to Northern men to write; that they, naturally and properly, write for the Northern schools, libraries and public. To all three of these the details of Southern prowess and of Southern progress were as antipathetic, where not absolutely terra incognita. These Northern writers merely gave the Northern readers what was most to their taste. No public caterer, knowing that the vast bulk of his patrons doted on pumpkin pies, would insist upon offering them imported plum pudding. But the South had her skilled cooks, and plums for their cooking galore.

Should not Congressman Clark lay the blame at our own proper door? We boast, and with good show of justice, that we have scholars, writers and teachers in the South unexcelled on the planet; that we have more universities in many States than can be profitably and effectively conducted, and that their alumni embrace great and world-acknowledged scholars.

Why do these men—who write theology, science, philosophy, fiction and poetry—not write history as well? Why do not the universities, colleges, schools and school boards which they control use books that bear false witness of any kind—against their neighbors? Why do they not sprinkle the Southern historical Sahara with at least a passing shower of historical facts? Doubtless Southern-built histories and geographies of Southern actions and biographies would sell rapidly and become universal Southern textbooks; and that would pay the writers “for revenue only” far better and more lasting than the most interesting romance.

There is a certain servility in the Southern acceptance of Northern product, material, mental and moral; and that acceptance is not new, but harks back to the days when the South—vaunting that, while only the tail, she wagged the national dog—got all her books, periodicals, fashions and most of her bibulants from the North. That the then differing systems of the two halves of the Union may have condoned, if not necessitated.

But, in this twentieth century, of wireless telegrams, inhuman phonographs and mental searchlights, the almost universal ignorance of the most fecund, and most unique, epoch in national history, is at least inexcusable!

It was cause for sorrow that the gentle, but determined head of the U. D. C. found need for her proclamation, urging the Chapters to promote the knowledge of Davis and Lee. It was cause for shame, that in a long centennial twelvemonth, the small molehill of vis inertiae was never surmounted by the foot of action; and that its closing days see the schoolboys and girls of the South, reading of the executive of Confederate laws, and of the leaders of Southern armies, from books bearing an imprint far from their own.

LINEAGE AND BIRTH.

The Davis family comes of Welsh descent; and it is singular to recall that the tough-fighting little State that so puzzled Edward Longshanks to conquer, lend forbears to so many notable factors in our Civil War. Another Davis family of Wales emigrated to South Carolina and intermarried with the Canty and other leading people of that State. Strangely, too, they went to Mississippi, and Robert, of the third generation, married the President's youngest sister, his "Little Polly."

The most French of Confederate Generals, and one of the most famous—the Preux chevalier of Louisiana Creole fighters—was also Welsh. Pierre Gustave Toutant de Beauregard came down in direct descent from Tider, the Young, a famous Welsh chief and last to yield "to proud England's power."

Strangest of all; the Great President—who opposed, overthrew and would never have imprisoned Jefferson Davis—was also from Welsh stock; his progenitors, like the Confederate's, having come to America from Wales and sat down among the people of Penn.

In the earlier half of the eighteenth century three Welsh brothers, named Davis, sailed from Wales to settle in Pennsylvania. They were young men of the better farming class; not of the gentry, but said to be well-to-do and intent upon taking uplands. Singularly enough, their numerous descendants have no positive record of their advent, or even certainly of their names. Their most famous descendant in the third generation

was an aristocrat in instinct, and education; yet he had an utter contempt for what he called frippery (meaning genealogy) and never alluded to his progenitors. Even to his devoted and adored wife, he was wholly reticent upon this point; and she so states in her biography of him. That simply records that his grandfather and two brothers came from Wales and that the first was named Evan.

My eldest brother was Colonel Davis' comrade in the Mexican War and his friend later; and my second brother was his confidential ally in the Southern Press editorship at Washington; and later his personally appointed and instructed Commissioner to the Cabinets and press of France, England and Germany. I was at one time constructively his ward; and later acted as his secretary and was intrusted with confidential correspondence. Still, no one of us three ever heard him speak of his grandfather, or uncles; though he spoke of his father, and with deep and warm affection of his eldest brother, Joseph. And as those who know him will recall, Mr. Davis was not the kind of man to be curiously questioned upon matters he did not volunteer.

After long and careful tracing through records, correspondence and personal query, I have learned but few, though very interesting details of his immigrating forbears. The eldest of the three Welsh brothers, said to be named Samuel, was drowned from the ship that bore Joseph and Evan Davis to these shores. They settled in Philadelphia, taking up lands for farming; but the elder thought better of the South and went to Georgia and settled there, after stopping in Virginia a while.

It was this halt that made slender foundation for the claim that the President of the Confederacy was a Virginian, by descent.

After Mr. Davis' death, a Virginian gentleman of the same name wrote to his widow and urged that his grandfather had settled in Virginia, instead of Pennsylvania or Georgia; basing the claim on the fact of numerous land patents to an Evan Davis (doubtless the Welsh incomer); and to John and Thomas Davis (claimed to be his brothers), between the years 1650 and 1662. This is very flimsy basis for a claim; and it is disproved by the traditional fact that one of our three Davises was drowned at sea, and that the other did not come to Georgia with Evan.

Moreover, there is no John, or Thomas in all the Davis descent, as there would have been, had the brothers of Evan been so named.

After he settled in Georgia and took up lands there, Evan Davis married a widow named Williams, whose maiden name had been Emory. She was of a Carolina family, and had two sons of her first marriage. Her son by the Davis alliance his father named Samuel, presumably in memory of his lost elder brother.

In the Revolution, the two elder half-brothers of Samuel Davis went into the Continental Army; and later his mother sent that youth to their camp to carry clothing and home comforts to them. The fighting Welsh blood flamed into patriotism and Samuel ran away from home, after his return; joined the army and made a good soldier. When the effort was made to raise the siege of Savannah, he was in command of the company recruited by himself and made a good record. Thus the family of the Confederate President is triply American: continental, revolutionary and "rebel."

Samuel Davis married Miss Jane Cooke; a Georgia girl of good North Carolina family and connected with—if not closely related to—the Hardins, who moved early to "the Dark and Bloody Ground" and for whom a Kentucky County was named. The pair had eight children during their Georgia life and then Samuel Davis—seeing larger and quick returns for the planter in newer and less crowded territory—followed his wife's friends. He had no inheritance, as his widowed mother lost her all in the trying days that followed the Revolution; so he removed to Kentucky and began life anew on a tobacco plantation in Christian County. There Ellen Mary was born, two years later followed the subject of this sketch.

THE DAVIS FAMILY ROSTER.

The eldest child of Samuel Davis and Jane Cook, was Joseph Emory Davis, born in Georgia but a lawyer and planter, residing at the "Hurricane" Plantation, Warren County, Miss. He married Miss Eliza van Benthysen. He was a great stay and aid to his father and, after his death, became its head and parent,

rather than guardian, of the younger children. Little Jeff was devoted to him, and the later statesman never forgot to express his love and admiration of his elder. Joseph Davis rose to great influence and regard in his State and section; and acquired wealth.

The next brother was a doctor and planter: Dr. Benjamin Davis, of St. Francisville, La. He married Miss Aurelia Smith, of that parish, and died at an advanced age after a quiet, respected and useful life.

Samuel Davis, Jr., was the next in age. He was a planter and resided near Vicksburg, Miss. His wife was Miss Lucy Throckmorton and their only living child is Mrs. Helen Carey, of Rapides Parish, La. There were three sons: Benjamin, Samuel and Robert; the eldest of whom left six children in Idaho.

Isaac Davis, the fourth son, was also a planter and resided at Canton, Miss. He married Miss Susan Guerly, and left one son, General Joseph R. Davis, of the Confederate Army; and two granddaughters.

The fifth brother and youngest child was Jefferson Davis, the President.

Anna Davis, the eldest daughter, married Luther Smith, of West Feliciana, and had a family of six, two of whom were daughters; Joseph Luther, Gordon, Jedediah, Lucy and Amanda.

Amanda, her next sister, married Mr. Bradford, of Madison Parish, La. Her living children are Jeff Davis Bradford, an engineer now stationed at Fort Moultrie, in Charleston Harbor; Elizabeth Bradford White, widowed, and residing in New Orleans in winter and Kentucky in summer, and Mrs. Lucy Bradford Mitchell, widow of Dr. C. R. Mitchell, of Vicksburg, Miss.

Lucinda Davis, the next sister, married Mr. William Stamps, of Woodville, Miss. Her children are all dead and her grandchildren are Mrs. Edward Farrar and Mrs. Mary Bateson, of New York, and Mrs. William Anderson; Hugh, Richard and Isaac Alexander, and one great grandchild, Miss Josie Alexander.

Matilda, the fourth sister, died in childhood, and the youngest and next in age to the later President, was his boyhood's com-

panion and delight, "Little Polly." She was Mary Ellen Davis, who married—without changing her name—Robert Davis, of South Carolina, and left one daughter, who is still living, Mrs. Mary Ellen Davis Anderson, of Ocean Springs, Miss.

It is another coincidence in the parallels of the lives of the two great leaders in the Civil War, that the Christian County birthplace of Jefferson Davis was in the adjoining one to Hardin County, in which Abraham Lincoln first saw the light, a few miles only separating the spots and only eight months the arrival of those famous stars in the great dramas of politics and war. Strange is it, too, that the two young men caught their first glimpse of war in the Black Hawk War. Davis as Lieutenant in the United States Army, and Lincoln as the Captain of a company of volunteers he had raised and proffered, but which was never in actual conflict.

It might be an odd study for the psychologist to observe whether some innate characteristics of both men, acting upon circumstance—or acted upon by it—may not have led to similar aspirations, and whether they were not shadowed out in the strange, yet unmistakable, likeness in their faces. Looking at their portraits in manhood's prime, it needs no Lavater to read that similar early surroundings, softened the coarser lines of the one, hardened the more delicate tone of the other into absolute similitude. And it is not less curious that the same causes drove the parents of one to the North and of the other to the South from similar points and at no long interval apart.

In 1811, when his youngest born was but 3 years old, Samuel Davis decided that Kentucky was not yielding him the returns hoped for when he left Georgia. He proposed to locate in Louisiana; but, finding the climate unhealthful for a young family, he decided upon Mississippi, and bought there his final family home. This was named "Poplar Grove"—from its splendid growth of those stately trees—was a picturesque and extensive site about a mile and a half from Woodville, in Wilkinson County, Miss. There most of the younger family were reared, the daughters were married and some of their children reared by their venerable grandmother, Mrs. Jane Cook Davis. Of these was Ellen Mary, who never changed her name, and her early orphaned child

and namesake, Mrs. Anderson, to-day recalls the delight of her life at the "Poplars."

It was with this sister, "Polly," that the 5-year-old Jefferson first went to school, at a loghouse half a mile away. Two years later, when not 7 years old (in 1815) he was sent on a ride through virgin forests of nearly 900 miles, to attend the St. Thomas Academy at Washington County, Ky. In three years more he was at Jefferson College, Adams County, Miss., and in 1821, when but 13 years old, was sent to Transylvania College, Lexington, Ky. He was an earnest and intelligent pupil, but gave little promise of the brilliance, acumen and erudition that illustrated his later career.

After their father's death, his brother, Joseph Davis, became the real head of the family, and it was he who gave special attention to the rearing of the youngest boy, and who directed his education. And by that time, Joseph Emory Davis had become a power in the law and politics of his section. So in 1824, he obtained, through Congressman Rankin, a West Point cadetship for his 16-year old brother.

At the Academy the youth was esteemed as a careful, studious and dignified cadet, rather than an ambitious and dashing one; yet he missed no branch of useful acquirement, and came out a fine rider, swordsman and tactician, as well as a courteous and dignified officer. He graduated twenty-fifth in a class of thirty-three, going into the brevet lieutenantancy in the Twenty-first Infantry, then, under Colonel Zachary Taylor, afterwards General and President.

This was in 1828, and before his majority. At the Point his intimates were Joseph E. Johnston, Robert E. Lee, Prof. Alex. Dallas Bache, Albert Sydney Johnston and others, with whom he held lifelong friendships, or—in rare cases—undying enmities.

Lieutenant Davis served with credit at Fort Crawford, in what is now Illinois; then at the lead mines near Galena, and at Fort Winnebago, in Wisconsin. He made his first campaign against the Indians in the closing of the Black Hawk war in 1831-33.

Then, when service needs created more cavalry, the First Dragoons was organized, and its Adjutant was Jefferson Davis, now

promoted to first lieutenant, in 1834. But he held the post only a few months, resigning in June of the next year.

For some reason, never explained, "Old Zach" Taylor had taken a strong dislike to his subaltern; but the latter was deeply and seriously in love with the fair young daughter of his chief Miss Knox Taylor. To the surprise of everyone—and none more than her sire—Miss Taylor married the young soldier almost immediately on his resignation. Her father never forgave her, and he never saw her again. She went as a bride to the home of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Anna Davis, at West Feliciana, La. Three months later she was buried there, after a brief illness, and the shock broke down completely the health of the young husband, already undermined by hard frontier service.

On his recovery, Mr. Davis made a tour of the West Indies; thence paid a long visit to his old friends in Washington and made many new and useful ones, who were loyal to him until the end. Then he settled in Mississippi, by his brother's advice, becoming a planter in Warren County, Miss., but devoting really more attention to reading law and managing local politics. The latter proved the more congenial and successful. He was elected to the Legislature in 1842; was Elector for Polk and Dallas two years later, and gained high repute as a debater in a tilt with the famous Sergeant S. Prentiss. In February, 1845, he married Miss Varina Banks Howell, daughter of Colonel William Burr Howell, native of New Jersey, who had moved to Mississippi and wedded the daughter of the Virginia settler.

This marriage was a most congenial and helpful one to the already rising young statesman. No woman of her day proved a more potent factor in the semisocial and semipolitical government at Washington in the Davis' long sway at the Capitol. To-day, in both sections of the Union and abroad their names have gone down the aisles of time linked in one.

In the autumn after his marriage Mr. Davis was elected to Congress by a handsome majority, promptly taking a prominent stand and gaining quick recognition for vigor and eloquence in championing the ultra pro-slavery and states rights wing of the Democracy. Hearing his maiden speech in the house, John C. Calhoun said:

"Keep a watch on that young man; he will be heard from."

In 1846 the Mexican War brought his resignation, to accept command of the regiment of Mississippi Rifles, soon attached to General Taylor's Army of the Rio Grande. There it gave such good account of itself and its commander as to warrant special mention in orders for Monterey, and Davis' splendid charge at Buena Vista—in which he was severely wounded—brought another flattering report to Washington, whether or not, his first father-in-law's personal feelings had changed.

In the session of 1847, Mr. Davis first took his seat as Senator of the United States, having been appointed by Governor Albert Gallatin Brown to succeed Hon. Jesse Speight, who died that year. The next session of the Legislature elected him to fill the unexpired term; but, in 1851, he resigned to accept the nomination for Governor of Mississippi, when he was defeated by that archmanipulator, Henry S. Foote, who ran on the Union ticket. But he remained a power in politics, and was especially active in the election of President Pierce, who made him Secretary of War in March, 1853. At the close of his term in the Cabinet he was again elected to the Senate, and again became the leader of the ultra Southern Party. It was at this time that he made his famous Faneuil Hall speech on the rights of the States and the powers of the Central Government. Then, in January, of 1861, Jefferson Davis made his farewell speech in the Senate, withdrew from that body and went to Mississippi to carry his home people into the incubating Confederacy.

At the birth of the new nation, he was popularly accepted as its chief. There were—as was inevitable in an infant coalition of the disjecta membra of an old one—cliques, cabals and office greed. At Montgomery, other candidates were spoken of. Alexander H. Stephens was often mentioned; Toombs was talked of, and what was known as the "South Carolina clique—in which were Louis T. Wigfall, Lawrence M. Keitt, William W. Boyce and others—advocated Howell Cobb, late of the Buchanan Cabinet. But Mr. Davis was unanimously chosen Provisional President and was inaugurated with wild acclaim, at the Capitol, on Feb. 18, 1861. When the permanent Government went into power, he was re-elected without opposition, and was inaugurated

at the Washington statue, in the Richmond Capitol grounds, on Feb. 22, 1862.

At this time, Mr. Davis was the idol of the people and almost equally of the army. This is no time and place—even did limits permit—to dissect the bickerings, jealousies and spites that fomented unjust judgment of this man and of his motive. Some of them are contentions that can never be settled; all of them had best be buried in his grave, to lie untouched forever by either prying, itching or loving hands. The bitterness of the past has lost its pungency; the respect and good will and love of second thought has replaced that. To-day, and I honestly believe, even through that North which once hated and longed to hang him—the verdict of the world is that here is a just man who has gone to sleep.

Neither is there space were there need to rehearse the long and bitter search of the unhorsed knight for another saddle. Released from prison, after durance too vile and needless not to raise a national blush at its memory, he went abroad, returned and was made President of an unsuccessful insurance company, the debts of which he assumed and struggled for years to pay, by hard, if congenial, labor at his Beauvoir home. The result of this was his autobiographic history. "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," in 1881. Of this, the financial result was not flattering; probably because of lack of money among those most interested, and from the richer North having grown somewhat weary of war views at short range. Then, on the 6th of December, 1889, the worn and weary man of many sorrows and hopes and disappointments died in New Orleans, while visiting an old and proved friend. He was laid to rest in the State he had battled for so long and well in two centuries. Shortly after, his body was claimed by the State which had volunteered him home and castle, eighteen years before; and many people recall the triumphal progress of that draped catafalque through the States of his late Confederacy. And, at last, a noble monument has been reared in the city of his burial; mainly by the efforts of that helpful and loyal band, the Daughters of the Confederacy.

HIS IMMEDIATE FAMILY.

Jefferson and Varina Banks Howell Davis had six children; the eldest, Samuel Emory Davis, dying in Washington in 1854, when not 3 years old. The second was Margaret Howell Davis—named for her grandmother, and now Mrs. Joel A. Hayes, of Colorado Springs. She is the only living one of the six and has had five children, of whom four are living, and two grandchildren.

The second son, Jefferson Davis, Jr., had almost reached his majority when he died in Memphis in the yellow fever epidemic of 1878.

Joseph Evan Davis was born in 1859, and was killed by a fall over the balusters of the White House, in Richmond, when 3 years old.

William Howell Davis was born in the White House, Richmond, in 1862. He died, almost as suddenly as Joe had done, from diphtheria, in Natchez, Miss., in October, 1874, when nearer to manhood than any of the sons save "Little Jeff." But the other birth in the White House was that of the famous and widely-loved "Daughter of the Confederacy," Varina Anne Davis, petnamed "Winnie." She was her mother's companion in their northern home, shared her literary tastes and died in the full promise of noble womanhood on Sept. 18, 1898.

The lonely and constant mother lingered to complete her work of love and life, the embalming of her husband's memory, until the autumn of 1906. Then she took her burthen and bore it to the Throne's foot.

T. C. DELEON,

Mobile, Alabama, December 1, 1908.

From the *News Leader*, January 7, 1909.

HISTORY OF CHIMBORAZO HOSPITAL, C. S. A.

(Abstract from address of Dr. J. R. Gildersleeve, president of the Association of Medical Officers of the Army and Navy of the Confederacy, at Nashville, Tenn., June 14, 1904.)

This is another very interesting paper in the series on local history which we have been publishing. It is furnished the School Bulletin for the teachers and children of Richmond and the public generally through the courtesy of the history committee of the Richmond Education Association.—Ed.

I have selected as the subject of this paper, the most noted and largest military hospital in the annals of history, either ancient or modern, "Chimborazo Hospital," at Richmond, Va., 1862 to 1865, and in connection therewith, the commandant and medical director, Surgeon James B. McCaw, and his staff.

East of the city of Richmond, whilom capital of the Confederate States, and separated from the city proper by the historic Bloody Run Creek, is an elevated plateau of nearly forty acres, commanding from its height a grand view. On the south, the river, spanned by many bridges, ships in harbor, Chesterfield and the town of Manchester; on the east, a long stretch of country, cultivated fields, forests, hills and dales, and the tawny James on its tortuous seaward way; and on the west, the city of Richmond, its churches and spires, the capitol, public buildings, dwellings, and manufactories, the whirling, seething, rushing falls of the river, and beautiful Hollywood, "the city of our dead."

On this high and picturesque point, so well adapted to hospital purposes, in the year 1862, when the Federal troops moved in force on Bull Run, and the real campaign began, General Joseph E. Johnston reported that nine thousand men would

have to be sent back to Richmond for admittance to hospitals before his army could proceed.

That grand old Roman and Chief, Surgeon-General S. P. Moore, at once went to see Dr. James B. McCaw, of Richmond (who was not then in the medical service, having enlisted in a cavalry company,) and as the result of conference held and at the suggestion of Dr. McCaw, Chimborazo Hill was selected as the most favorable site, and early in 1862 the hospital was opened, and in one week two thousand soldiers were admitted, and in two weeks' time there were in all four thousand.

The surgeon-general had only twenty-five hundred beds when General Johnston made his report. Work was at once commenced, and one hundred and fifty well-constructed and ventilated buildings were erected, each one hundred feet in length, thirty feet in width, and one story high, though not all built at one time, but as needed to furnish comfortable quarters for the sick and wounded. Five large hospitals or divisions were organized; thirty wards to each division. These dimensions allowed of two rooms of cots on each side of central aisle; the capacity of each ward from forty to sixty. The buildings were separated from each other by wide alleys or streets, ample spaces for drives or walks, and a wide street around entire camp or hospital. The hospitals presented the appearance of a large town, imposing and attractive, with its alignment of buildings kept whitened with lime, streets and alleys clean, and with its situation on such an elevated point it commanded a grand, magnificent and pleasing view of the surrounding country for many miles.

The divisions of this immense hospital were five, or five hospitals in one, and five surgeons, each one of the five in charge of a division; also a number of assistants and acting assistant surgeons (forty-five to fifty), each in charge of several wards or buildings, and subject to surgeons of divisions, and all subject to Surgeon James B. McCaw, in charge of executive head.

With natural drainage, the best conceivable on the east, south and west; good water supply; five large ice houses; Russian bath house; cleanliness and excellent system of removal of wastes, the best treatment, comforts and result in a military hospital in times of war were secured.

In 1861 there was on what is now known as Chimborazo Park or Hill one house, owned by a Richard Laughton, and a small office building.

For the purpose of making the hospital an independent institution, the secretary of war made Chimborazo hospital an army post, and Dr. McCaw was made commandant; an officer and thirty men were stationed there, and everything conducted "selon de regles."

As the commandant, Surgeon McCaw was not in the regular army of the Confederacy, the surgeon-general said: "I do not know what name to give the hospital or its chief." Not wishing to call it a general hospital, at Dr. McCaw's suggestion it was given a distinctive name and called Chimborazo, and Dr. James B. McCaw was made commandant and medical director in chief.

When possession was taken of the hill it was separated from Church Hill on the western side by Bloody Run gully. (After the war a street was built across the ravine connecting the two hills and completing the extension of Broad street.) A large house north of the hospital was occupied as headquarters by the medical directors and chiefs of divisions, with a clerical force.

These five hospitals, or divisions, were organized as far as possible on a State basis; troops from the same State being thrown together and treated and cared for by officers and attendants from their own States.

In addition to the one hundred and fifty buildings, there were one hundred "Sibley tents," in which were put from eight to ten convalescent patients to a tent; these tents were pitched upon the slopes of the hill, presenting a very imposing sight.

Oakwood cemetery, which up to that time had been comparatively a small graveyard, was created by the hospital. It was near, suitable, and accessible, and is sacred to the memory of many brave soldiers who gave their lives for our cause. The loyal women of Oakwood Memorial Association erected a beautiful shaft on a grassy mound, midst the graves of the "boys that wore the gray," with the following inscription on the four sides of the base:

In Memory
of
Sixteen Thousand
Confederate Soldiers
From Thirteen States.
Erected by the Ladies
Oakwood Memorial Association,
Organized May 10, 1866.

Maryland,
Virginia,
North Carolina,
South Carolina,
Tennessee,
Arkansas,
Florida.

The Epitaph of
the Soldier who falls with his Country
is written in the Hearts of those
who love the Right and
Honor the brave.

Kentucky,	Georgia,	Texas,
	Alabama,	
	Mississippi,	
	Louisiana.	

As soon as the hospital was opened, the large tobacco factories of the Grants, Mayos and others were secured, their business being practically at an end for the period of the war, and the boilers from these factories were utilized in making soup in the soup houses, and the large supply of splendidly seasoned wood, used in making tobacco boxes, was fashioned into beds and other furniture. The hands employed in factories were put to work in doing manual labor, incident to building, etc., in our hospital construction. A guard house was erected separate from other buildings, for unruly convalescents, attendants, et als., and

sometimes in use. In addition the hospital built five soup houses, a bakery, a brewery, and five ice houses.

Mr. Franklin Stearns lent the hospital his celebrated farm, "Tree Hill," for the pasturage for from one hundred to two hundred cows, and from three to five hundred goats. The latter proved to be the best subsistence we had in supplying the hospital with "kid" meat, a most palatable and nutritious food for sick and convalescent patients. Some idea of the dimensions of the bakery may be found from the fact that from seven thousand to ten thousand loaves were issued per diem, a loaf per man and attendant would not go around.

Soap was made out of grease taken from the soup houses; the lye was imported through the blockade.

An additional fact is that the hospital never drew fifty dollars from the Confederate States government, but relied solely upon the money received from commutation of rations. The medical departments and subsistence departments were organized all to themselves, and the money from commuted rations was used to buy what was necessary.

The hospital trading canal boat, "Chimborazo," Lawrence Lotier in command, plied between Richmond, Lynchburg and Lexington, bartering cotton, yarn, shoes, etc., for provisions. This was only one of the hospital's many resources.

At the close of the war, the Confederate government owed the hospital three hundred thousand dollars, which Mr. Memminger, secretary of Confederate States treasury, agreed to pay in gold on the 29th of March, and on the 3rd of April the city of Richmond was surrendered. Alas! it was not paid.

I now call your special attention to the fact that the total number of patients received and treated at Chimborazo Hospital amounted to seventy-six thousand (out of this number about 17,000 were wounded soldiers), and that it was the first military hospital in point of size in this country and in the world, the next largest hospital in this country being the "Lincoln," at Washington, D. C., which reported a total number of forty-six thousand patients; and the next largest in the world at large was the Scutari hospital, in the Crimea, which reported a total of thirty thousand to forty thousand patients. The percentage of

deaths at Chimborazo was a fraction over nine per cent. Complete records were kept, and are still in existence in the office of the surgeon-general at Washington, D. C., upon which the name of every patient can be found when wanted, and the cause of his death.

The organization of Chimborazo hospital was as follows:

Surgeon James B. McCaw, commandant and medical director.

First Division, Virginia—Surgeon P. F. Brown, of Accomac, Va.

Second Division, Georgia—Surgeon Habersham, of Atlanta, Ga.

Third Division, North Carolina---Surgeon E. Harvey Smith.

Fourth Division, Alabama---Surgeon S. N. Davis.

Fifth Division, South Carolina---Surgeon E. M. Seabrook, Charleston, S. C.

The medical staff numbered, or averaged, about forty or forty-five in all.

There was also a medical examining board, composed of the surgeons of divisions, to pass on questions of furloughs and discharges. The subjoined roster is not complete, but includes some who are alive and still in active work:

First Division—Assistant Surgeon George Ross, of Richmond, Va., assistant medical director A. P. Hill corps; vice-president National Association Railroad Surgeons, etc.; commanded company of University students, April, 1861, at Harper's Ferry. Assistant Surgeon James C. Watson, of Richmond, Va., in charge first division at surrender; ex-surgeon of State penitentiary, etc. Assistant Surgeons John G. Trevillian, of Richmond, Va.; J. Prosser Harrison, of Richmond, Va.; George F. Alsop, W. H. Pugh, John G. Baylor, of Norfolk, Va.; Board Woodson, of Virginia; Samuel Smith, of Farmville, Va.

Second Division—Assistant Surgeon H. Cabell Tabb, of Richmond, Va., medical L. I. Co., of Virginia; ex-president Medical Director's Association of the United States, Canada, etc. Assistant Surgeons Edward Adams, Amelia county, Va.; J. C. Vaiden, New Kent county, Va.; Jack Harrison, Bremo Bluff, Va. Steward in charge dispensary, Joseph A. Gale, now chief surgeon

Norfolk and Western railroad, and president Medical Society of Virginia, 1903-1904.

Third and Fourth Divisions—Assistant Surgeons John Malby, South Carolina; Shirley Carter, Virginia; Field; Holderby; Chapman; Wall, Florida; Edward Wiley; Thomas E. Stratton, Richmond, Va.

Fifth Division—Assistant Surgeon W. B. Gray, of Richmond, Va., ex-vice-president Medical Society of Virginia, Richmond Academy of Medicine, Richmond Microscopic Society, etc. Assistant Surgeons Charles Lee Dunkly, William A. Hardee, C. Jerome Cherry, of Portsmouth, Va.; Moss; White, of Portsmouth, Va.; Acting Assistant Surgeon J. R. Gildersleeve, of Richmond, Va.; Apothecaries Jett T. West and Sursdorff, of North Carolina.

Among the staff were the following named gentlemen: John H. Claiborne, commissary; Colonel A. S. Buford, quartermaster; Paine and Kent, our commission merchants, and many others. Every man did his whole duty, and everything went on without a hitch. The total staff was one hundred and twenty.

Mrs. Dr. Minge was chief matron. There were many interesting characters among the matrons, and one in particular was Miss Mary Pettigrew, who was chief of the Virginia division. She was a sister of General Pettigrew, of North Carolina, and was about twenty years of age. Also a Mrs. Pender, Mrs. Baylor, Miss Gordon, et als—forty-five in all. Rev. Mr. Patterson, a Greek by birth, was chaplain; he came to this country when a grown man, and was a very valuable officer.

The city of Richmond was surrendered Monday, April 3, 1865; General Weitzel's brigade in the van of the advancing Federal army. The general rode up the hill, and when he came through the post was received by the corps of officers in full uniform. Dr. McCaw asked General Weitzel for a general permit for him and his officers; this was promptly granted. General Godfrey Weitzel gave a free pass to the commandant and his entire medical corps, took them under his protection, and issued a verbal order that all Confederate soldiers there should be taken care of under all circumstances. Furthermore, he offered to put the commandant in the general service of the

United States, so that he might issue requisitions, etc., and have the same filled as any other medical director in the United States army. As General Lee had not then surrendered, Dr. McCaw respectfully declined the proffered appointment, but voluntarily continued to perform all the duties incident to the position he held, and never solicited anything at all from them other than the passes in and out of the lines.

When we consider the size of this great military hospital, the number of soldiers admitted, treated, furloughed, discharged and buried; its successful work for nearly four years; the perfect discipline, order and harmony that existed from its establishment to its close; the immense amount of work done; the difficulties always attending the securing of supplies for such a large body of invalids, especially towards the closing days of the Confederacy, and also the generous rivalry between other posts or hospitals located in Richmond; and lastly, the comparatively low mortality, we cannot but accord to Dr. James B. McCaw, medical director of the five Chimborazo hospitals, and its efficient commandant, the highest praise, and concede that he was in fact and in deed "primus inter pares." It is my greatest pleasure to offer this tribute to my chief, and to one of the grandest men in our profession, "Clarum et venerabile nomen." Towering physically and mentally above his associates, and quoting from one of his admirers, he was "Princely Dr. James B. McCaw, sweet, gentle, tender, and true," and I shall add, "brave, generous, and loyal; just, honorable, and upright, an exemplar worthy of emulation;" teacher, philosopher, scientist, editor, and physician, over sixty years devoted to the acquisition of knowledge and presenting the truth as acquired to his beloved pupils in class and lecture-rooms; a magnificent physique, graceful and polished in manner, with a great amount of personal magnetism; in speech, clear, happy in illustration, chaste, humorous, and pathetic, sometimes epigrammatic, a boone comrade around the social board, an ardent admirer of the beautiful, together with high, cultivated, artistic taste. His masterly handling as editor of advances in all branches of medicine, editorials, reviews, and original articles, the midnight research and investigations in new scientific fields, his active professional life for six decades as surgeon, ob-

stetrician, and in general practice of medicine in a large, wealthy and exacting private practice, is in itself a proof of the high estimation in which he was held. Such a grand, noble, and self-sacrificing nature, so optimistic, sunshiny, and happy is seldom seen blended in one man. A beautiful loving cup was presented to him in 1901 at a banquet given by the Academy of Medicine of Richmond and friends on his retirement after fifty-seven years from the active practice of medicine, in honor of this nestor of the profession. In responding to toast from Dr. George Ben Johnston, of the Medical College of Virginia, said: "This event has a greater significance to me than the gathering of a multitude to welcome a victorious general; Dr. McCaw has always been my example." Dr. J. Allison Hodges, of North Carolina, said: "The grandest sight I have ever witnessed is the sight of a noble and beautiful life, wrapping itself around the destinies of the sick and suffering children of men, and finding its blessed reward in the benediction of everlasting love and peace; and such a sight I have witnessed displayed in the long and honorable life of my friend, Dr. McCaw."

From the *Richmond Dispatch*, July 8, 1900.

HUNTER'S RAID, 1864.

A Charge Through Harrisonburg—A Ride to the Rear.

In Search of Gallant McNeil—Gen. Wm. E. Jones and the Telegraph Operators—Gen. John C. Breckinridge at Meechum's River Depot.

(One evening, not long ago, several comrades of the Confederate war were sitting quietly together in Harrisonburg, Va., relating in turn little incidents of war experiences. It was argued that these minor experiences, while felt by every one to be of little value, and almost always told for the pleasure one seems to have in living the days over again, and in bringing up images of persons and things endeared to memory by association, yet that they do form parts of a great tragedy of history; and that if the personal recollections of every veteran, Confederate and Federal, could be secured, and properly edited, and chronologically arranged, a vast series of volumes could be produced, possessing universal interest. The following recollections afford some glimpses of things in the Virginia Valley at the particular time, and were related by one of our number, who was the last two years of the war out-post military telegrapher in the Valley. We set them down as spun out to us in this reminiscent way—in his own words, just as told)—X. Y. Z.

The day before General Hunter advanced on Harrisonburg, and when he was lying quietly at New Market, where he had apparently come to a stop, taking my office watchman, Atchison, with me, I left Harrisonburg and went as far down as Yate's blacksmith-shop, four miles south of New Market, and tapped the wire, fastening my keyboard and magnet in the iron vise. Picking our way wearily by private lanes and through fields, we succeeded in reaching Professor Joseph Salyard's residence and other points east of New Market, procured information of value concerning the enemy's forces and plans, and late New York newspapers brought out from New Market that morning.

Returning to the improvised office at the shop, after penetrating still nearer the town on the westside of the Valley 'pike, report was wired via Staunton to Richmond. Hunter was preparing to move to the upper Valley, and all seemed in perfect readiness.

This was the most formidable movement yet made to sweep the Valley—formidable and serious in appearance, because the Confederate commander could not at the moment spare a force adequate to meet it, because of the press of things in Eastern Virginia. Up to this date no Federal force had yet been able to penetrate the Valley as far as Staunton, on the Virginia Central railroad, the principal feeder of the Confederate capital. Banks, Fremont, Seigel, and others had in turn been driven back. The news matter wired that evening from that blacksmith vise to the Richmond papers proved several days ahead of the eastern blockade runner's route, causing comment in Richmond. But that reporter could not continue these favors. He had other work to do.

Our outpost picket all that day was near Lacey Spring, a point nine miles south of New Market, and midway between, New Market and Harrisonburg. General Imboden lay nearer Harrisonburg with a small cavalry force. Nine miles, therefore, stretched out between the enemy's lines and ours, and it was to get some news from Hunter through this deserted space that I received orders that morning from Richmond to push as far down the Valley with a field magnet as I could and find out all I could.

What deserts these spaces between the lines of armies are! In that nine miles not one traveller was met; not a human being anywhere visible. The inhabitants do not show themselves often. You must call to bring them from the houses. No cattle in the fields along this great highway. No laborers in the fields—work waits. The dwellings have a lonesome, abandoned air about them. The very look of things suggests a moral apathy, paralysis, slow dying.

I have been behind the enemy's lines. The sensations, the sights, the sounds are depressing enough. But between the lines there is scarcely sound or sight. Awful silence! A silence, too, that presages a storm coming or tells of one that is past. War's

desolations seem already done—the whole world is sick—and one thinks only of a desert—a land to be uninhabited evermore!

We returned to Harrisonburg at night. Next day (Friday) Hunter entered Harrisonburg, halting overnight, and proceeding without opposition up the Valley on Saturday by the Port Republic road.

CHARGE THROUGH HARRISONBURG.

All day Friday the air was full of flying reports. All felt the enemy was at the doors. But men knew nothing. A single cavalryman in the afternoon reported Hunter at Lacey Spring. At this time a small squad of volunteer scouts—Captain G., Lieutenant M., B. F. R., I. N. B., T. J. A., and the telegrapher rode down the pike to observe their approach. On reaching the Liggett place, a half mile below town, the head of the enemy's column rose black over Gambill's hill, a little further on. They continued to pour over the hill in solid columns as we returned towards Harrisonburg, and came on quietly, their horses at a walk. Staunton was quickly warned; the Harrisonburg office closed, and our little squad on horseback waited their coming at the court-house and corner of east Market street, not wishing to leave till the last moment.

In a few minutes a squad of cavalry appeared on the little eminence, where the United States court-house now stands, halted a moment, began firing upon us, and drove upon us at break-neck speed.

One of our party was dismounted at the moment girthing his saddle when this little episode began. These men were dressed in gray, and not thinking of Jesse Scouts, we were saying to one another these were some of our own men just come in on some side road, when we observed them elevate their pistols and fire. And as we put spurs to our horses, our visitors, having already lessened the distance between us, pressed at our very heels, firing wildly and shouting, and receiving fire in return. As all went down the street like a roaring tide, we saw the brick-dust fly out of the Masonic building from random balls; the town was full of bluecoats in the time it takes to tell it, and as we neared a thin line of troops Imboden had drawn up at the edge of town, our unmannerly pursuers drew reins and retired.

This line, composed of barely more than a battalion, with some Rockingham reserves, rested its left on the Valley pike, where Captain Patterson's house now stands, and extended eastward to the crest of the hill.

A regiment of dismounted men is soon thrown out in front of this line; a staff of officers, with glasses, is seen observing us from the old Methodist church hill; some firing ensues; our cavalry becomes hotly engaged with theirs on the hill at our right, driving the enemy back along the crest, and being in turn driven back. But the whole encounter is but a skirmish, one or two being wounded, a single piece of artillery a half mile to our rear sending only a shot or two into the enemy as we fall back. Our men retired sullenly towards Mount Crawford and Hunter's whole force went into camp at Harrisonburg.

A RIDE TO HUNTER'S REAR.

It was now night. What was worse, none knew what to think of the fate of the Valley. We felt we were about to be driven out of it. Loving dearly our old hills, and wishing to be among the very last to leave them, four comrades crossed over to Dayton, and finding the road open, rode on northward, passing Dale Enterprise. On approaching New Erection church, about midnight, we observed the blaze of a smith's forge a half mile away, and upon investigating, found two of McNeill's men having their horses shod.

McNeill's Company of Rangers lay that night asleep and snug in a small strip of timber, which then stood in the fields a little east of New Erection church. Before sunrise next morning (Saturday) Hunter was stirring. Lloyd C., a young Marylander, the picket on the hilltop east of us, rode rapidly into the little hidden bivouac and shook the old war horse, Captain John H. McNeill, wrapped in his buffalo, fast asleep in the leaves in a fence corner.

In an instant he mounted and led his men to the crest of the wooded ridge, near and a little south of the Eversole place. From this point, the hill being cleared to its crest on its east side, the enemy was plainly seen with his glass.

McNeill was puzzled. Moving towards Staunton out of the

southern edge of Harrisonburg they went in a steady flow. "There they go," said he. Every ear was catching his words. He would not permit a single man to show his head above the crest, though at so great distance from the enemy. After gazing at the scene, with sundry ejaculations, he exclaims, "Where do they go to? They do not appear on stretches of the Valley pike visible further south, yet they keep agoin' out of the edge of the town."

It was suggested by one standing near that he throw his glass on the Port Republic road and see if they were there.

No sooner done that "Ah! there go the rascals—horse, foot, and dragoon," he cried. Taking the glass myself I could plainly discern the whole movement; here a body of infantry, then see the artillery horses tugging up the hill beyond the Butler house, now and then a horseman, no doubt an officer, spurring up the hill at one side of the moving column, in a full trot towards their front.

A courier was now dispatched in haste to Imboden via Bridgewater with a message McNeill dictated to me warning him he was being flanked in this way by the entire force of Hunter. What its effect was upon that officer we shall see a little further on in my story.

Hurrah for John McNeill, a prompt and gallant fighter, always hanging on the flanks and rear of an advancing enemy.

Down from that hill, first northward to the Green mount road at Tom Harrison's—pushing right into Harrisonburg on one side as Hunter's rear guard pressed out on the other—stragglers scattering here and there as they recognized the dreaded gray coats, "Men must not break ranks to take these stragglers now, keep well in hand," was his stern command. Out up the Valley pike he swept, eagle-eyed, fierce, daring everything. Harrisonburgers stared with wide-eyed wonder, what few were at their doors, and plucked up hope again to see that Hunter was "surrounded."

What would be next?

I see yet, turning about as he saw us sweep up and pass him, swinging his hat and shouting to the boys, Colonel Algernon S. Gray, that man of noble spirit and most kind heart, who opposed the war of separation, but who loved the boys to the last.

About five miles south of town cavalry on Hunter's right engaged McNeill. After some manoeuvring we were about to be involved in some crooked, high-fenced lands by a second force emerging from the woods a little further south. The men became much mixed up, but were speedily brought to order and led out by that cool, brave man in language more forcible than graceful.

Entering Mt. Crawford, McNeill met Imboden on horseback, coming to meet him at the edge of town.

"General," cried McNeill, "you are flanked; you are almost surrounded by Hunter's whole army."

"Where is Hunter?" Imboden asked.

"On the Port Republic road, and yonder," pointing east or southeast, rejoined McNeill. "Did you not receive my message?" "I did, but I could not believe it," was the reply.

The parley was ended. "About face, march!" The Valley pike here was strewn with wagons and cavalry, many of them facing towards Harrisonburg. Almost instantly—it seems to me now it was so literally—instantly everybody, everything was turned about and moving quick, and sometimes double-quick, and for a time with much confusion, southward towards Staunton.

GENERAL WILLIAM E. JONES TO THE RESCUE.

Jones, a good fighter, but sometimes severe in his manner, had been ordered to hasten up and oppose Hunter and protect the railroad at Staunton. Unadvised yet of Hunter's route and marching down the Valley pike northward, he met Imboden and McNeill not far from Mt. Sidney at nightfall, and bivouacked there. This was Saturday night, and it rained all night, and Hunter was on ground new to Jones. Jones felt himself without sufficient force; and, more, he was in an ugly humor, as the sequel will show.

About dark or later a courier galloped up to the little chicken-coop of an office in which three telegraph operators lay, two of them trying to sleep: "General Jones's orders are one of you go at once and open an office at Meechum's River Depot, in Albemarle county."

Mounting my horse, I galloped over to see the General, and found him seated at the foot of a giant white oak tree, apparently intent on some map of the country, and alone. Approaching in company with Captain Alexander Baker, quartermaster of the post at Harrisonburg, "General Jones, I come for specific orders," I said. "We have three men here, which is to go?" * * * "I don't care which," he jerked out, "but one of you go instantly, or I'll put you all in irons."

I believed my contention reasonable, and so expressed myself, adding, however, that if he would order me then and there to go I would go without delay, although I briefly referred to my services the last three days; also that my eyes had scarcely had sleep at the Harrisonburg office since Hunter's advance first began in the lower Valley, while the other two men were now several weeks off duty.

Nothing prevailed. Once more he repeated, and with very suggestive movement and emphasis, without varying in the least the form of his order: "If one of you don't go immediately I'll put you all in irons."

Captain Baker was alarmed for me, and taking me by the arm, told me I had said enough; that the General was cross that night. I had about concluded I had said enough, too. I went away from there, as Bill Nye once said in a situation that was threatening.

* * * * *

Taking a watchman along with me, I was in Staunton before morning, and applied to my good friend, William A. Burke, depot agent, for a hand-car. Not one to be found. Try at Fishersville. None there. And as we pressed on on horseback, followed by my one-horse wagon with office supplies, the sun shone forth brightly after the all-night rain; the streets in Staunton were filled with church-goers looking very pretty; then a little later, as we approached Waynesboro', the continuous boom of cannon away to our left was heard! On over Rock Fish Gap, and then the Valley was lost to view!

The peaceful homes I saw in that corner of the world, West Albemarle, which, as I mused, I said had never felt war; the little darkies in their white cotton shirts dancing on the back porch to a sort of crooning rhyme, and tune of their own heard

never before nor since, has never left my mind. But no doubt the husband or the brother went out from that home, too; and I wondered what a story of long suspense and aching hearts, and perhaps of anguish at the last, I might hear if I had time to rest a moment on the cool veranda with the fair women who looked out upon me as we passed, saluting kindly.

Reaching Meechum's River Depot long after nightfall, we crept into a box-car on the siding and slept. Next morning I caught the wire and called Staunton. Reply: "Staunton is no more—its depot burned—Jones routed and killed—Vaughn in command—I am at Rock Fish Gap. Signed, Operator."

At this critical juncture General Braxton Bragg was in high command in Richmond. All telegrams came from him and went to him referring to movements in the Valley. Hourly inquiries after Hunter were received from Richmond.

GENERAL BRECKINRIDGE AT MEECHUM'S.

A little later, General John C. Breckinridge arrived at Meechum's with a long train filled everywhere and on top with troops.

Boarding the train as it came to a stop, report was made to General Breckinridge that Hunter was now south of Lexington, pressing on. He at once gave order to reverse engine and return to Charlottesville, so as to hasten to Lynchburg to intercept Hunter.

While in the coach a small cloud passed overhead, and for a few minutes it hailed hard, driving many of the soldiers under the cars. I knew General Breckinridge, having been most kindly treated by him during his short Valley campaign in reward for what he chose to term the prompt and efficient service of my office before and during the battle of New Market; and I took advantage of the hail-storm, which kept me in his coach, to ask that I be given order to return to the Valley and open the Valley line again. He thought it better to wait. I ventured to suggest that that section was now in the rear, the raid having swept on. "It is in the rear now," returned the General, "but it may very soon be in the front again."

Perhaps a week later came an order from the War Depart-

ment: "Repair Valley line at once." I broke my wire next moment.

I can never forget the kindness of Jacob Y. Good, depot agent at Meechum's, a Rockingham man, and of Uncle Jimmie Woods, as we called him, who made us stop and dine with him on our way towards Brown's Gap, returning to Harrisonburg. Lieutenant Vance Bell, of near Winchester, a splendid fellow, who had lost an arm in the service, returned that day with me. Mr. Wood's dinner, attended by two negro boy waiters, white-aproned and nimble-footed, was a marvel of variety for those days, and made Bell and me wonder where he kept his good things. A favorite dessert of the old gentleman was light-roll, butter, apple-butter, and milk! Kind old man—true southerner—he is dead now, I know; but of such was the kingdom of "Old Virginny" in the happy days "before the war."

Further on towards Brown's Gap we pass Mountain Plain church—Baptist—brick, and in passing find the Rev. John E. Massey in the act of tying his horse to a swinging limb. He had just arrived. He had eaten many a bowl of mush and milk at my mother's table, but, of course, he did not recognize the youngster until I pronounced my name. He had an appointment at 3 o'clock to preach there, though not a hearer was then visible. It was mighty lonesome-like in the country districts "them days." And I remember Bell observed to him he didn't think there were enough people about to scare up a congregation.

At any rate, we rode on, and never found out how many hearers he had on that June day in 1864.

GENERAL ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.**A Tributary Epitaph to.**

[The editor is indebted for the following to his friend Col. T. M. R. Talcott, the able civil engineer, who writes: "I found a manuscript copy of the enclosed epitaph among my papers. I do not remember having seen it anywhere in print." It merits preservation in these pages.]

IN MEMORIAM.

Behind this stone is laid

For a season

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON,

A General in the Army of the Confederate States

Who fell at Shiloh, Tenne.

On the 6th April, 1862;

A man tried in many high offices

And critical enterprises,

And found faithful in all.

His life was one long sacrifice of interest to conscience;

And even that life on a woeful Sabbath

Did he yield as a holocaust to his Country's need.

Not wholly understood was he while he lived;

But, in his death, his greatness stands confessed

In a people's tears.

The cause for which he perished—is lost;

The people for whom he fought—are crushed;

The hopes in which he trusted—are shattered;

The Flag he loved, guides no more the charging lines;

But his fame, consigned to the keeping of that time, which,

Happily, is not so much the tomb of virtue as its shrine,

Shall in years to come, fire modest worth to noble ends.

In honor, now, one great Captain rests;

A bereaved people mourn him.

Three Commonwealths proudly claim him;

And History shall cherish him,

Among the choice spirits, who holding their consciences unmixed
with blame,

Have been in all conjunctures, true to themselves, their Country
and their God.

A lady from New Orleans found this epitaph pasted upon a rough
board attached to the tomb.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, November 15, 22, 29, 1903.

GENERALS IN THE CONFEDERATE STATES ARMY FROM VIRGINIA.

The list of general officers from Virginia in the Confederate service was published in this column some years ago, but it did not give the dates of their appointment and promotion, or their commands. These are here given for the first time. We suggest to our comrades, and to the "Sons" and "Daughters" to preserve it in their scrapbooks. Many letters have come to our office asking for information, which this list will supply. To our friend, General Marcus J. Wright, whose faithful service has been of inestimable value to our Confederate history, we are largely indebted for assistance in this compilation. If any errors are found we ask for their correction.

R. W. H.

Joseph R. Anderson, brigadier-general, September 3, 1861. Resigned July 19, 1862, to take charge of the Tredegar Works; died at Isle of Shoals, N. H., September 7, 1892.

Commands—Brigade composed of the Fourteenth, Thirty-fifth, Forty-fifth and Forty-ninth Georgia Regiments, Infantry, and the Third Louisiana Battalion, Infantry, A. P. Hill's Light Division, Army of Northern Virginia.

Lewis Addison Armistead, major corps of artillery, Confederate States Army, March 16, 1861; colonel Fifty-seventh Virginia Infantry —, 1861; brigadier-general, April 1, 1862; killed at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863, in charge of Pickett's Division.

Commands—Brigade composed of Ninth, Fourteenth, Thirty-eighth, Fifty-third and Fifty-seventh Virginia Regiments, Infantry, Army of Northern Virginia.

Turner Ashby, lieutenant-colonel Seventh Virginia Cavalry, July 17, 1861; brigadier-general May 23, 1862; killed near Harrisonburg, Va., June 6, 1862.

Commands—Original command of twenty-six companies of cavalry subsequently organized into the Sixth, Seventh and

Eleventh Virginia Regiments, and Colonel Funsten's Sixteenth Battalion, Virginia Cavalry, Army of Northern Virginia.

Seth M. Barton, captain corps of infantry, Confederate States Army, March 16, 1861; * * * brigadier-general March 11, 1862.

Commands—Brigade composed of Ninth, Fourteenth, Thirty-eighth, Fifty-third and Fifty-seventh Virginia Regiments, Infantry, Army of Northern Virginia; died at Fredericksburg, Va., April 11, 1900.

Richard Lee Turberville Beale, colonel Ninth Virginia Cavalry, October 18, 1862; brigadier-general, February 6, 1865.

Commands—Brigade in Major-General W. H. F. Lee's Cavalry Division, Army of Northern Virginia, composed of Ninth, Tenth and Thirteenth Regiments, Virginia Cavalry, and Fourteenth Regiment, Virginia Cavalry, subsequently added; died in Westmoreland county, Va., April 19, 1893.

W. L. Cabell, major Quartermaster-General's Department, Confederate States Army, March 16, 1861; brigadier-general, January 20, 1863.

Commands—Commanding First Brigade, Second Division, Army of the West, 1864.

John Randolph Chambliss, colonel Thirteenth Regiment, Virginia Cavalry, July 13, 1861; brigadier-general, December 19, 1863; killed in action below Richmond, August 16, 1864.

Commands—Commanding brigade of cavalry in Major-General W. H. F. Lee's Division, Army of Northern Virginia.

R. H. Chilton, lieutenant-colonel, adjutant-general's department, Confederate States Army, March 16, 1861; colonel, adjutant-general's department, October 13, 1862; brigadier-general, December 21, 1863; resigned April 1, 1864.

Commands—Chief of staff, Army of Northern Virginia; inspector-general, Army of Northern Virginia, October 28, 1862; died at Columbus, Ga., February 18, 1879.

Philip St. George Cocke, * * * brigadier-general, October 21, 1861; died at Belmeade, in Powhatan county, Va., December 26, 1861.

Commands—Brigade composed of Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twenty-eighth and Forty-ninth Regiments, Virginia Infantry;

subsequently composed of Eleventh, Eighteenth, Nineteenth and Twenty-eighth Regiments, Virginia Infantry.

Raleigh Edward Colston, colonel Sixteenth Regiment, Virginia Infantry, May 21, 1861; brigadier-general, December 24, 1861; died near Richmond, Va., July 29, 1896.

Commands—Brigade composed of Third Virginia and Thirteenth and Fourteenth North Carolina Regiments, Infantry, with unattached artillery and cavalry. In 1862, brigade composed of Thirteenth and Fourteenth North Carolina Regiments, Infantry, and Manley's light battery of artillery. At battle of Chancellorsville brigade composed of Tenth, Twenty-third and Thirty-seventh Regiments, Virginia Infantry, and First and Third North Carolina Regiments, Infantry; Trimble's Division, Army of Northern Virginia.

John R. Cooke, appointed from North Carolina, but of Virginia parentage, commanded light artillery along the Potomac; major, February, 1862, and chief of artillery, Department of North Carolina; colonel Twenty-seventh North Carolina Regiment, Infantry, April, 1862; brigadier-general, November 1, 1862; brigade composed of Fifteenth, Twenty-seventh, Forty-sixth, Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth North Carolina Regulars, A. P. Hill's Light Division; died in Richmond, Va., April 10, 1891.

Samuel Cooper, general, C. S. A., May 16, 1861; died at Cameron, Alexandria county, Va., December 3, 1876; adjutant and inspector-general, C. S. A., May 16, 1861, to close of war.

Montgomery Dent Corse, colonel, Seventeenth Virginia Infantry, May-June, 1861; brigadier-general, November 1, 1862; died at Alexandria, Va., February 11, 1895.

Commands—Brigade composed of Fifteenth, Seventeenth, Twenty-ninth, Thirtieth and Thirty-second Virginia Regiments, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

James Dearing, major, Thirty-eighth Battalion Virginia Artillery, 1861; brigadier-general, 1864; killed at High Bridge, April 6, 1865.

Command—Commanding Brigade of Cavalry, Army of Northern Virginia.

Jubal Anderson Early, colonel, Twenty-fourth Virginia Regiment, Infantry, May, 1861; brigadier-general, July 21, 1861; major-general, January 17, 1863; lieutenant-general, May 31, 1864; died at Lynchburg, Va., March 2, 1894.

Commands—As colonel, brigade composed of Seventh Louisiana and Seventh and Twenty-first Virginia regiments, infantry; brigade composed of Fifth and Twenty-third North Carolina Regiments and Twenty-fourth Virginia Regiments; subsequently Twentieth Georgia Regiment added; subsequently brigade composed of Twelfth Georgia and Thirteenth, Twenty-fifth, Thirty-first, Forty-fourth and Fifty-fifth Virginia Regiments, Infantry; division composed of Hays's, Gordon's, Smith's and Hoke's brigades; army corps composed of Rodes's, Gordon's and Ramseur's divisions, and five battalions of artillery, commanded by Brigadier-General Long and Col. Thomas H. Carter. Commanding in 1864 in Maryland and Shenandoah Valley.

John Echols, colonel, Twenty-seventh Virginia Infantry,—, 1862, brigadier-general, April 16, 1862; died at Staunton, Va., May 24, 1898.

Commands—Brigade composed of Thirty-seventh, Fiftieth, sixtieth and Sixty-third Regiments, Virginia Infantry, and Edgar's and Derrick's Virginia battalions of infantry; commanding Department of Southwestern Virginia, October, 1862; commanding Trans-Alleghany Department, 1865.

Richard Stoddart Ewell, lieutenant-colonel corps of cavalry, C. S. A., March 16, 1861; brigadier-general, June 17, 1861; major-general, January 24, 1862; lieutenant-general, May 23, 1863; died at Spring Hill, Tenn., January 25, 1892.

Commands—Brigade composed of Fifth, Sixth and Twelfth Alabama and Twelfth Mississippi Regiments, Infantry, Army of the Potomac; subsequently brigade composed of First, Seventh, Eleventh and Seventeenth Regiments, Virginia Infantry, A. N. Va., division composed of the brigades of Elzey and Taylor, A. N. V.; commanding Second Army Corps, A. N. V., May 10, 1863; commanding Department of Richmond.

John Buchanan Floyd, brigadier-general, May 23, 1861; died August 26, 1863.

Commands—Commanding forces in Kanawha Valley, August

12 to September 19, 1861; brigade composed of Twentieth Mississippi and the Thirty-sixth, Fiftieth and Fifty-first Regiments, Virginia Infantry; commanding division at Fort Donelson, Tenn., February, 1862.

Samuel Garland, Jr., brigadier-general, May 23, 1862; killed at South Mountain, September 14, 1862.

Commands—Brigade composed of Fifth, Twelfth, Thirteenth, Twentieth and Twenty-third Regiments, North Carolina Infantry, A. N. V.

Richard Brooke Garnett, major corps of artillery, C. S. A., March 16, 1861; brigadier-general, November 14, 1861; killed at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863, in the charge of Pickett's Division.

Commands—Commanding Stonewall Brigade, composed of Second, Fourth, Fifth, Twenty-seventh and Thirty-third Regiments, Virginia Infantry, Jackson's Corps; commanding brigade composed of Eighth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twenty-eighth and Fifty-sixth Regiments, Virginia Infantry; Pickett's Division Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V.

Robert Selden Garnett, lieutenant-colonel corps of infantry, C. S. A., March 16, 1861; brigadier-general, June 6, 1861; killed at Garrick's Ford, July 13, 1861; while in command of forces in Western Virginia opposing McClellan.

Henry Heth, major corps of infantry, C. S. A., March 16, 1861; colonel Fourth Virginia Infantry, June 17, 1861; brigadier-general, January 6, 1862; major-general, May 24, 1863; died in Washington city, September 26, 1899.

Commands—Brigade in 1862, composed of Fortieth, Forty-seventh and Fifty-fifth Virginia Regiments, Infantry, and Twenty-second Virginia Battalion, Infantry, A. P. Hill's Division, A. N. V., division composed of Pettigrew's, Archer's, Davis's, Cooke's and Brockenbrough's Brigades, Third Corps, A. N. V.

Ambrose Powell Hill, colonel Thirteenth Virginia Infantry, —, 1861; brigadier-general, February 26, 1862; Major-general, May 26, 1862; lieutenant-general, May 24, 1863; killed at Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865.

Commands—Brigade composed of First, Seventh, Eleventh and Seventeenth Regiments, Virginia Infantry; and Roger's

Light Battery of Artillery, A. N. V.; division composed of brigades of Pender, Heth, Archer, Lane, Thomas and McCowan, A. N. V.; commanding Third Army Corps, A. N. V., composed of divisions of Anderson, Heth and Pender, February 19, 1863 to —, 1864.

Eppa Hunton, colonel Eighth Virginia Infantry, May 8, 1861; brigadier-general, August 9, 1863.

Commands—Brigade composed of the Eighth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth and Twentieth Va. Regiments.

Julius DeLagnel, captain corps of artillery, March 16, 1861; major Twentieth Battalion Virginia Artillery, July 3, 1862; brigadier-general, April 15, 1862; declined appointment.

Edwin G. Lee, major Thirty-third Virginia Infantry, 1861; colonel Thirty-third Virginia Infantry, 1861; brigadier-general, September 20, 1864; died —.

Commands—Commanding at Staunton, Va., reserve forces, Valley District, 1864.

Fitzhugh Lee, first lieutenant, corps of cavalry, C. S. A., March 16, 1861; lieutenant-colonel First Virginia Cavalry, August, 1861; colonel First Virginia Cavalry, March, 1862; brigadier-general, July 24, 1862; major-general, August 3, 1863.

Commands—Brigade in August, 1862, composed of First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Ninth Virginia Regiments, Cavalry and Breathed's Battery of Horse Artillery, A. N. Va.; division in August, 1863, composed of cavalry brigades of W. H. F. Lee, Lomax and Wickham; subquently assigned to command of Cavalry Corps, A. N. Va., composed of divisions of W. H. F. Lee, Rosser and Munford.

George Washington Custis Lee, captain Corps of Engineers, C. S. A., July 1, 1861; colonel and aide-de-camp to the President, August 31, 1861; brigadier-general, June 25, 1863; major-general, October 20, 1864.

Commands—Commanding brigade of local troops for defense of Richmond; as major-general commanding troops for defense of Richmond, consisting of Barton's Brigade, the brigade of Confederate States' employees and several battalions of heavy artillery.

Robert Edward Lee, major-general, commanding Virginia

State forces 1861; brigadier-general, C. S. A., May 14, 1861; general, C. S. A., June 14, 1861; general-in-chief, January 31, 1865; died at Lexington, Va., October 12, 1870.

Commands—In command of operations in Trans-Alleghany Department, 1861; in charge of defenses on coast of South Carolina and Georgia, 1861-1862; commanding Army of Northern Virginia, June, 1862; assigned to duty at Richmond, 1862, charged with the conduct of all military operations of the Confederate States army, under the direction of the President; commanding Army of Northern Virginia from June 1, 1862, to April 9, 1865.

William Henry Fitzhugh Lee, captain corps of cavalry, May 6, 1861; major, corps of cavalry, May, 1861; lieutenant-colonel, Ninth Virginia Cavalry, December, 1861; colonel, Ninth Virginia Cavalry, March, 1862; brigadier-general, September 15, 1862; major-general, April 23, 1864; died at Ravensworth, Fairfax county, Va., October 15, 1891.

Commands—Brigade in 1862, composed of Ninth and Thirteenth Regiments, Virginia Cavalry, and Second Regiment, North Carolina Cavalry, and McGregor's Battery of Artillery, Fitzhugh Lee's Division, Army of Northern Virginia; division in June, 1864, composed of the cavalry brigades of Chambers, Barringer and Roberts, and two batteries of artillery, Army of Northern Virginia.

R. D. Lilley, major Twenty-fifth Virginia Regiment Infantry, January 28, 1863; lieutenant-Colonel, Twenty-fifth Virginia Regiment Infantry, August 27, 1863; brigadier-general, May 31, 1864; died at Staunton, Va., November 12, 1886.

Commands—Brigade composed of the Thirteenth, Forty-ninth, Twenty-fifth, Fifty-second and Fifty-eighth Virginia Regiments (formerly Pegram's brigade); Ramseur's Division, Early's corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

Lunsford Lindsay Lomax, colonel Eleventh Virginia Cavalry, February 8, 1863; brigadier-general, July 23, 1863; major-general, August 10, 1864.

Commands—Brigade composed of the Fifth, Sixth and Fifteenth Regiments, Virginia Cavalry, and First Regiment, Maryland Cavalry, Army of Northern Virginia; division composed

of the cavalry brigades of Johnston, Jackson, Davidson, Imboden and McCausland, Army of Northern Virginia, commanding Valley District, March 29, 1865.

Armistead Lindsay Long, major of artillery, C. S. A., July 19, 1861; colonel, military secretary, April 21, 1862; brigadier-general of artillery, September 21, 1863; died at Charlottesville, Va., April —, 1891.

Commands—Commanding artillery, Early's Corps, June 13 to August 30, 1864; commanding artillery, Ewell's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, commanding artillery, Valley District, November 15, 1864; assigned to artillery command Dutch Gap to Appomattox River, March 12, 1865.

John Bankhead Magruder, colonel, corps of infantry, C. S. A., March 16, 1861; brigadier-general, June 17, 1861; major-general, October 7, 1861; died February 19, 1871.

Commands—Commanding District of Yorktown, Department of the Peninsula, May 21, 1861, to February 1, 1862; commanding District of Texas, Trans-Mississippi Department, October 10, 1862; commanding District of New Mexico and Arizona, Trans-Mississippi Department, August 11, 1864, to March 31, 1865.

William Mahone, colonel, Sixth Virginia Regiment, Infantry, ———, 1861; brigadier-general, November 16, 1861; major-general, June 1, 1864; died in Washington city, October 9, 1895.

Commands—Brigade composed of the Third Alabama, the Sixth, Twelfth, brigade, A. N. Va.; commanding Valley Sixteenth and Forty-first Virginia and Second (afterwards Twelfth) North Carolina Regiments, Infantry, Anderson's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps, A. N. V.; division composed of Wright's (General Mahone's old brigade), Weisiger's, Saunder's (Alabama), Harris's (Mississippi), and Finegan's (Florida) Brigades; subsequently brigade composed of Sixth, Twelfth, Sixteenth, Forty-first and Sixty-first Regiments, Virginia Infantry.

Dabney Herndon Maury—Captain, corps of cavalry, C. S. A., March 15, 1861; assistant adjutant-general, army at Manassas, July, 1861; colonel of Virginia State forces, March 16, 1861;

brigadier-general, March 12, 1862; major-general, November 11, 1862; died at Peoria, Ill., January 11, 1900.

Commands—* * * Commanding division composed of brigades of Moore, Ross and Cabell; commanding division composed of brigades of Dockery, Moore and Phifer, Army of the West; commanding Army of the West, June 27, 1862; commanding Department of East Tennessee, April 15 to March 12, 1863; commanding District of the Gulf, May, 1863; commanding Department of Alabama, Mississippi, and East Louisiana, November 22, 1864; commanding at Mobile, March to April, 1865.

John McCausland, colonel, Thirty-sixth Virginia Infantry, July 16, 1861; brigadier-general, May 18, 1864.

Commands—Brigade composed of the Fourteenth, Sixteenth, Seventeenth, Twenty-first, Twenty-second Regiments, Virginia Cavalry, and Jackson's Battery of Artillery.

Patrick T. Moore, colonel First Virginia Infantry, ———, 1861; brigadier-general, September 20, 1864.

Commands—Assigned to organization of reserve forces in and around Richmond.

Thomas T. Munford, brigadier-general, assigned to duty as such by Major-General Fitzhugh Lee; colonel, Second Regiment, Virginia Cavalry, April 25, 1862.

Commands—Brigade composed of the First, Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth Regiments of Virginia Cavalry, A. N. V.; commanding Fitz Lee's Division.

Richard L. Page. * * * brigadier-general, March 1, 1864 (appointed commander Confederate Navy, June 14, 1861, and commanded naval stations, Charlottesville, N. C.; Savannah, Ga., and commanding Fort Morgan and outer defenses of Mobile Bay); died at Hagerstown, Md., August 9, 1901.

Commands—Brigade composed of Twenty-first Alabama Regiment, Infantry; First Battalion Alabama Artillery; First Battalion, Tennessee Heavy Artillery; four companies, Seventh Regiment, Alabama Cavalry, and a portion of the First Alabama Confederate Regiment.

Elisha Franklin Paxton, major, adjutant-general's department, August 15, 1862, staff of General T. J. Jackson; brigadier-

general, November 1, 1862; killed at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863.

Commands—Brigade composed of Second, Fourth, Fifth, Twenty-seventh and Thirty-third Regiments, Virginia Infantry, Trimble's Division, Jackson's Corps, A. N. Va.

William H. Payne, captain Black Horse Troop, —, 1861; major Fourth Virginia Cavalry, September 12, 1861; lieutenant-colonel Fourth Virginia Cavalry, June 9, 1862; colonel Fourth Virginia Cavalry, September 3, 1863; brigadier-general, November 1, 1864; died in Washington city, March 29, 1904.

Commands—Brigade composed of Fifth, Sixth, Eighth and Fifteenth Regiments of Virginia Cavalry and Thirty-sixth Battalion Virginia Cavalry, Fitzhugh Lee's Division, A. N. Va.

John Pegram, captain corps of cavalry, C. S. A., March 16, 1861; * * * brigadier-general, November 7, 1862; major-general, —; killed at Hatcher's Run, Va., February 5, 1865.

Commands—Brigade composed of Thirteenth, Thirty-first, Forty-ninth, Fifty-second and Fifty-eighth Regiments, Virginia Infantry, A. N. Va.; commanding Early's Division, A. N. Va.

John Clifford Pemberton, lieutenant-colonel corps of artillery, C. S. A., March 16, 1861; brigadier-general, June 17, 1861; major-general, January 1, 1862; lieutenant-general, October 10, 1862; died at Penllyn, Pa., July 13, 1881.

Commands—Commanding Confederate forces north of the Nansemond, east bank of the James River, —, 1861; brigade composed of Third Virginia, Thirteenth and Fourteenth North Carolina Regiments, Wilson's Battalion and Manley's North Carolina Battery of Artillery; commanding Eighth Military District, South Carolina, 1861-62; command consisting of Donelson's and Gregg's Brigades; commanding Department of South Carolina, Georgia and East and Middle Florida, 1862; assigned, October 4, 1862, to command of Department of Mississippi and East Louisiana; assigned, October 10, 1862, to the command and relieve Major-General Van Dorn of command of Army of Tennessee; resigned as lieutenant-general May 18, 1864, and served the remainder of the war as lieutenant-colonel.

William Nelson Pendleton, captain Rockbridge Battery, corps of artillery, C. S. A., July 19, 1861; colonel and chief of artil-

lery, A. N. Va., July 21, 1861, to April 9, 1862; brigadier-general, March 26, 1862; died at Lexington, Va., January 15, 1883.

George Edward Pickett, major corps of artillery, March 6, 1861; * * * brigadier-general, January 14, 1862; major-general, October 10, 1862; died at Norfolk, Va., July 30, 1875.

Commands—Brigade composed of Eighth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twenty-eighth and Fifty-sixth Virginia Regiments, Infantry, A. N. Va.; division composed of brigades of Garnett, Armistead, Corse, Kemper, Longstreet's Corps, A. N. Va.; commanding Department of North Carolina, September 23, 1863.

Roger Atkinson Pryor, colonel Third Virginia Infantry, —, 1861; brigadier-general, April 16, 1862; resigned August 18, 1863.

Commands—Brigade composed of Fourteenth Louisiana and Fourteenth Alabama, Second Florida and Third Virginia Regiments of Infantry and Coppen's Light Battery of Artillery, subsequently composed of Third Virginia, Fourteenth Alabama, Second, Fifth and Eighth Florida Regiments, Infantry, A. N. Va.

George Wythe Randolph, * * * brigadier-general, February 13, 1862; Secretary of War, March 17 to December 18, 1862; died April 4, 1867.

Alexander W. Reynolds, captain corps of infantry, C. S. A., March 16, 1861; colonel Fiftieth Virginia Infantry, July 10, 1861; brigadier-general, September 14, 1863; died May 26, 1876.

Commands—Brigade composed of the Fifty-fourth and Sixty-third Virginia Regiments, Infantry, and Fifty-eighth and Sixtieth North Carolina Regiments, Infantry, Stevenson's Division, Army of Tennessee.

Beverly H. Robertson, captain corps artillery, C. S. A., September 14, 1861; colonel Virginia Volunteer Cavalry, August 21, 1861; captain, assistant adjutant-general, December 24, 1861; brigadier-general, June 9, 1862.

Commands—Brigade composed of Second, Sixth, Seventh and Eleventh Virginia Regiments and Lieutenant-Colonel Funston's Sixteenth Virginia Battalion; commanding at Goldsboro, N. C.,

1862; commanding at White Hall, on Neuse River, December 16, 1862; assigned to command of S. E. Jones's Brigade, —, 1863; assigned to command of forces operating between Charleston and Savannah; commanding cavalry under General Hardee; commanding at John's Island, S. C., June 9, 1864; commanding cavalry forces at Honey Hill, —, 1865.

Thomas Lafayette Rosser, born in Campbell county, Va., October 15, 1836; captain Washington Artillery (Louisiana), July 21, 1861; lieutenant-colonel of artillery, June 16, 1862; colonel Fifth Virginia Cavalry, June 20, 1862; brigadier-general and assigned to Ashby's "Laurel" Brigade, composed of Seventh, Eleventh and Twelfth Regiments and White's Thirty-fifth Battalion, Virginia Cavalry, and Chew's Horse Artillery; major-general, November, 1864; division, "The Laurel" and Payne's Brigade.

Daniel Ruggles, lieutenant-colonel, Virginia Volunteers, April 22, 1861; brigadier-general, Virginia Volunteers, April 23, 1861, and assigned to Department of Fredericksburg; brigadier-general, August 9, 1861; died at Fredericksburg, Va., June 1, 1897.

Commands—Brigade at Pensacola, Fla., composed of Ninth and Tenth Mississippi, First and Seventh Alabama Regiments, Infantry and Littlepage's Battalion of Georgia Infantry, the Quitman Battery of Light Artillery, the Vicksburg Battery of Artillery; in October, 1861, commanding troops and defenses under General Lovell; February 17, 1862, commanding brigades at Corinth, Miss., composed of Sixteenth, Seventeenth Eighteenth, Nineteenth and Twentieth Louisiana Regiments Infantry, Company A. Miles's Artillery, and Higgins's Battery of Artillery; February 20, 1863, assigned to command of all troops near cut of Memphis and Charleston Railroad; commanding division, March 29, 1862, composed of the brigades of Gibson, Patton, Anderson and Colonel Pond; assigned to command of Special Department of East Louisiana and Mississippi, May 18, 1862; assigned to command of Second Division, Breckinridge's command, July 29, 1862; assigned to command of First District, Department of Mississippi, February 10, 1863, assigned to duty as commissary of prisons, March 25, 1865.

J. E. Slaughter, captain Corps of artillery, C. S. A., March 16,

1861; * * * brigadier-general, March 8, 1862; died in City of Mexico, January 1, 1901; inspector-general, Department No. 2, Army of the Mississippi and Army of Tennessee.

William Smith, colonel Forty-ninth Virginia Infantry, —, 1861; brigadier-general, January 31, 1863; major-general August 30, 1863, resigned December 31, 1863, having been elected Governor of Virginia; died at Warrenton, Va., May 18, 1887.

Commands—Brigade composed of Thirteenth, Thirty-first, Forty-ninth, Fifty-second and Fifty-eighth Virginia Regiments, Infantry, and subsequently of the Thirteenth, Forty-ninth, Fifty-second, Fifty-eighth and Thirty-first Virginia Regiments, Early's Division, A. N. V.

Walter Husted Stevens, major, corps of engineers, C. S. A., tober 10, 1862; died August 15, 1888.

March 16, 1861; colonel corps of engineers, C. S. A., —, 1862; brigadier-general, August 28, 1864; died at Vera Cruz, Mexico, November 12, 1867.

Commands—In charge of defensive works around Richmond, 1862 and 1863; commanding troops and defenses of Richmond, 1863 to 1864; chief engineer, A. N. V., August, 1864, to end of the war.

Carter L. Stevenson, lieutenant-colonel, corps of infantry, C. S. A., March 16, 1861; colonel Fifty-third Virginia Infantry, —; brigadier-general, February 27, 1862; major-general, Oc-

Commands—Commanding garrison at Cumberland Gap; division composed of brigades of Brown Cumming, Pettus and Reynolds, and light batteries of Anderson, Rowan, Corput and Carnes, Army of Tennessee; division composed of brigades of Pettus, Palmer and Cumming, Army of Tennessee.

James Ewell Brown Stuart, captain, corps of cavalry, C. S. A., March 16, 1861; * * * brigadier-general, September 24, 1861; Major-general, July 25, 1862; died of wounds received at Yellow Tavern.

Commands—Lieutenant-colonel of infantry of Virginia State forces, 1861; colonel of cavalry in Virginia State forces, 1861; division composed of the brigades of Hampton, Fitzhugh Lee and

W. H. F. Lee; commanding Second Corps, A. N. V., at Chancellorsville; chief of cavalry, A. N. V., January 31, 1864.

William Booth Taliaferro, colonel, 1861; colonel, Twenty-third Virginia Regiment, Infantry; brigadier-general, March 4, 1862; major-general, January 1, 1865; died in Gloucester county, Va., February 27, 1898.

Commands—Commanding post and troops at Gloucester Point, May 1, 1861; commanding at Carriek's Ford, January 13, 1861, to August, 1861; brigade composed of Twenty-third, Thirty-seventh and Forty-fourth Virginia Regiments, Infantry, and Rogers's Battery of Artillery, December, 1861; colonel commanding brigade composed of Twenty-third and Thirty-seventh Virginia, Third Arkansas and First Georgia Regiments, Infantry; brigade March, 1862, composed of Tenth, Twenty-third and Thirty-seventh Virginia Regiments, Infantry, Army of the Valley, August, 1862, brigade composed of Tenth, Twenty-third and Thirty-seventh Virginia and Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth Alabama Regiments, Infantry; August 9, 1862, to January, 1863, commanding division composed of Stonewall Brigade and brigades of Campbell and Stark; March, 1863, commanding District of Savannah, Ga.; July, 1863, commanding defenses and troops on Morris Island, S. C.; August, 1863, commanding at James Island, S. C.; February, 1864, commanding divisions in Florida composed of the brigades of Finegan, Colquitt, Wise and Page; May, 1864, commanding Seventh Military District, South Carolina; December, 1864, commanding District of South Carolina; January, 1865, commanding division composed of brigades of Elliott, Rhett and Anderson.

James Barbour Terrill, major, Thirteenth Virginia Infantry, —, 1861; lieutenant-colonel and colonel, Thirteenth Virginia Infantry, —, 1861; brigadier-general, May 31, 1864; killed at battle of Bethesda Church, March 31, 1864.

Commands—Brigade composed of Thirteenth, Thirty-first, Forty-ninth, Fifty-second and Fifty-eighth Virginia Regiments, Infantry, Army of Northern Virginia.

William Terry, major, Fourth Regiment, Virginia Infantry, —, 1862; colonel, Fourth Regiment, Virginia Infantry, Sep-

tember 11, 1863; brigadier-general, May 19, 1864; died near Wytheville, Va., September 12, 1888.

Commands—Brigade composed of Second, Fourth, Fifth, Tenth, Twenty-first, Twenty-third, Twenty-fifth, Twenty-seventh, Thirty-third, Thirty-seventh, Forty-fourth, Forty-eighth and Fiftieth Regiments, Virginia Infantry; being parts of brigades formerly commanded by General T. J. Jackson, John M. Jones and George H. Steuart, Army of Northern Virginia.

William Richard Terry, colonel, Twenty-fourth Virginia Infantry, September 21, 1861; brigadier-general, May 31, 1864; died at Richmond, Va., March 28, 1897.

Commands—Brigade composed of First, Third, Seventh, Eleventh and Twenty-fourth Regiments, Virginia Infantry, Army of Northern Virginia.

Henry E. Walker, captain, corps of infantry, C. S. A., March 16, 1861; lieutenant-colonel, Fortieth Virginia Regiment, —, 1861; brigadier-general, July 1, 1863.

Commands—Brigade composed of Fortieth, Forty-seventh and Fifty-fifth Regiments, Virginia Infantry, and Twenty-second Virginia Battalion, Infantry, Army of Northern Virginia; commanding Archer's Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia.

James A. Walker, lieutenant-colonel, Thirteenth Regiment, Virginia Infantry, —, 1861; colonel, Thirteenth Virginia Infantry, —, 1861; brigadier-general, May —, 1862; died —, at Wytheville, Va.

Commands—Commanding the Stonewall Brigade, Second, Fourth, Fifth, Twenty-seventh and Thirty-third Virginia Infantry; commanding Pegram's Division, 1865.

Rueben Lindsay Walker, captain, Purcell Battery, Virginia Artillery; colonel, March 14, 1863; brigadier-general, February 18, 1865; died at Richmond, Va., —, 1890.

Commands—Commanding artillery of General A. P. Hill's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

D. A. Weisiger, colonel, Twelfth Regiment, Virginia Infantry, January 1, 1861; brigadier-general, May 31, 1861, died at Richmond, Va., February 23, 1899.

Commands—Brigade composed of Sixth, Twelfth, Sixteenth,

Forty-first and Sixty-first Regiments, Virginia Infantry, (formerly Mahone's Brigade), Army of Northern Virginia.

Gabriel C. Wharton, major, Forty-fifth Regiment, Virginia Infantry, June 17, 1861; colonel, Fifty-first Regiment, Virginia Infantry, July 17, 1861; brigadier-general, July 8, 1863.

Commands—Brigade, composed of Fiftieth, Fifty-first and Sixty-third Regiments, Virginia Infantry, and Thirtieth Battalion, Virginia Infantry, Army of Northern Virginia; commanding Breckinridge's Division.

Williams Carter Wickham, captain Hanover Dragoons, Fourth Virginia Cavalry, May, 1861; lieutenant-colonel, Fourth Virginia Cavalry, September, 1861; colonel, Fourth Virginia Cavalry, June 9, 1862; brigadier-general, September 1, 1863, resigned, November 9, 1864; died at Richmond, Va., January 23, 1888.

Commands—Brigade composed of the First, Second, Third and Fourth Regiments, Virginia Cavalry, Fitzhugh Lee's Division, Army of Northern Virginia.

Henry Alexander Wise, brigadier-general, June 5, 1864; died at Richmond, Va., September 10, 1876.

Commands—Brigade composed of Twenty-sixth, Thirty-fourth, Forty-sixth and Fifty-ninth Regiments, Virginia Infantry, and the light batteries of Captains McComas and Armistead, Army of Northern Virginia.

SOLDIER'S STORY OF J. E. B. STUART'S DEATH.

Simple But Vivid Account of Yellow Tavern From a Man in the Ranks.

The New York Sun of Sunday, December 27, 1908, contains the following communication from an ex-Confederate soldier, now of Virginia:

To the Editor of The Sun:

Sir,—An article in the Literary Digest, with the title “Stuart’s Last Battle” and credited to The Sun, is so wrong as to the facts leading up to the engagement of Yellow Tavern and so imaginative as to the circumstances of the wounding and death of General Stuart that I, who happened to be there in the humble capacity of a corporal in the ranks of the First Virginia Cavalry, feel impelled to state the truth about the wounding and death of our general. My own opinion has always been that his reckless bravery led to his untimely death.

I suppose there are reports in the proper archives, both Federal and Confederate, of this action of Yellow Tavern and of the movement of troops preliminary to it, but I know nothing of them. I state what came under my observation and hearing as a soldier in the ranks.

It was not at the beginning of the Wilderness campaign that the movement of the cavalry culminating at Yellow Tavern took place, but in the campaign more than a year later (May, 1864), in which the terrible battle near Spotsylvania Courthouse was fought. It was the current talk of our army that that conflict was by far the most desperate of the war. I have heard our men say that so near did the Yankees come that they could look into their eyes and even club them with the butts of their guns. It was in this battle that trees were torn and cut through and fell from the steady hail of minie bul-

lets. So desperately did Grant's men press their assaults that, as the gossip in our army was, a portion of our line faltered and was giving way when General Lee himself rode up, but his men made him go to the rear with cries of "Lee to the rear!" and they soon drove the enemy off.

The morning following this desperate battle and repulse of Grant, our cavalry, which had been only partially engaged, was put in motion and headed south toward Richmond. We in the ranks did not know what for, but as we became extended on the way south word came along the line that the Yankee cavalry had been despatched on a raid to Richmond, that city being, as it was supposed, but weakly defended. We were to follow up the Yankees and put them out of business before they got to Richmond. I will say here, to dispel any idea that we were worn down by Sheridan's troops, "hanging on us like a troop of wolves," that Stuart's cavalry was at that time in the best of condition. We were well clothed, well fed and well mounted. For many of our horses we were indebted to our friends the enemy, to whom we looked when in need. I myself was then on my third mount derived from that source.

I remember this march after Sheridan as a very pleasant one, our only fear being that he would get away, as usual. That we would not whip him if we caught up with him did not enter our minds. I remember that we pressed the rear so closely that in Louisa county we came on a detachment of the enemy. I being in the leading column joined in the pursuit with visions of a fresh mount; but alas! there were others who wanted those horses more than I did, and they were soon appropriated, while their riders were sent to the rear. As I remember, the enemy's cavalymen were an insignificant looking set of men, but their horses and equipment were excellent. I would like to emphasize a fact not sufficiently dwelt on by the Southern historian: that is, the contempt in which Stuart's men held the Federal cavalymen and the great respect the Southerners had for the horses and equipment of the enemy.

Our command neared Richmond, and soon we knew from the booming of cannon that an engagement had begun between the two cavalry forces. Now, as to this engagement, I can say

little, because I saw little of it. When a soldier from the ranks undertakes to tell about a battle extending over a mile or two in wooded country you can set him down as a man "talking through his hat." I did see a battery or two of ours located on a hilltop firing away, and did see squadrons of our cavalry moving forward near those batteries, but I saw none of our forces retreating. When our regiment reached the field the squadron to which I was attached was ordered to dismount and to deploy as sharpshooters, which we did, one hundred or more of us scattering along the edge of a wood. I heard rifle firing to the right and left and in front; this firing did not approach our position, but rather receded. What the dispositions of the forces severally were I never knew.

What I did see, after being in the position say twenty or thirty minutes, was a solitary horseman approaching us through the thicket. He was riding slowly. We soon knew from his black plume that it was our general, and the exclamation came from four or five of us: "That is General Stuart and he is wounded." As he rode slowly toward us we of course rushed up to him. It was but too true; he was wounded, and mortally, as we knew when we saw where the bullet had entered his side and torn his gray jacket. He spoke not a word, nor uttered a groan as we assisted him from his horse to the ground. He was borne away on a stretcher or blanket, I forget which, some of the more stalwart of my company doing that duty. Charles Wheatly, of Georgetown, and Bob Bruce, of the Relay House, near Baltimore (both now dead), were two of the men. Ours was a Maryland troop. The writer of this article was from Howard county. The troop was commanded by Captain, afterward Colonel, Gus Dorsey, of Montgomery county, Md.

I remained in the line of skirmishers a short time and we were ordered to mount and return to our regiments. I remember that we joined the main command on the Telegraph road not far from Yellow Tavern. The battle was over; in fact, so far as I could see or hear, it was not much of a battle anyhow. Of course, as soon as the Federal command realized that we had caught up with him his raid was at an end.

We went quietly into camp near Atlee Station, a few miles

from the field of battle that night, grieving for our dead general. He had died a few hours after being carried from the field. How General Stuart got his death wound was never learned, I believe. That he must have been alone was evident, for not a single staff officer or orderly was with him when he came through our line. In this respect his death wound was similar to that of General Jackson at Chancellorsville.

Orange, Va., December 23.

W. W. BURGESS.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, July 31, 1908.

TRIBUTE OF LOVE TO HER NOBLE DEAD.

Impressive Memorial Services in Old Blandford in Honor of Those Who Sleep There.

The memorial services held in Blandford Cemetery this afternoon, under the auspices of that noble body of women, the Ladies' Memorial Association, attracted a large gathering of people, which would have been much larger but for the marked inclemency of the weather. As always on these interesting occasions, the patriotic ladies of the city, unmoved and undeterred by adverse circumstances, and ever faithful to the memory of the heroic dead of the Southland, were present in large numbers. The ceremonies of the day possessed peculiar interest because the memory of the Petersburg soldiers who fell in battle in the War of 1861-'65 was to be especially commemorated. The program of exercises was simple, but very beautiful.

The ladies of the Memorial Association met in the Mechanics' Hall at 5 o'clock P. M., to proceed in a body to the cemetery. The A. P. Hill Camp of Confederate Veterans met at their hall, Commander Homer Atkinton in charge, and paraded up Sycamore to Wythe street, where they took cars to the cemetery. The Petersburg Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, and the A. P. Hill Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans, and the children of the public schools, bearing bunches of evergreens and flowers, united in the exercises, and the scene was both beautiful and impressive.

INTERESTING EXERCISES.

Mayor William M. Jones presided, and the exercises were opened with prayer by the Rev. Dr. J. S. Foster. The feature of the ceremonies was the dedication of the beautiful stone and iron pagoda stand, erected by the Ladies' Memorial Association in memory of the Petersburg soldiers slain in battle, and around this incident great interest centred. The dedicatory ad-

dress was delivered by Hon. Charles T. Lassiter, the able and eloquent young Senator from Petersburg, and his address was worthy of his fame as an orator.

And here it may be stated that the Confederate memorial exercises in Petersburg have always heretofore been, and will always hereafter be, held on the 9th of June, a day made ever memorable in the annals of the city. This year they were omitted on that day on account of improvements being made in the soldiers' section in Blandford Cemetery by the Ladies' Memorial Association, and which have just been completed. The ladies then selected to-day, July 30th, the anniversary of the battle of the Crater, in which Petersburg soldiers took such glorious part, for the annual exercises. Among these improvements is the beautiful stand, which was formally dedicated this afternoon.

SENATOR LASSITER'S ADDRESS.

Senator Lassiter, on being introduced, said:

Ladies of the Petersburg Ladies' Memorial

Association, Veterans, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The Ladies' Memorial Association of Petersburg has the honor of having been first in point of time to undertake the sacred task, which has been theirs for so many years, of preserving the memory of the soldiers who wore the gray and who gave their lives during the momentous conflict of 1861-'65.

Now, more than forty years since the association was organized, we come once more to pay our annual tribute of love and veneration to the soldier dead, who sleep so quietly in old Blandford, awaiting the resurrection.

Never has a loving task been more faithfully accomplished than has the work of this association. Beginning when these fields still bore the marks of recent battle, and when the people of the South had just turned to recreate their social life, this work of caring for our dead has never been permitted to be forgotten.

Some, indeed many, of the original members have themselves answered the last roll call, but the survivors, with the spirit of the Old Guard, have closed up their ranks, and have carried on the work until to-day. George Eliot makes one of her charac-

ters say that the reward of one duty done is the power to do another. The reward of the duty so nobly performed in the past is that now you ladies have had the power to erect this monument of enduring iron and stone "to the memory of the hero soldiers of Petersburg, who sacrificed their lives for our South."

MORE SOLDIERS THAN VOTERS.

Who were these heroes? Every school boy knows that when the final call to arms came, Petersburg sent more soldiers to the field than she had voters on her poll books. The roll of companies speaks well for the martial spirit of the town, and embraces all of the different branches of the service; twelve companies of infantry, three of cavalry, two of artillery and last, but not least, that immortal home guard of boys and superannuated men, whose names have been inscribed in loving remembrance upon the walls of old Blandford Church, and who under the gallant Archer won imperishable fame on the 9th of June, 1864.

Who were these men? They were the flower of the youth of this old city. They were the representatives of all that was of the best in the civilization of their time and country. Almost every home had its soldier, and the proudest boast of those of later day is that they come from the lineage of those who went from the Cockade City to wear the gray, and to fight under the starry cross.

Who were these soldiers? The history of their achievements is the history of the Lost Cause. On every stricken field from Manassas to Appomattox—through all the long years of civil strife—hemmed in by superior numbers, without shoes, without clothes, without medicine, without food, these are the men who kept their powder dry and their weapons bright by constant use, whom no odds could unnerve, and who were overpowered, but never knew defeat.

Who were these veterans? From the Appomattox to the Monocacy, from the mountains to the sea, through the Valley campaign with Jackson, or in the Army of Northern Virginia with Lee, the slogan: "This way, Mahone's Brigade!" guided the Petersburg boys to battle under the Stars and Bars, charging to victory, "while all the world wondered."

And of him whose body rests in yonder vault, as in the headquarters tent of this great army of the dead, what should be said when we assemble in these after years to pay tribute to the hero soldiers of old Petersburg? It is fitting to remember that, of all the great leaders of men which Virginia has produced, few have equaled, and fewer yet have excelled, Major-General William Mahone. Trained as an engineer, with a wonderful ability to see and take advantage of the topography of a field of battle, it may be said of him that he never recklessly exposed the men of his command to unnecessary danger, nor failed to meet danger when necessity required it. To paraphrase the words of another: Few men served in that war with more glory than he; yet many served, and there was much glory.

BATTLE OF THE CRATER.

It is not for me to attempt the role of a historian. Not for me nor for this occasion, to describe even that great battle of the Crater, when seven of our regiments with two batteries of artillery held as many divisions of the enemy in check until the arrival of Mahone's Division. Not even of the splendid and successful charge of that division which recaptured our works and won the Crater fight, shall I pause to speak. Other tongues, more eloquent, have described that day. But upon the anniversary of that great fight, standing upon the hill which was the objective of the Federal assault, and speaking of the deeds of Petersburg soldiers, I pause to lay a sprig of rosemary upon the graves of those twenty-two officers and men of Pegram's Battery whose bodies were covered by the debris of Elliott's salient. These men, in the discharge of duty, held the post of honor. To them had been intrusted the defense of an advanced portion of our lines at a time when it was known that the enemy was attempting to undermine them. Not for them was the excitement of the thrilling charge. Not for them to face danger amid the pomp and circumstance of war. But calmly, in the discharge of routine duty, quietly and fearlessly they met death that morning, while the summer birds were singing their hymn of praise and thanksgiving that "Not a sparrow falleth but its God doth know." No formal monument records their deeds or enrolls their names as yet, They live en-

shrined in the hearts of their countrymen. But so long as the memory of Pegram's Battery survives among our children, we need not fear lest they lack for inspiration in deeds of patriotic service and heroic daring.

STORY OF THE WAR.

When the historian of the future seeks to write the impartial story of the great War between the States he will be interested to inquire, "What were the principles for which an untrained citizen soldiery became the unmatched infantry of modern times and endured for four years the horrors, the sufferings and the privations of war?"

He will find that the Southern soldier not only fought for home and fireside, to repel invasion and to resist usurpation, all of which are, in a sense, what may be expected of any animal in the defense of his home; but that the seeds of the great conflict were sown in the compromises by which the Federal Constitution itself was adopted. That the South fought for the preservation of State sovereignty, for local self-government, and for that kind of individual liberty of which Patrick Henry had said, "Give me liberty or give me death!"

It is not my intention within the brief time at my disposal to attempt to investigate the arguments advanced by the parties to this discussion. The people of the South have long since conceded that the war has settled for all time that the United States are a nation, to use the constitutional phrase. More than this, I venture to assert that in no section of our country are the people any more ready to-day to serve in the nation's army or navy, or to maintain an indivisible union of indestructible States than are the people of the South.

Practically the surrender at Appomattox ended the conflict, and, contrary to the history of other civil wars, there was no guerrilla fighting to add its horrors to the great war. The people of the South returned from the field of war to the field of agriculture, and began at once to build up their waste places, to repair the ravages of war, and to create on the ruins of the old a new social system.

That the South to-day is admitted to be the most progressive portion of the country; that the material prosperity of this

section is such that it felt the recent panic less than some other sections, is evidence of the fact that the thoughts and energies of her people have been well directed in the last forty years.

But the building up of waste places is a very engrossing occupation, and when there was added to our other burdens the evils which followed in the train of the constitutional amendment enfranchising the negro, it will be seen that our people have never had since the war much opportunity for considering abstract principles of government.

It is true that we admit that the United States are a nation, but our people are, as yet, I am glad to say, unwilling to concur in the style assumed by the dominant party at Washington that the United States is a nation.

NATION'S POWER INCREASING.

The growth of the power of this national government of ours, and the consequent diminution of the power of the State governments is a matter which should attract the attention of our people. The increase of the power of the nation at the expense of the power of the people makes it natural to inquire whether the powers that be have forgotten the tenth amendment to the Constitution, which declares that the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.

My countrymen, if the dead heroes in whose honor we assemble here every year could by their lives teach us no lesson for our present guidance I would feel that the sacrifice so willingly made by them of their young lives had indeed been in vain.

The last forty years has been a period of transition, a period of marvelous growth, of commercial resurrection. These things are well, and may even be said to be necessary to the attainment by our people of other things which are better. But from these soldier boys of a former generation we should learn anew fundamental lessons of civil liberty. We should learn that when the people of a republic begin to look to a distant capital for governmental favors, and cease to rely on their own individual

energies, the hours of the life of civil liberty are already numbered.

I trust the time will never come again when the people of our country will have questions to settle among themselves which may not be settled by the ballot. But "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Like these veterans around us here, we should learn to keep our weapons bright and our powder dry. We should take such an active pride in this great country of ours that we will not only entitle ourselves to vote, but see to it that the privilege of voting is exercised as the dearest privilege of a free citizen. In a proper sense, all of us should be politicians, for unless we take an active interest in public affairs, we should not complain if the affairs of the public are not managed to suit us.

Let us all take an honest pride, both in our national and State governments, but let us see to it that these governments are managed as public trusts, efficiently and economically administered. Let us renew our faith in the immortal principles of the Declaration of Independence, let us strive to secure that liberty or freedom of action which is limited only by the Golden Rule or by the right of all others to a like freedom; and, at the graves of those who gave their all for freedom, let us dedicate once more upon the altar of civil and religious liberty, our goods, our lives and our sacred honor.

THE MEMORIAL STAND.

The stand is designed for the accommodation of speakers, the Ladies Memorial Association and guests on memorial occasions. It stands on the site of the old frame stand, which had seen service for many years, on the apex of "Memorial Hill," and commands a broad view in all directions. It is within a few yards of the splendid granite monument erected by the ladies' association to the Confederate dead in Blandford Cemetery, numbering many thousands and representing every State of the Confederacy. It is also within near view of the massive granite vault in which rest the mortal remains of that brave and gallant soldier of the Confederacy, Major-General William Mahone, in whose immortal brigade the Twelfth Regiment of Petersburg soldiers fought.

The stand is octagon in shape and of very handsome appearance. It is an iron pagoda, the corruscated roof supported by eight iron columns resting upon a concrete base eighteen feet in diameter and four feet high; the floor of the base enclosed by a neat iron railing. Steps of granolith, with iron railing, lead up to the floor. The concrete is of a bluish tinge, and the memorial tablet, inserted in its front, is made of Kentucky blue-stone, to correspond. This tablet is 7 feet 8 inches long by 1 foot 8 inches wide, and bears the following inscription:

"Erected by the L. M. A.,
In memory of Petersburg's Soldiers
Who Fell in Battle,
1861-'65.

The tablet is the work of Burns and Campbell, of this city, the concrete base is the work of Perkinson & Finn, of Petersburg and cost \$300. The iron pagoda was furnished by the Champion Iron Company, of Kenton, Ohio, and cost \$500.

The Ladies' Memorial Association has spent recently about \$2,500 in the improvement of Memorial Hill, most of this money having been appropriated by the State. The surface of the hill is as smooth and green as a well kept lawn. All through its grounds, running in different directions, are granolithic walkways, and around its boundaries has been planted a hedge of California privet or box, whose beauty will be seen later. Under the wise expenditure of this money there has been a wonderful improvement, marked by taste and beauty.

The exercises at the cemetery were concluded by the reading of a poem, composed by Fred A. Campbell, of Oakland, Cal., and dedicated to the Ladies' Memorial Association of Petersburg; the singing of the doxology and the benediction, pronounced by Rev. Dr. J. M. Pilcher, chaplain of A. P. Hill Camp.

The pagoda stand is a beautiful work of art and a worthy memorial in itself. It is much admired by all who see it. Business was generally closed this afternoon during the hour of the exercises.

From N. O., La., *Picayune*, August 23, 1908.

OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE WAR 1814-1815.

Interesting Manuscript Discovered That Gives New Details—Roster of the Famous Battalion of Orleans Volunteers.

It Contains Many Names Still Prominent in This State—Credit Given to the Intrepid Corsairs Under the Command of Lafitte.

One of the episodes of the battle of New Orleans is narrated in a manuscript in the possession of Mr. J. B. Pelletier, the Bourbon Street collector of antiques. The document treats of the part taken in the brief yet decisive combat against the British invaders by the Battalion of Orleans Volunteers, and gives a full roster of officers and men. It also comments on the valor, splendid appearance and patriotic service of the soldiers, and mentions, in special manner, the bravery of Lafitte, the buccaneer, and his intrepid French sailors, who helped Jackson, with their artillery, in repulsing the enemy. There are some kind appreciations of the battalion of colored freemen, whose intrepidity is commended.

The manuscript is wholly written in French, and is supposed to have been drafted by L. M. Raynaud, Adjutant of the Battalion of Orleans Volunteers.

The translation is as follows:

Roster of the Battalion
of
The Volunteers of Orleans
Which Took Such a Glorious
Part in the Defense of
New Orleans Against
the English
In December, 1814, and January, 1815.

“The Battalion of Orleans Volunteers distinguished itself by

its bravery and patriotism during the invasion of Louisiana by the English Army in 1814 and 1815, participated in all the skirmishes and in the final battle, and by its discipline and the promptness of the maneuvers turned the tide of fortune in favor of the American arms, in the bloody fight of the 28th to 30th December, 1814, and the combats of Jan. 1 and 8, and aided in the entire defeat of that powerful and numerous British Army that had dreamed, in advance, the conquest of this country and the acquisition of the wealth it possessed.

"That splendid body of Volunteers of Orleans, clad in brilliant uniforms, and perfectly disciplined, was composed, for the most part, of men who had seen war in Europe as French soldiers. The noble conduct of those brave strangers was the more commendable for the reason that they were not compelled to take arms in defense of Louisiana, notwithstanding the proclamation of martial law by General Jackson, December 14th. It was, therefore, with generous spontaneity that these French warriors offered their services to General Jackson in spite of the French Consul, who would have resorted to the plea of neutrality, his government being at that time at peace with Great Britain."

(Note by the translator: This statement of the narrator is greatly at variance with the account given by Martin in his "History of Louisiana," which shows the French Consul in an entirely different light, and instead of speaking of him as a quasi-enemy, states that he had taken part in the Revolutionary War on the side of the Americans. Martin says: "There were in the city a very great number of French subjects, who, from their national character, could not have been compelled to perform military duty; these men, however, with hardly any exception, volunteered their services. The Chevalier de Touzac, the Consul of France, who had distinguished himself and lost an arm in the service of the United States during the Revolutionary War, lamenting that the neutrality of his nation did not allow him to lead his countrymen in New Orleans to the field, encouraged them to flock to Jackson's standard.")

THE NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

"The battalion of free colored men from San Domingo, which was under command of Major Louis D'Aquin, subject to the

orders of Colonel J. B. Plauche, had an adjutant Major Louis Chatry, and for captain, Bayou Savary. It numbered 260 men, divided into four companies, as follows: One company of grenadiers, one company of chasseurs, and two of ordinary infantry. That colored battalion was posted at the left of the Orleans Volunteers the night of December 23, and shared all its perils during the invasion.

"The colored Louisiana Battalion, composed of free men of color, was commanded by Major Pierre Lacoste, under orders of Colonel J. B. Plauche, and had as adjutant, Major Fauche Colson, and was composed of five companies, of which one was grenadiers and another chasseurs, and a band of music, a total of 382 men. That colored battalion having been detailed at Chef Menteuf, could not participate in the preliminary skirmishes, and reached the fortified camp on the 29th of December and was posted between the Orleans Volunteers and the San Domingo Battalion.

THE ORLEANS RIFLEMEN.

"This company was commanded by Captain Beale. It was an active participant in the bloody nocturnal engagement of December 23, and numbered seventy-eight men. Not wishing to join the Orleans Volunteers, but preferring to retain its independence of partisan company, the corps of Orleans Riflemen followed a company of Tennesseans that had just arrived, under command of a general of militia named Coffee, who proposed surprising the right wing of the British Army, and failed in the attempt, losing part of the attacking column. Captain Beale fared very ill. His company was ambushed by the enemy and most of his men were killed or taken prisoners, except eighteen who escaped in the darkness and spent all of the next day wandering in the marshes and reached the American camp the succeeding night, almost perishing from hunger and lassitude."

The newspapers of the North are censured for having published that the militiamen from Tennessee and Kentucky fought in all the engagements.

"The truth is," says the narrator, "that those soldiers reached New Orleans on the fifth day of January, 1815, two weeks after the first skirmish, and that the Orleans Volunteers, the colored

battalions, and the French corsairs faced the British army, day and night, and bore the brunt of the successive attacks of the enemy. The militiamen from upriver were in the big battle of January 8th; so that the principal share of the glory must be given to the brave men, who were constantly occupied since December in fighting for their country. Louisianians should not forget that Major H. de St. Geme is justly entitled to the distinction of having saved this country from the enemy. His services and his feats of arms were invaluable, and it was the Major who directed the work of making a fortified camp which proved our salvation.

THE FRENCH CORSAIRS.

"The Orleans Volunteers received most valuable aid on December 29, when the crews of the corsair vessels, and their officers offered their services to commandants Plauche and de St. Geme. General Jackson was greatly pleased at that unexpected re-enforcement, because he was not only short of men, but needed artillery.

"He engaged the Frenchmen as artillerists, and they immediately erected formidable batteries along the line of defense, and those valorous men served their guns with such coolness, activity, and promptitude that they silenced and dismantled all the English pieces, of whatever caliber, and cannon and cannoneers were seen to fly high into the air. It is but just to pay a tribute to the bravery of those intrepid sailors, who aided, so effectively, in saving our country from the enemy. The American nation owes them a debt of eternal gratitude.

"Two strong detachments of the corsairs were sent, the one to Fort Plaquemines and the other to Fort Coquilles, and they victoriously defended the forts against the British fleet, and compelled the enemy's ships to retire.

"The leaders of those intrepid French sailors, who by their valor were like the famous filibusters of the time of Louis XIV, were: Captains J. Beluche and Dominique You, and Jean Lafitte, who commanded the detachments of artillery in the fortified camp; Captains J. Lajau, La Maison and Colson, at Fort St. Philip, and J. L. Songy, P. Liqueet and Pierre Lafitte, at Fort Coquilles."

(Fort St. Phillip is on the Mississippi River, below the city of New Orleans, and Fort Coquilles was on the Rigolets, between Lake Borgne and Lake Pontchartrain, on the present site of Fort Pike.)

THE STAFF, RANK AND FILE.

The chronicler gives a complete list of the staff, company commanders and of the soldiers who took part in the battle of January 8th. Many of those names are still extant in these times, and are borne by worthy descendants of brave and patriotic ancestors. No one can peruse the appended lists of names without immediately recognizing the name of some prominent and respected family of Louisiana.

Roster of the Orleans Battalion of Volunteers: Staff—General J. B. Plauche, Commander; L. M. Raynaud, Adjutant; Garrigues Flaujac, Secretary; Emile Sainet, Quartermaster; Yves Le Monnier, Surgeon.

Company of Carbineers: Pierre Roche, Captain; Coeur de Roy, First Lieutenant; Barthelmy Grima, Second Lieutenant; Chas. Roche, Third Lieutenant; A. Tourla, Sergeant Major; P. Soubercaze, Jean Desvignes, Jean Guadix, J. B. Turpin, J. P. Lanaux, Alex Chopin, Sergeants; Felix Leternod, T. B. Marchand, B. Tremoulet, G. Belaude, S. Guesnard, E. J. Forstall, J. Huard, F. Rondeau, Corporals.

Company of Foot Dragoons: Jean St. Jean, Lieutenant, commanding as captain; Francois Beneteaud, L. Dulhuquod, L. P. Huet, Lieutenants; Vincent Gautier, Nicholas Mioton, Louis Dubignon, J. J. Hecke, Brigadiers.

Company of Sharpshooters: Jean Hudry, Captain; Eugene Fremont, Etienne Berthel, Lieutenants; A. Chevalion, Sergeant Major; Jerome Tourne, Francois Girodeau, Antoine Robert, Sergeants; Jean Touchet, Eusebe Sperrier, N. Vassal, Jean Guerin, Corporals.

Company of the "Louisiana Blues:" Maunsell White, Captain; F. S. Girault, First Lieutenant; Nicholas Thompson, Second Lieutenant; John Phillipp, Richard Nesbit, Wm. Garlick, Sergeants; Dan Scott, Peter Gofforth, Louis Robertson, Corporals,

Company of "Chasseurs": Auguste Guibert, Captain; T. C.

St. Romes, First Lieutenant; Louis Pilie, Second Lieutenant; J. J. Cuerrouhard, Sergeant Major; Vic Pidou, J. D. Couvertie, Louis Couvertie, J. B. Lamothe, L. S. St. Cyr, Sergeants; Alex Nadau, Nicolas Pessou, J. B. Ducayet, Chas. Bouny, Corporals.

Recapitulation: Staff, 8; sappers, 6; drummers, 10; musicians, 18; carbineers, 127; dragoons, 132; sharpshooters, 68; Louisiana Blues, 48; Chasseurs, 100. Total military force, 517.

NOTES OF THE TRANSLATOR—THE ROLL OF HONOR.

Dr. Yves Le Monnier, surgeon on the staff of General Plauche, was an ancestor of Dr. Yves R. Le Monnier, who was not many years ago Coroner for the Parish of Orleans and is an eminent practitioner.

Among the officers of carbineers may be mentioned the following whose descendants are honored citizens of New Orleans: B. Grima, Second Lieutenant; J. B. Turpin, Sergeant; Alexandre Chopin, Sergeant; T. B. Marchand, B. Tremoulet, E. J. Forstall, J. Huard, Corporals.

In the Foot Dragoons—Alex Bonneval, Quartermaster; Vincent Gautier, Nicolas Mioton, Brigadiers.

In the Sharpshooters—Jerome Tourne, Antoine Rober, Jean Guerin, Corporals.

In the Louisiana Blues, which was almost entirely composed of native Americans or naturalized Americans of the Anglo-Saxon race, was Maunsell White, Captain, who was a naturalized American of Irish nativity, and who, it is said, invented the famous "sauce" named after him.

Among the officers of the Louisiana Blues were: F. S. Girault, John Phillips, Dan Scott, Louis Robertson.

The company of Chasseurs was composed chiefly of Frenchmen, or of Louisianians of French descent. Among the officers we find: Auguste Guibert, Captain; T. C. de St. Romes, Lieutenant; Louis Pilie, Lieutenant; J. B. Couvertie, Louis Couvertie; Sergeants; L. S. St. Cyr and Valsin Cavalier, Sergeants; Nicholas Pessou, J. B. Ducayet, Charles Bouny, Corporals.

Among the private soldiers who fought well and nobly there were: Ant Barbarin, J. B. Castant, Francois Duplessis, J. L. St.

Cyr, Vincent Moreau, Michel St. Avide, J. B. Durel, Jean Bozant, Germain Musson, Etienne Laborde, Justin Turpin, L. Pellerin, Drausin Fagot, Neuville Durel, Henri Mercier, Fulgence Trepagnier, J. H. Sheppard, Alex Prieur, Louis Garidel, Pierre L. Morel, Henry McCall, Manuel Garcia, J. B. Latour, J. B. Ducayet, J. Jacques Desforges, Baptiste St. Amand, Jean Bacas, Paul Labarre, P. Ed Foucher, J. L. Morin, Auguste Tete, L. T. Jourdan, Vincent Nolte, Eugent Marchand, Jul Hardy, Philippe Lanaux, Philippe Pedesclaux, J. F. Generelly, Charles Lanaux, Fulgence Perilliat, Philippe Vienne, Hilaire Courcelle, Theophile Legendre, Achille Rivard, Sebastien Ganuchaux, Celino Chamette, William Mitchell, Ludoisky Hollander, all of the Carbineers.

J. Louis Arnault, J. P. Ducoing, Theodore Diplantier, Vincent Charleville, Jean Mouton, Alexis Le Gros, Charles Lauzun, Drausin Riviere, Francois Camus, J. L. Duperron, Pierre L. Dubois, Joseph Massicot, Francois Correjolles, Marius Michel, Marin Le Beau, Rocheville Menard, Paul Maurin, Constant Michel, Hyacinthe Ferrier, J. J. Durand, Fanfan Ferrier, F. C. Pelletier, Henri Ramel, J. P. Raymond, Cadet Lavergne, Jules Dreux, Pierre Lambert, Edmond Dreux, Celestin Durand, Victor Barbot, Prosper Fleury, Jean B. Davis, Jules Dauphin, of the Dragoons.

Robert Guichard, Thomas Fourcade, Gabriel Toledano, Bertrand Frederic, Raphael Toledano, Valere St. Germain, Laurent Le Vasseur, Lionis Mortimer, Joseph Toledano, Paul Hoffman, Alexis Guillemin, Georges Boullemet, Pierre Landreaux, Louis Lafite, Hippolite Lagan, Pierre Rousseau, Ant. Dicharry, Desire Barthelmy, of the Sharpshooters.

John Hagan, Philip Laidlaw, James Prior, Josiah Whitney, John Sharp, Chas. Dameron, Arthur O'Neill, James Hall, Christopher Hays, Jere Lambert, Dan Jourdan, John Arstrong, Alfred Moore, H. William Palfrey, Ralph McCracken, Lynster O'Donnell, J. C. Nicholls, Wm. McClelland, John McClelland, Thaddeus Nicholls, William Smith, Simon White, C. Ralph Jones. Lee Whitehead, Pat O'Meara, of the Louisiana Blues.

Alexandre Shomerg, J. Baptiste Lepretre, Gabriel Montamat, Auguste McClelland, Fabre Daunoy, Bernard Dupuy,

Michel Meilleur, J. S. Lamothe, Francois de La Mothe, Charles Maurian, Regnault Drouet, Sylvain Peyroux, Jacques C. Nicaud, Antoine Gravier, J. B. Blanchard, Antoine Richard, Denis Bonnabel, Lucien Lafferranderie, Valentin Lefebvre, J. Bapt. Gilly, Alexandre Guerin, Cyprien Bourke, Christophe Maurin, Onesime Lambert, Bernard Ducham, Ambroise Meunier, J. Baptiste Desdues, Jean Longpre, Poincy Desbunes, Francois Calogne, Lucien Leclerc, H. Meridier, L'Amoureux Meilleur, Roucheville Menard, J. B. Laporte.

JAMES M. AUGUSTIN.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, February 17, 1907.

PRESIDENCY OF THE CONFEDERACY OFFERED STEPHENS AND REFUSED.

Colonel David Twiggs Hamilton, of Georgia, tells this story of why Alexander H. Stephens was not elected President of the Southern Confederacy:

"The subject was broached to Mr. Stephens on the way to Montgomery," says Colonel Hamilton. "Mr. Toombs took the train with us at Crawfordville, and we found Mr. Chestnut, of South Carolina, aboard. He came over and took the seat in front of Mr. Stephens and me. Mr. Toombs was in the seat behind.

" 'Mr. Stephens,' said Chestnut, 'the delegation from my State has been conferring and has decided to look to Georgia for a President.'

" 'Well, sir,' Mr. Stephens replied, 'we have Mr. Toombs, Mr. Cobb, Governor Jenkins and Governor Johnson. Either will suit; I will give my vote to either.'

" 'We are only looking to you and Mr. Toombs, Mr. Stephens,' Chestnut answered positively. 'No other names were mentioned, and the majority of the delegation favors you.'

" 'No, that can never be, that can never be,' Mr. Stephens replied excitedly. And I thought his face turned a little pale.

" 'What is it, Alec?' Toombs asked, leaning over the back of our seat.

" 'Come over here,' Stephens told him.

OPPOSED TO SECESSION.

"I started to get up to give Toombs my seat, but Mr. Stephens put a hand on my knee, and Mr. Toombs took the place beside Mr. Chestnut, who repeated the proposition, very candidly saying that a majority of the South Carolina delegation favored Mr. Stephens.

" 'That settles it, Alec,' said Toombs. 'You are the choice of

the Georgia delegation; we have talked it over, so you must let us present your name to the convention.'

"'No,' repeated Mr. Stephens. 'No, I have not been in this movement. I was opposed to secession. I cannot take any office under the government. It would not be judicious; it would not be good policy to put me forward for any position.'

"'Alec—' Mr. Toombs began; but Mr. Stephens would not let him speak, so he laughed and changed the subject.

"That was the last of it on the train, but we hadn't been an hour in Montgomery when Willy P. Harris and Colonel A. M. Cambe called. Harris was the first spokesman, and he went straight to the point.

"'The Mississippi delegation prefer you for President, Mr. Stephens,' said he. 'And we have come to ask if you will allow us to present your name.'

"'Gentlemen, I cannot be a candidate for the Presidency of the Southern Confederacy,' he replied. 'I was opposed to secession. You must eliminate my name as a candidate for all offices under the government. It would be bad policy for you to present my name.'

"Campbell bent forward, listening to Stephens earnestly. The instant the last words fell from his tongue he spoke.

"'You are mistaken, sir!' he cried. 'It would be good policy. The very best policy, sir. You opposed secession. You had good reasons—weighty reasons, sir. The whole country—North and South—the whole world, knows your reasons. You are the only man to whom the Unionists will give their cordial support. You are the only man who can take away from this movement the character of a rebellion.'

ARGUES THE POINT.

"Mr. Stephens had by this time recovered from his irritation, and appeared more willing to argue the point.

"'I think you do the Unionists injustice, Colonel Campbell,' he replied. 'While they earnestly opposed the movement, when the ordinance of secession was passed they bowed to the will of the majority and have all expressed their determination to sustain and defend their State.'

“‘You understand, of course, that I speak only of the party in my own State. I am told that the Union feeling was not so strong in Mississippi. Conditions are doubtless different with you.’

“‘No, about the same; about the same,’ Colonel Campbell rejoined. The Union feeling is just as strong, though their votes are not so numerous as they were when they elected Henry S. Foote and defeated Jeff Davis for Governor.

“‘They acted in Mississippi just about as they did in Georgia. They declared their willingness to sustain and defend; but for success in this movement we must have more than their willingness; we must have their enthusiasm.

“‘We need and must have the enthusiastic support of the Unionists of the Southern States. It is our best policy, Mr. Stephens, and you are the best man for furthering that policy, sir.’

“After arguing for about two hours they got him to the point of saying he would consider, then very wisely withdrew.

THE OFFER REPEATED.

“The next day Judge Chilton and Colin McRea, of the Alabama delegation, called for the same purpose. Their shadows had hardly left Stephens’ door, when Keitt, of South Carolina, and Mr. Toombs made their appearance—at least Toombs didn’t make his appearance. He sat out in the passageway, and when I let Keitt in Toombs put his finger to his lips and shook his head.

“Well, Keitt talked and talked and talked. I never knew a man who could beat Keitt talking.

“‘You are the preference of the South Carolina delegation for President, Mr. Stephens, and I am sent to ask if you will serve if elected?’ was what it all amounted to.

“Mr. Stephens listened thoughtfully to all he had to say. When Keitt stopped, waiting for his reply, there was a moment’s silence. I don’t believe I ever was more anxious in my life. I knew what Mr. Stephens’ inclination was, and I had heard his prayer the night after the secession of Georgia.

“‘If I am the unanimous choice of the delegates, as well as the States, and can organize a cabinet with such concert of

ideas and ability as will justify the hope of success, I will take it,' said he, 'But on no other conditions.'

"Mr. Keitt left satisfied, and Mr. Toombs was jubilant. When I returned to the room Mr. Stephens was smoking.

"At the time Montgomery was full to overflowing. Besides the accredited delegates from the six seceding States, there were many politicians and delegates—unofficial, of course—from Virginia, from Maryland, from North Carolina, Texas, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri and Arkansas.

"All represented the radical secessionists of their States, and all were rabid for war. We knew what work had to be done, but Mr. Stephens never opened his lips. Never once was the matter mentioned between us.

"On the evening of February 8th, after the adoption of the Constitution, a motion was made to go into the election of the chief officers. Somebody, I forget who, moved that the election should take place the next day at 12 o'clock, and in the meantime the delegations should consult separately. That was decided on and the meeting adjourned.

"We had hardly reached our hotel when in walked Toombs and Keitt, followed by Judge Chilton, Willy Harris, General Sparrow and Henry Marshall, of Louisiana; Morton and Owen, of Florida, and the whole Georgia delegation. Toombs was the spokesman, and I never saw him in a better humor or looking handsomer.

"'Alec,' said he, 'you are the choice of every man in Congress, and all of us are ready to pledge ourselves to help you form your cabinet. There is only one point—those fellows from Virginia and the border States want you to promise to strike the first blow.'

"For a moment there was perfect silence. I believe every man in the room held his breath. Mr. Stephens made no reply and Mr. Toombs went on.

"'Those fellows say their States are hanging in the balance, ready to turn with the first blow. They know Buchanan will never dare to strike us; they believe Lincoln will be as cowardly.

"'Now they want the question settled in their States, and they want you to promise when the first opportunity offers, say if

the Administration should attempt to reinforce or provision Sumter, you will strike the first blow.'

"For about two heartbeats they faced, that magnificent specimen of manhood and that fragile, emaciated little man.

WOULD NOT STRIKE THE FIRST BLOW.

"'No, I will never never strike the first blow at the Union,' said Mr. Stephens, speaking slowly and distinctly.

"'Alec!' cried Mr. Toombs.

"They gazed into each other's eyes. Then, without a word, Toombs turned and walked out of the room, with the other delegates at his heels.

"I afterward understood that many of the delegations sat up all night caucusing; that Toombs was the second choice with the members of Congress, but the delegates from the undecided States did not consider him radical enough.

"They said he would make Mr. Stephens his premier, and be guided by his advice. Cobb and Rhett's names were both considered, but the radicals would not accept either. After further skirmishing Jeff Davis' name was presented, and the radicals made no objections.

"For the sake of harmony, the other delegates fell into line, and the next morning, February 9, 1861, the Hon. Jefferson Davis was unanimously elected President of the Confederate States of America."

THE KEYSVILLE GUARDS.

The Keysville Brigade, of which I was a member, took part in about twenty-five engagements, the least of which would be reckoned as a battle. I will proceed to give a few facts connected with our career as a company, and to make a few remarks on our experience during that time which "tried men's souls."

We began our service in West Virginia, June 15, 1861, under General Robert Selden Garnett, who was killed at Carricks Ford, Cheat River, on our retreat from Laurel Hill. Later we served under General H. R. Jackson at Greenbriar River, in Pocahontas county, thence to the Valley of Virginia with the great "Stone-wall" as our leader. Beginning with Hancock, Bath and Romney, we took part in all his strategic moves, and followed him through this entire campaign. General Banks was our objective point at all times. He was famous for carrying a good stock of provisions—a fact which we appreciated and enjoyed almost as much as his own men—for it was a joke commented on by the newspapers of the country at the time, both North and South, "that Banks was Jackson's commissary."

As well as I can recollect, the last work we did while in the Valley was when we defeated him and Milroy at Cross Keys and took possession of some of their provision wagons, sending them back towards Winchester wiser for their severe lesson in the art of war, and sadder for the loss of many men and a good part of their commissary train. For our part, we continued our course to Port Republic, where Jackson fell upon Shields with such force that his army was completely demoralized, and he forced to flee in confusion down the Valley over the same ground he marched his men so confidently a few days before. Jackson was now master of the situation in this part of the State.

After giving us a few days rest at Weyer's Cave, he brought us by forced marches face to face with McClellan, who had just begun seriously to threaten Richmond. Then followed the fighting around Richmond, that resulted in our turning McClellan's right flank and forcing him back upon his gunboats.

By this move the siege of Richmond was raised, McClellan was disposed of, and we were ordered to Culpeper county to meet General Pope, who had just found a new way to Richmond.

At Cedar Mountain, Pope lost his way, his enthusiasm for Richmond, and ultimately his command in consequence of an unfavorable meeting with Jackson's army at this point. Much might be said of this vain Federal officer and his behavior on the occasion of this battle, but as he is not here to defend himself, and has passed to the other side of the river where all of us good soldiers must assemble ere long, I pass by in silence what would not be complimentary to relate.

Second Battle of Manassas, Gaines's Mill, Harper Ferry and Sharpsburg came along in a few days of each other, all resulting favorably to our side, except Sharpsburg, which is conceded by both sides to have been a drawn battle.

Next comes Fredericksburg, with Jackson on the right driving his adversary General Franklin, back over the river to Stafford Heights. This was about December 13, 1862, and the winter practically put an end to further operations in Virginia for this year. We went into winter quarters at Skinker's Neck, and remained here inactive till late in April, 1863.

The next battle in which we were engaged was the one which in my mind, was the greatest of all the battles fought in the Civil War—the battle of Chancellorsville, May 2, 1863.

Here Jackson, by one of his rapid, unobserved movements like the tiger's in springing upon his prey, fell suddenly upon General Howard's German troops, throwing them into such confusion that the battle was lost to "Fighting Joe," and he, too, had to come out of the wilderness and fall back across the Rapahannock River. This move has been discussed a great deal, and just where the credit for the success of it belongs I do not know, but it is generally conceded to Jackson. To say the least of it, it was a grand idea marvelously carried out, and many of the old "foot cavalry" who are alive to-day are proud to say they took part in a movement which was such a grand success against much great odds. But alas, it was a dear victory, for it was here that Jackson lost his life and the Confederacy one of its most substantial pillars. Our leader was taken from us to the

other side of the river, leaving us to mourn his loss as a man and a soldier, and to emulate the virtues that raised him to the first rank among the generals of the world. But for his genius as a soldier he could not have won the recognition and praise of the world as he did, and but for his private virtue as a man he could not have left us in his death so priceless a treasure of regret.

We were also at Gettysburg, where heavy strokes were delivered and prodigies of valor performed by Lee's repulsed army during the three days' fight there; but when the order came to charge the heights and the strong rock lines on Culp's Hill, I felt in my soul that if only Jackson were here all would be well, for it was always his policy never to assault strongholds or storm positions as impregnable as these. He always found a way to move the enemy, and at the same time save his own men.

The last battle we took part in was the battle of Spotsylvania Courthouse, one of the bloodiest of the war, and the only one in which I remember seeing General Lee lose his head on being repulsed; but he did on this occasion, and to the extent of attempting to personally lead a charge to recover his broken line. This fight ended our war career, for the whole of Johnson's Division, to which we belonged, was captured at the Bloody Angle on the 12th of May, 1864. We were taken to the northern prison at Fort Delaware, where we spent the next thirteen months till the close of the war.

I have written these few thoughts from memory, which is very vivid as to some of the events of this stormy period, and have done so for the purpose of showing the honorable career of the company to which I belonged, and that I am proud of being a member of it.

ROLL OF KEYSVILLE GUARDS.

Organized at Keysville, Va., Charlotte county, May 2, 1861, and mustered into the service of the Confederate States of America at Richmond, Va., May 20, 1861. Assigned to the Twenty-third Virginia Regiment, of Virginia Volunteers, William B. Taliaferro, colonel commanding, and designated as Company K. A. W. Bailey, captain. Died since the war.

G. N. Ralls, first lieutenant. Died since the war.

S. T. Walton, second lieutenant. Killed at battle of Mine Run; lieutenant-colonel of regiment.

N. A. Bass, third lieutenant. Whereabouts not known.

W. H. Gregory, first sergeant. Killed at battle of McDowell.

J. H. Pettus, second sergeant. Wounded at Kernstown; living in Charlotte county.

A. B. Crawford, third sergeant. Lost left arm at Sharpsburg; living in Charlotte county.

H. G. Fore, fourth sergeant. Died in hospital in Highland county, Va.

Mike Shellings, first corporal. Died at Pikesville, Md., Soldiers' Home.

Joseph Robinson, second corporal. Died since the war.

R. S. Ward, third corporal. Lost left arm at McDowell; living near Keysville, Va.

P. A. Booth, fourth corporal. Killed at Brandy Station.

John A. Tucker, company commissary. Living at Rocksboro, N. C.

PRIVATES.

Anderson, C. B. Wounded and died.

Ashworth, W. A. Dead.

Ashworth, A. W. Wounded at Second Battle of Manassas; living in Lunenburg county.

Atwell, Wm. Missing at battle of Laurel Hill.

Burke, J. A. At Soldiers' Home, Richmond, Va.

Brooks, I. P. Dead.

Berry, Jerry. Missing.

Barry, John. Wounded; died in hospital.

Bentley, David. Died in hospital.

Cox, Richard. Killed at battle of Chancellorsville.

Cox, C. H. Living in Prince Edward county.

Cole, J. D. Dead.

Cole, Henry. Killed at battle of the Wilderness.

Cook, Josiah. Lost left arm at battle of McDowell; dead.

Cassada, W. H. Dead.

Couch, Wm. B. Dead.

- Crawford, J. M. Dead.
Crenshaw, J. D. Died in hospital during the war.
Crenshaw, G. O. Wounded at Carrick's Ford; died.
Crenshaw, J. N. Dead.
Creed, Daniel. Missing.
Davenport, W. J. Killed at Drakes' Branch, Va.
Dixon, Wm. Missing on Laurel Hill retreat.
Evans, W. S. Killed, 1864.
Eubank, W. L. Transferred; dead.
Eubank, James F. Living in Lunenburg county.
Eubank, Philip. Killed at Kernstown.
Estes, James. Died in hospital.
Fleming, Ned. Discharged as British subject; dead.
Fleming, Wm. Wounded at Greenbrier River; dead.
Fore, James. Transferred to artillery; dead.
Foster, W. D. Wounded at Sharpsburg; living in Charlotte county.
Foster, J. T. Living in Charlotte county.
Goode, W. O. Dead.
Hankins, Ed. Died at Fort Delaware.
Hankins, T. C. Wounded at Kernstown; dead.
Hankins, L. A. Wounded; dead.
Hankins, J. H. Living in Charlotte county.
Howard, John. Died at Fort Delaware.
Haley, J. E. Wounded at Second Battle Manassas; living in Charlotte county.
Harris, J. H. Dead.
Keeling, A. W. Dead.
Lee, J. H. Transferred to cavalry; dead.
Lock, Thomas. Killed at Mine Run.
McLean, George. Missing.
Morris, M. C. Living at Strasburg, Va.
Morton, James. Killed at Strasburg.
Mayes, Moseley. Soldiers' Home.
McCargo, John. Living near Reedsville, N. C.
Mahoney, Cain. Killed at Carrick's Ford.
Palmore, N. C. Soldiers' Home.
Pettus, J. O. Killed at Kernstown.

Purcell, W. E. Died in hospital.
Roberts, B. A. Living at Chase City, Va.
Robinson, John. Dead.
Robinson, M. Wounded at Second Battle of Manassas; dead.
Robinson, C. T. Dead.
Robinson, Wm. Died in hospital.
Rosser, E. L. Dead.
Rawlins, M. Died in hospital at Winchester, Va.
Sharp, Moses. Died in hospital.
Shannon, James. Missing.
Smith, W. P. Living at Amelia Courthouse, Va.
Tatum, S. C. Died at Fort Delaware.
Ward, Taylor. Wounded; living near Keysville, Va.
Ward, Wm. Dead.
Webb, Wyart. Living at Boydton, Va.
Weatherford, John. Died in field hospital.
Willis, S. M. Living near Keysville, Va.
Williams, A. H. Wounded at Bloody Angle, Spotsylvania county, living near Charlotte Courthouse.

B. A. ROBERTS.
Third Orderly Sergeant.

From the *News Leader*, May 6, 1908.

HOT NIGHT FIGHT AT STONY CREEK.

Virginian Guided a Flank Attack at Farm He Was Born On—Movement Which Broke Wilson's Great Raid.

Working Through a Swamp in the Dark With Talk of "Dominecker" Which Was Found to Be Unfounded.

Captain W. R. Brooks, of the Hampton Legion, now a resident of Abbeville county, S. C., is publishing a series of extracts from his forthcoming book on scout services with Hampton in the Civil War. In one of these articles, recently published he tells a story of special interest to people in this part of Virginia. After describing the return from the fight with Sheridan at Trevillian's, and General M. C. Butler's interview with General R. E. Lee in the latter's tent at Petersburg, he says:

We moved in a column of fours through the city of Petersburg and after clearing the city struck out in a southerly direction, skirting the Petersburg and Weldon railroad. After getting out about seven miles we halted for the night and bivouacked in a field filled with shocks of bearded wheat. The bearded wheat was the forage for our horses (would kill the average horse now) but our poor tired animals appeared to enjoy it. How the men were provided with rations I cannot now recall, but in those days we were young and did not quail before hardships. Well, we spent the night in the wheat-field and bright and early by daylight the twenty-eight day of June, we were mounted and set out for Stony Creek, thirteen miles away, reaching there in time. Meantime General Hampton had come down from Richmond on the train and joined us, our vigilant and restless scouts (God bless them) kept us informed of Wilson's whereabouts and movements. On the strength of their information General Hampton posted the Holcombe Infantry Legion (in which my old friend Dick Anderson, now from Edgefield, S. C., was a private, youthful but a first class gallant soldier) and the cavalry dismounted with our right and left resting on a swamp, about two or three

miles from Stony Creek Station on the Petersburg and Weldon railroad and a short distance from Sappony church.

Wilson undertook to break through our lines shortly after dark by making a most determined assault with his dismounted cavalry and horse artillery. We gave him a warm reception and drove him back. He renewed the attack at intervals throughout the night, always with the same result; when we would lay down behind the line of breastwork—thrown up on the shortest notice—of fence rails, logs, rocks or any old thing in reach that would stop bullets and relieved each other with naps of sleep, always, however, with their guns ready to fire at their sides. Up we would jump on the approach of Wilson's lines and pour a volley from the Enfield rifles into their ranks in the dark, which Wilson's men could not stand. This was kept up all night—a most remarkable combat.

Now let me give the facts of an incident that came within the knowledge of the couriers, for we were active participants. Some time after midnight General Butler rode down our lines to the right to reconnoitre. He came upon the Thirteenth Virginia cavalry, commanded by that splendid specimen of a soldier, Lieutenant-Colonel Phillips. Colonel Phillips informed General Butler that the Yankees had one of their batteries in the yard of the mother of one of his men, Young Eppes. That the young man, born and raised there, was thoroughly familiar with the locality, and could pilot a column on the west side of the swamp, pass Wilson's left and get in his rear. General Butler sent for the young man and learned from him that a flank movement was practicable. General Butler reported this to General Hampton, saying that if he was furnished with one hundred picked men he would get in Wilson's rear before daylight. General Hampton rather reluctantly consented but directed General Butler to select his men and undertake the movement.

The selecting and organization of the 100 men was the of a very short time. We moved off with young Eppes by General Butler's side at the head of the column, with officers and couriers immediately at their heels. Passing down the swamp as quietly as mice, protected from view by the darkness and dense thicket, we moved through a level broom sage

old field which muffled the tread of the horses and got beyond Wilson's extreme left. We could hear the officers in charge of the battery in Mrs. Eppes's field, giving orders for the firing. After getting some distance beyond Wilson's left, the guide thought the crossing through the swamp was sufficiently firm to get us over, consequently we turned in, but had not proceeded far when the young man suggested he was afraid it would not be safe on account of the boggy condition of the swamp. He said there was another crossing lower down, so we pulled out and proceeded further down, made a second attempt and again the guide thought it was too boggy. We could hear the old soldiers in the rear saying "the dominecker has struck that boy, but the old general will sit up with him until he finds a way over."

The sequel will show how unfounded were their criticisms. When we pulled out a second time General Butler remarked with some impatience, "Is there any other place we can cross," "Yes, sir," replied the guide, "there is a better crossing lower down, still." Well, we proceeded to the third crossing, started in and the guide suggested that he was afraid that was not safe, General Butler then turned to him and said, "Now young man, if you do not conduct this column over this swamp I will have you tied to your horse and send you in front." The result was we moved rapidly across, rather boggy in some places, dismounted, sent the horses back and deployed in open order, as far as a hundred men would reach. With that formation we were immediately in Wilson's rear.

Daylight was near at hand when we moved up and opened fire before the enemy had any knowledge of our presence. The scene that followed baffles description; as Old Bill McKinley says, the "fur flew." When General Hampton heard our fire in Wilson's rear he pushed forward to the main line and our friends, the Yankees, were literally between two fires. There was but one thing for them to do—get out of that "neck of woods," and they did so without ceremony or leave.

They were completely demoralized; they would rush through our thin line of skirmishers in squads of twenty or thirty, decorated with all kinds of paraphernalia they had stolen from the people on their raid. It was not uncommon for our boys to

have personal encounters with them, when the butts of our rifles served a good purpose. When we formed and moved up to attack it, it was discovered that the "dominecker" had not struck our gallant young guide, Eppes, who was among the foremost in the fray. He was more familiar with the swamp than any of us, and may have been over cautious as a pilot across it, but it was not fear or timidity, as his subsequent conduct proved.

Instead of crossing the Petersburg and Weldon railroad at or near Stone Creek Station, as the Yankee general, Wilson, evidently intended, he took a long circle with his demoralized troopers. How or when he reached Grant's lines this deponent sayeth not, but that he had about the roughest time of his life I think it will not be denied.

The Yankee raiders lost 1,200 prisoners, and besides there were numerous dead and wounded left on the fields and by-ways. But this, though bad enough, was not the worst of it for Wilson, for the demoralization produced by the mode of their escape was even more damaging to his troops than the losses.

From the *News Leader*, January 1, 1909.

THE LOCATION OF THE BATTLE ABBEY DECIDED.

Mrs. Anne S. Green, of Culpeper, who has returned from Georgia, where she attended the United Daughters of the Confederacy convention, put before that body the following correspondence, showing how the movement to have the Confederate Battle Abbey placed in Virginia first took form, twelve years ago:

Editor of the Times: The Battle Abbey of the Confederacy should be upon Virginia soil, not necessarily in Richmond, for want of space. God's acres of Confederate blood and bones, which lie under the soil along the Chickahominy, at Cold Harbor, Malvern Hill, and innumerable other points, all speak eloquently for Virginia to be chosen—this State, where the seven days' fight in McClellan's "On to Richmond" occurred; where the flower of Southern chivalry made their pyres' of mortal remains, blood spilled then which has now become with the soil indigenious—the most fitting place to choose to make this Battle Abbey. No need to choose towns or cities, upon which to place this great corporation, which is to be the Mecca for future generations to reverentially journey to. Virginia has an inalienable right to be selected. Her appeal is the just, high, holy sentiment of patriotism, which must be invoked, before this decision can be righteously and justly made. The selection of this site should not be a matter of dollars and cents—of course, such will be needed to perform their legitimate functions at the proper time. But first, we should be careful to make the proper selection, from the right motives, and then we can the better invite and invoke aid from those who will give of their substance only—upon the broad appeal of justice. All Confederates now living should have their say in this matter. The subject should be put before them intelligently. They came with

their commands from North, South, East and West; many of them fell for this Lost Cause on Virginia battlefields, many dear ones now living, were nursed to health and returned home, they can testify whether Virginia bore her part heroically; they can testify how she loved and suffered for this cause. The soldiers from Tennessee, Missouri, North Carolina, Maryland and all other States, who were gathered in Virginia—they can speak and tell how Virginia knew in this cause no locality, but only as Confederate soldiers, fighting in defense of a common cause, they were met and cared for. In Virginia they were fed and nursed; they can testify how her fields were green and forests full and how, after the war was over, she stood among the States naked, barren and scarred, deprived of her means, despoiled by the invader, for she was the great battlefield for the States, the camping-ground for both armies. Not one battle gave Virginia a claim to this abbey, but hundreds. It is these claims which makes for Virginia the greater plea. Let some of those veterans tell the story.

The proprietors of the land adjacent to these battlefields will give the land for this Battle Abbey. They who own the ground where the seven days' fight was fought, when the whole Confederate army in battle array, before the paid soldiers of a Federal invader, met, and where the fatal heroism fought to death the youth and flower of our hearts and homes. That vista of retrospective suffering appeals to those living and dead. That period when Virginia was mantled in the dark garb of sorrow, when every other house was a hospital, when Virginia matrons and maids vied with their faithful sisters from all sections, to alleviate the suffering of these dying sons, her own and those who came to Virginia to do their duty. Virginia was the home and birthplace of Robert E. Lee—another great and just appeal. Confederate veterans! do not let the want of a golden bid from Virginia wrest from her the right claim, to have this abbey built upon her soil, and as near to Richmond as reasonable space for those Confederate God's-acres can be procured. There will be a great mistake if any State than Virginia is selected. Truth and justice are the underlying strength of continued success. Stifle them, and

sooner or later your cause will weaken. We should build this Battle Abbey upon a safe foundation, if we would preserve it as an object lesson to teach our children the principles for which these heroes, of whose lives and death this abbey is a memorial, would we make it; of imperishable interest and reverence for future generations?

A CONFEDERATE MATRON,

Culpeper, Va., July 3, 1896.

My Dear Mrs. Green; Thanks for the copies of your appeal to the people in the matter of the Battle Abbey. For myself, I cannot see the reason why the Confederate executive mansion is not the most fitting place for the memorials of our struggle. It is quite large enough for the purpose, and if not, there is ample ground around the house for an annex. It seems to me but preposterous to think of Washington city as a site for such a museum.

Your article is very well considered and should have a good deal of weight, coming as it does from the daughter of a gallant soldier, whose name was the synonym of honor and patriotism.

Believe me, very sincerely yours,

V. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

New York, Aug. 17, 1896.

The Buckingham.

My Dear Mrs. Green; Yours came safely and read with much interest.

As I have written you already, I am with you in the Richmond view, and will help in any way I am able. But it is not possible for me to write for it. I am forging my way to the front slowly, I hope. But I must not impede that progress by work of any sort.

My correspondence is large, and all that I can do is to respond to my friends briefly in a few words.

But I will keep your views and wishes in mind and do what I can to make them prevail.

Charley Rouss wrote to me, in the beginning of his then proposed donation of the \$100,000, as he had done in all his benefactions. I replied, that I had nothing to say of his gift. It was exceeding beneficent, and I begged him to have nothing to do with its location and construction. He had already worn out his sight in building up an enterprise. He ought to risk no more in another.

He replied he would take my advice—he would give the money and leave to others its establishment. He has told me frequently that this he had consistently done. He was in town on the 4th of July and called to see me. In our conversation the Battle Abbey, of course, was talked of, and I told him I thought Richmond was its proper site.

I am unable to write more.

Most kindly yours,

FRED. W. M. HOLLIDAY.

Winchester, July 27, 1896.

Mrs. Green, whose effective agency in having the Battle Abbey placed in Virginia is justly established, in a communication published in the *News-Leader* of January 22d, 1908, urged that “the proper site for the Southern Mecca should be adjacent to the Confederate Museum, the home of the president of the Confederacy.” However, after prolonged debate and voting down several substitutes, R. E. Lee Camp, Confederate Veterans, held the same night, adopted by a vote of 27 to 15, the resolution of Adjutant J. Taylor Stratton, recommending that the Confederate Memorial building or “Battle Abbey,” be located at the intersection of Monument Avenue and the Boulevard, or at some point along the Boulevard in that general locality. A suggestion of Attorney General William A. Anderson, that the next legislature be petitioned for a part of the grounds of Lee Camp Soldiers’ Home, as a Confederate Memorial Park, with the Abbey in the centre, brought down prolonged applause.

Mr. St. George T. C. Bryan spoke of the difficulty of securing a foundation on the lot offered by the Memorial Literary Society, stating that "It is on a hillside overlooking the railroad and manufacturing hollow of the city. All of these hills have a tendency to slide, and it would require the most careful engineering and expensive work to insure permanent foundations, even were the building located on the central school lot."

Lieutenant-Governor J. Taylor Ellyson, president of the Confederate Memorial Association Trustees of the Battle Abbey fund, told of the formation and work of that association, and reported the fund for the erection of the building as now in hand. He reminded the camp that it was the women of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society who had pushed to conclusion the move to insure the erection of the Abbey by making a municipal appropriation of \$50,000.

Judge Geo. L. Christian and Lieutenant-Governor Ellyson, as members of the Battle Abbey Board of Trustees, were upon their request, excused from voting.—ED.

From the *Birmingham Age-Herald*, February 4, 1906.

BRILLIANT PAGE IN HISTORY OF WAR.

**Eye Witness Describes Bloody Battle of the Crater—
The Losses Were Heavy.**

**Gallant Conduct of Alabamians in Wilcox Brigade Related by Man
Who Took Part at Petersburg.**

**By Captain JOHN C. FEATHERSTON, 9th Alabama Regiment,
now of Lynchburg, Va.**

On the night of the 29th of July, 1864, Wilcox's old brigade of Alabamians, at that time commanded by Gen. J. C. C. Saunders, which was one of the five brigades composing Mahone's (formerly Anderson's), division, was occupying the breastworks to the right of Petersburg, at a point known as the Wilcox farm. The division consisted at the time of Wilcox's "old brigade" of Alabamians, Wright's Georgia brigade, Harris' Mississippi brigade, Mahone's Virginia brigade, and Perry's Florida brigade (by whom commanded at the time I fail to remember). All was quiet in our immediate front, but an incessant and rapid fire was going on to our left and immediately in front of Petersburg, where the main lines of the hostile armies were within eighty yards of each other. There was a rumor that the Federals were attempting to undermine our works, and were keeping up this continuous fire to shield their operations. The Confederate army had dug counter mines in front of our works at several points, but failed to sink them sufficiently deep to intercept the enemy and thwart their efforts, as was subsequently proven.

During the night of the 29th (I think about 2 o'clock), we received orders to get our men under arms and ready for action at a moment's notice, which convinced us that General Lee had important information. We remained thus until between daybreak and sunrise of the 30th of July, when suddenly the quiet and suspense was broken by a terrific explosion on our left.

The news soon reached our lines that the enemy had exploded a mine under a fort then known as "Elliott's Salient," subsequently named the "Crater," from its resemblance in shape to the crater of a volcano, and during the terrible struggle one in active operation, caused by the smoke and dust which ascended therefrom.

Mahone's was the "supporting division" of the army while in front of Petersburg, and consequently whenever the enemy was making serious attacks this command, or a part of it, was sent to reinforce the point assailed. Hence it was in many hard-fought battles while the army was in front of Petersburg.

WAS A BLOODY FIGHT.

Of the many battles in which this command engaged, however, none will equal or even approximate in bloody and stubborn fighting the battle of the "Crater," where the loss on the Federal side was five thousand and on the Confederate side one thousand eight hundred, out of the small number engaged, and all on about two acres of land. For quite awhile after the explosion all was quiet, but then commenced a severe cannonade by the Yankees, which was promptly replied to by the Confederate artillery.

Soon orders were received for two of our brigades to move to the point of attack. The Virginia and Georgia brigades, being on the right of the division, were withdrawn from the works in such a manner as not to be seen by the enemy, who were entrenched in strong force immediately in our front, and dispatched as directed. This occurred about 8 or 9 o'clock. About 11 o'clock an order came, delivered by that gallant officer, R. R. Henry, of Mahone's staff, for the Alabama (Wilcox's old) brigade. We were quietly withdrawn from the works, leaving the space which the three brigades had covered unoccupied except by a few skirmishers—one man every twenty paces—commanded by Maj. J. M. Crow, a brave officer of the Ninth Alabama regiment.

By a circuitous route we arrived at Blandford cemetery, and then entered a "zigzag," or circuitous, covered way, through which we had to pass in single file in order to shield ourselves from the fire of the enemy. We soon came out of the covered

way into a slight ravine which ran parallel with the enemy's line of fortifications and also our own, in which was the fort, now famous as the "Crater," and then occupied by the enemy."

SITUATION EXPLAINED.

As we came out of the covered way we were met by General Mahone, himself on foot, who called the officers to him, explained the situation, and gave us orders for the fight. He informed us that the brigades of Virginians and Georgians had successfully charged and taken the works on the left of the fort, but that the fort was still in the possession of the enemy, as was also a part of the works on the right of it, and we of the Alabama brigade were expected to storm and capture the fort, as we were the last of the reserves, it being necessary to retain our other two brigades in the main trenches. He directed us to move up the ravine as far as we could walk unseen by the enemy, and then to get down and crawl still farther up until we were immediately in front of the fort, then to lie down on the ground until our artillery, in the rear, could draw the fire of the enemy's artillery, which was posted on a ridge beyond their main line and covering the fort. When this was accomplished our artillery would cease firing, and then we should rise up and move forward in a stooping posture at "trail arms," with bayonets fixed, and should not yell or fire a gun until we drew the fire of the infantry in the fort and the enemy's main lines, and then we should charge at a "double-quick," so as to get under the walls of the fort before the enemy could fire their park of some fifty pieces of artillery stationed on the hill beyond their works. He further informed us that he had ordered our men, who then occupied the works on either side of the fort, to fire at the enemy when they should show themselves above the top of the fort or along their main line, so as to shield us as much as possible from their fire.

As we were leaving him he said: "General Lee is watching the result of your charge."

BRIGADE MOVES FORWARD.

The officers then returned to their places in line and ordered

the men to load and fix bayonets. Immediately the brigade moved up the ravine as ordered. As we started a soldier, worse disfigured by dirt, powder and smoke than any I had before seen, came up to my side and said: "Captain, can I go in this charge with you?" I replied: "Yes. Who are you?" He said: "I am —— (I have forgotten his name), and I belong to —— South Carolina regiment. I was blown up in that fort, and I want to even up with them. Please take my name, and if I get killed inform my officers of it." I said: "I have no time now for writing. How high up did they blow you?" He said: "I don't know; but as I was going up I met the company commissary coming down, and he said: 'I will try to have breakfast ready by the time you get back.'"

I have often since wished that even under those desperate circumstances, I had taken his name and regiment, for he was truly a "rough diamond," a brave fellow. He went in the charge with us, but I do not know whether he survived it or not. I never saw him again; but if he is alive and this page should ever meet his eye, I trust he will write to me.

Wilcox's old brigade, then commanded and led by the gallant and intrepid brigadier general, J. C. C. Saunders, as above stated, with Capt. George Clark, another brave officer, assistant adjutant general, was composed of the following regiments: Eighth Alabama, Capt. M. W. Mordecai commanding; Ninth Alabama, Col. J. H. King commanding; Tenth Alabama, Capt. W. L. Brewster commanding; Eleventh Alabama, Lieut. Col. George P. Tayloe commanding; Fourteenth Alabama, Capt. Elias Folk commanding.

NINTH ALABAMA IN FRONT.

The Ninth Alabama, being on the right of the brigade, was in front as we ascended the ravine, or depression, to form line of battle. I copy from the *Petersburg Express* the names of the officers who commanded the companies of this regiment, and would include a similar list of the officers of the other regiments but for the unfortunate fact that their names were not given. They are as follows: "Company A, Captain Hayes commanding; Company C, Sergt. T. Simmons commanding;

Company D, Capt. J. W. Cannon commanding; Company E, Lieut. M. H. Todd commanding; Company F, Capt. John C. Featherston commanding; Company H, Lieut. R. Fuller commanding; Company I, Lieut. B. T. Taylor commanding; Company K, Lieut. T. B. Baugh commanding.

By the report of Capt. George Clark, assistant adjutant general, this brigade of five regiments carried into the battle of the "Crater" 628 men, and of this number it lost eighty-nine. The brigade early in the war had numbered about five thousand. It will be observed that such had been our losses in former battles that regiments were commanded by captains and companies by sergeants, some of the companies having been so depleted that they had been merged into other companies.

After we had crawled up in front of the fort and about two hundred yards therefrom, we lay down flat on the ground, and our batteries, in the rear, opened fire on the enemy's artillery in order to draw their fire. This was done that we might charge without being subjected to their artillery fire, in addition to that of the fort and the main line, which latter was only eighty yards beyond the fort. But the enemy appeared to understand our object, and declined to reply. Our guns soon ceased firing, and we at once arose and moved forward, as directed, in quick time at a trail arms, with bayonets fixed.

CRUEL SPECTACLE PRESENTED.

In a short distance we came in view of the enemy, both infantry and artillery, and then was presented one of the most awfully grand and cruel spectacles of that terrible war. One brigade of six hundred and twenty-eight men was charging a fort in an open field, filled with the enemy to the number of over five thousand, supported by a park of artillery said to number fifty pieces. The line of advance was in full view of the two armies and in range of the guns of fully twenty thousand men, including both sides. When we came within range we saw the flash of the sunlight on the enemy's guns as they were leveled above the walls of that wrecked fort. Then came a stream of fire and the awful roar of battle. This volley seemed to awaken the demons of hell, and appeared to be the

signal for everybody within range of the fort to commence firing. We raised a yell and made a dash in order to get under the walls of the fort before their artillery could open upon us, but in this we were unsuccessful. The heavy guns joined in the awful din, and the air seemed literally filled with missiles.

The Virginians, Georgians and South Carolinians commenced firing from the flanks at the fort and at the enemy's main line, as did our artillery, and the enemy's infantry and artillery from all sides opened upon us.

On we went, as it seemed to us, literally "into the mouth of hell." When we got to the walls of the fort we dropped down on the ground to get the men in order and let them get their breath. While waiting we could hear the Yankee officers in the fort trying to encourage their men, telling them, among other things, to "remember Fort Pillow." (In that fort Forrest's men had found negroes and whites together, and history tells what they did for them).

NOVEL METHODS OF FIGHTING.

Then commenced a novel method of fighting. There were quite a number of abandoned muskets with bayonets on them, lying on the ground around the fort. Our men began pitching them over the embankment, bayonet foremost, trying to harpoon the men inside, and both sides threw over cannon balls and fragments of shells and earth, which by the impact of the explosion had been pressed as hard as brick. Everybody seemed to be shooting at the fort, and doubtless many were killed by their friends. I know some of the Yankees were undoubtedly so killed.

In almost less time than I can tell it we were in condition to go in. Col. H. H. King ordered the men near him to put their hats on their bayonets and quickly raise them above the fort, which was done, and, as he anticipated, they were riddled with bullets. Then he ordered us over the embankment, and over we went, and were soon engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle of life and death. The enemy shrank back, and the death grapple continued until most of the Yankees found in there were killed. This slaughter would not have been so great had not

our men found negro soldiers in the fort with the whites. This was the first time we had met negro troops, and the men were enraged at them for being there and at the whites for having them there.

The explosion had divided the pit into two compartments. As soon as we had possession of the larger one, the Yankees in the smaller one cried out that they would surrender. We told them to come over the embankment. Two of them started over with their guns in their hands, but, their intentions being mistaken, they were shot and fell back. We heard those remaining cry: "They are showing us no quarter; let us sell our lives as dearly as possible." We then told them to come over without their guns, which they did, and all the remainder, about thirty in number, surrendered and were ordered to the rear.

YANKEES KILL YANKEES.

In the confusion and in their eagerness to get from that point they went across the open field, along the same route over which we had charged. Their artillery, seeing them going to the rear, as we were told, under a subsequent flag of truce, thought that they were our men repulsed and retreating, so they at once opened fire on them, killing and wounding quite a number of their own men. One poor fellow had his arm shot off just as he started to the rear, and returning said: "I could bear it better if my own had not done it."

This practically ended the fight inside the fort; but the two armies outside continued firing at this common center, and it seemed to us that the shot, shell and musket balls came from every point of the compass and the mortar shells rained down from above. They had previously attacked from below. So this unfortunate fort was one of the few points in that war, or any other the history of which I have read, which had the unique distinction of having been assailed from literally every quarter.

The slaughter was fearful. The dead were piled on each other. In one part of the fort I counted eight bodies deep. There were but few wounded compared with the killed.

There was an incident which occurred in the captured fort

that made quite an impression on me. Among the wounded was the Yankee general, Bartlett. He was lying down and could not rise. Assistance was offered him, but he informed those who were assisting him that his leg was broken; and so it was, but it proved to be an artificial leg made of cork. One of our officers ordered a couple of negroes to move him, but he protested, and I believe he was given white assistance. The general, afterwards, so I have been informed, became an honored citizen of Virginia, though at that time, I must say, I never would have believed such a thing possible. One of our soldiers seeing the cork leg and springs knocked to pieces, waggishly said: "General, you are a fraud. I thought that was a good leg when I shot it."

As the dust and smoke cleared away the firing seemed to lull, but there was no entire cessation of firing that evening. Indeed, by the sharpshooters it was continued for months.

FORT RECONSTRUCTED.

After dark tools were brought in with which we reconstructed the wrecked fort. In doing this we buried the dead down in the fort by covering them with earth, as the fire of the enemy was entirely too severe to carry them out. We were therefore forced to stand on them and defend our position while we remained in the fort, which was until the following Monday night.

As we went over the embankment into the fort one of my sergeants, Andrew McWilliams, a brave fellow, was shot in the mouth, and the ball did not cut his lips. It came out of the top of his head. He was evidently yelling with his mouth wide open. He fell on top of the embankment with his head hanging in the fort. We pulled him down in the fort, and that night carried him out and buried him.

During the night, in strengthening the wrecked fort, we unearthed numbers of Confederate soldiers who were killed and buried by the explosion. I remember in one place there were eight poor fellows lying side by side with their coats under their heads. They seemed never to have moved after the explosion. We buried them in the fort, in the excavation, "Crater,"

made by the explosion, fifty-four negroes and seventy-eight Yankees, exclusive of those buried in the trenches.

That night after the work was done we slept in the fort over those who slept "the sleep that knows no waking" and with those who slept that sleep caused by exhaustion. The morning came as clear and the day as hot and dry as the preceding one. The sharpshooters were exceeding alert, firing every moment, each side momentarily expecting active hostilities to be renewed. While the wounded in the fort and our trenches had been removed during the night and were being cared for, the ground between the main lines of the two armies was literally covered by wounded and dead Federals, who fell in advancing and retreating. We could hear them crying for relief, but the firing was so severe that none dared to go to them either by day or night.

FLAG OF TRUCE RAISED.

About noon or a little later there went up a flag of truce immediately in our front. The flag was a white piece of cloth about a yard square on a new staff. General Saunders ordered the sharpshooters to cease firing. Then a Yankee soldier, with a clean white shirt and blue pants jumped on top of their works, holding the flag, and was promptly followed by two elegantly uniformed officers. General Saunders asked those of us near him if we had a white handkerchief. All replied: "No." A private soldier near by said to the men around him: "Boys, some of you take off your shirt and hand it to the general," to which another replied: "Never do that; they will think we have hoisted the black flag."

The general finally got a handkerchief, which answered the purpose, though not altogether suitable for a drawing room. He and Capt. George Clark, assistant adjutant general, tied it to the ramrod of a musket, and Captain Clark, with one man carrying the improvised flag, went forward to meet the Yankee flag. (I have frequently thought that the "get up" of these flags of truce graphically illustrated the condition of the two armies). They met half way, about forty yards from each line. After a few minutes' interview, the Yankee officer handed to Captain Clark a paper. They then withdrew to their respective

sides. In handing this communication to General Saunders, Captain Clark said: "They are asking for a truce to bury their dead and remove their wounded."

TERMS AGREED ON.

The communication was forwarded to the proper authorities, and proved to be from General Burnside, who commanded the Federal troops in front; but, not being in accordance with the usages and civilities of war, it was promptly returned, with the information that whenever a like request came from the general commanding the Army of Northern Virginia, it would be entertained. Within a few hours the Federals sent another flag of truce, conveying a communication, which was properly signed and addressed, and the terms of the truce were agreed on. These terms were that they could remove their wounded and bury their dead in a ditch, or grave, to be dug just half way between the two lines. They brought in their details, including many negroes, and the work was commenced and continued for about four hours. In that ditch, about one hundred feet in length, were buried seven hundred white and negro Federal soldiers. The dead were thrown in indiscriminately, three bodies deep. When this work was commenced I witnessed one of the grandest sights I ever saw. Where not a man could be seen a few minutes before, the two armies arose up out of the ground, and the face of the earth was peopled with men. It seemed an illustration of Cadmus sowing the dragon's teeth. Both sides came over their works, and, meeting in the center, mingled, chatted, and exchanged courtesies, as though they had not sought in desperate effort to take each other's lives but an hour before.

During the truce I met Gen. R. B. Potter, who commanded, as he informed me, a Michigan division in Burnside's corps. He was extremely polite and affable, and extended to me his canteen with an invitation to sample its contents, which I did, and found it containing nothing objectionable. He then handed me a good cigar and for a time we smoked the "pipe of peace."

GENERAL FERRERRO POINTED OUT.

In reply to a question from me as to their loss in the battle

on Saturday, he replied that they had lost five thousand men. While we were talking a remarkably handsome Yankee general in the crowd came near us. I asked General Potter who he was, and was informed that he was General Ferrerro, who commanded the negro troops. I said: "I have some of his papers which I captured in the fort," and showed them to General Potter. He then said: "Let me call him up and introduce him, and we will show him the papers and guy him." I replied, however, that we down south were not in the habit of recognizing as our social equals those who associated with negroes. He then asked me to give him some of Ferrerro papers. He wanted them for a purpose. I did so. The others I kept, and they are lying before me as I write. He also asked me to point out to him some of our generals, several of whom were then standing on the embankment of the wrecked fort. (I noticed that none of our generals except Saunders of the Alabama brigade, who had charge of affairs, came over and mingled with the crowd). I pointed out to him Generals Harris, of Mississippi, and A. P. Hill, and finally pointed out General Mahone, who was dressed in a suit made of tent cloth, with a roundabout jacket. Be it remembered that General Mahone was quite small, and did not weigh much, if any, over one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Potter laughingly said: "Not much man, but a big general."

When the dead were buried each side returned to its entrenchments, and soon the sharpshooters were firing at each other when and wherever seen. True "war is hell."

Saunders' Alabama brigade continued to occupy the "Crater," which they had captured on Saturday about 2 o'clock, until Monday night, August 1, when under cover of darkness, we were relieved by another brigade, as was also the gallant Virginia brigade, which had, by a charge, captured the intrenchments on the left of the "Crater." The two brigades returned to their former positions at the Wilcox farm. I do not remember when the Georgia brigade was relieved.

HISTORY IN LETTERS.

I am not writing this alone from memory, but in addition

thereto from letters contemporaneously written to my wife, whom I had but a short time before married, which letters, as well as extracts from Richmond papers of that date, as contemporary records, will probably prove of sufficient interest to publish herewith.

The Petersburg correspondent of the *Richmond Dispatch* of July 30, 1864, after describing the charge made by the Virginia and Georgia brigades, says:

"About this time General Mahone, having ordered up Saunders' Alabama brigade, sent it forward to recapture the rest of the works. Led by their gallant brigadier, they moved forward in splendid style, making one of the grandest charges of the war, and recapturing every vestige of our lost grand and other lost guns and capturing thirty-five commissioned officers, including Brigadier General Bartlett, commanding first brigade, first division, ninth corps, three hundred and twenty-four white and one hundred and fifty negro privates, and two stands of colors."

Under date of Sunday, 31, the *Richmond Dispatch* reports:

"All quiet today. Our wounded are being cared for, and the dead on both sides in our lines are being buried.

"Still they come. Saunders of the Alabama brigade has just sent in another battle flag, thrown away by the enemy yesterday and picked up by General Saunders's men this morning.

"General Saunders reports that he has buried in the mine alone fifty-four negroes and seventy-eight Yankees, exclusive of the men buried in the trenches."

The following extract is from the *Dispatch* of August 3, 1864:

"For five hours the work of burying the dead went vigorously forward. The Yankees brought details of negroes, and we carried their negro prisoners out under guard to help them in their work. Over seven hundred Yankees, whites and negroes, were buried. A. P. Hill was there with long gauntlets, a slouch hat and round jacket. Mahone, dressed in little boy fashion out of clothes made from old Yankee tent cloth, was beside himself. The gallant Harris of the Mississippi brigade, and the gallant intrepid Saunders, who but forty-eight hours before had so successfully retaken those works, the best looking and best

dressed Confederate officer present, was sauntering leisurely about, having a general superintendence over the whole affair.

SOLDIERS FRATERNIZE.

"Whilst the truce lasted the Yankees and the "Johnny Rebs" in countless numbers flocked to the neutral grounds, and spent the time in chatting and sight-seeing. The stench, however, was quite strong, and it required a good nose and a better stomach to carry one through the ordeal. About 9 o'clock, the burial being completed, the officers sent the men back to the trenches on each side. The officers bade each other adieu and returned to their respective lines."

CONGRATULATORY ORDERS FROM GEN. A. P. HILL.

Headquarters Third Army Corps, August 4, 1864.

General Order No. 17: Anderson's division commanded by Brigadier General Mahone, so distinguished itself by its successes during the present campaign as to merit the special mention of the corps commander, and he tenders to the division, its officers and men, his thanks for the gallantry displayed by them whether attacking or attacked. Thirty-one stands of colors, fifteen pieces of artillery and four thousand prisoners are the proud mementos which signalize its valor and entitle it to the admiration and gratitude of our country.

A. P. HILL.

Major Etheredge of the Forty-first Virginia regiment, an eye witness, wrote of the event: "General Mahone then ordered up the Alabama brigade; they formed; the command was given, and when they reached the point where the Georgians suffered so severely they too met with a heavy loss; but, unlike the Georgians, as soon as they received the shock, every man that was left standing started in a double-quick, and before the enemy could reload the Alabamians were on them. A hand-to-hand fight took place, and in a few minutes the gallant Alabamians had driven out and killed those who couldn't get out, and were masters of the situation."

The reapture of the "Crater" restored our lines in *statu quo* and gave to history one of its most brilliant pages.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, November 12, 1908.

MANY PROMINENT PERSONS PRESENT.

Unveiling of Monument at Fredericksburg to Humphreys' Division Largely Attended.

Fredericksburg, Va., November 11.—The unveiling of the monument in the National Cemetery here today to General Andrew Atkinson Humphreys, Third Division, Fifth Army Corps, and Pennsylvania Troops, attracted a large number of people to this city, including about 1,500 Pennsylvanians, many of them being Federal veterans who took part in the battles of the Civil War here in 1862, and members of General Humphrey's division, which made its heroic charge against Marye's Heights, but was repulsed by the Confederates with a heavy loss of men.

NOTABLES PRESENT.

Prominent among the visitors were Captain George F. Baer, president of the Fredericksburg Battlefield Memorial Commission, of Pennsylvania; Governor Edwin S. Stuart, of Pennsylvania and staff, and Admiral Winfield Scott Schley. The parade formed at the courthouse, under command of Major Clay W. Evans, of Pennsylvania, chief marshal, and Captain M. B. Rowe, of this city, assistant marshal, headed by Tansil's band of sixteen pieces, followed by Washington Guards, Captain T. M. Larkin; Maury Camp of Confederate Veterans, Major A. B. Bowering; R. S. Chew Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans, W. H. Hurkamp; members of the Battlefield Memorial Commission of Pennsylvania, in carriages; Governor Edwin S. Stuart, of Pennsylvania, and staff, in carriages; invited guests, veterans in regimental formation.

The line of march was through the principal streets to the National Boulevard, up the boulevard to the National Cemetery. The Parade was over one mile long and over 1,500 men were in line. At the monument, President George F. Baer presided over the exercises. The invocation was pronounced by Rev.

J. Richards Boyle, D. D., of Pennsylvania, and an address of welcome was delivered by Major Robert W. Hunter, representing Governor Swanson, of Virginia.

An address of welcome was made in behalf of the Confederate veterans by Judge John T. Goolrick, of this city, and response to these addresses was made by Governor Edwin S. Stuart, of Pennsylvania. Major George F. Baer, president of the commission, made an address and transferred the monument to Governor Stuart. Miss Letitia A. Humphreys, pulled the cord which unveiled the monument. Governor Stuart transferred the monument to the care of the United States government. It was accepted in behalf of the United States government by Acting Secretary of War, R. Shaw Oliver.

MR. M'CLURE'S ADDRESS.

Mr. McClure said in part:

"Mr. President and Union Veterans of Pennsylvania:

"The world has ever worshiped the heroic, alike in war and in peace. It is the heroic who achieve and only the memories of the heroic are revered. In all the histories of the varied peoples of the world, the decay of heroism has dated the decay and final destruction of government. True, heroism has often been prostituted to the infamy of wanton conquest and oppression, but nonetheless heroism has given the world all its wonderful and beneficent progress, and it will be worshiped until the last syllable of recorded time.

"Forty-six years ago the sullen thunders of the Confederate artillery proclaimed the disastrous repulse of two brigades of Pennsylvania soldiers who were ordered to the hopeless task of storming Marye's Heights. They consisted of the First Brigade of General Humphrey's division of the Fifth Army Corps, commanded by Brigadier-General Tyler, embracing the 134th Regiment, commanded by Colonel O'Brien; the 139th, commanded by Colonel Frick; the 126th, commanded by Colonel Elder, who fell early in the movement, leaving the command of the regiment to Lieutenant-Colonel Rowe, and the Ninety-first Regiment, commanded by Colonel Gregory. The Second Bri-

gade was commanded by Colonel Allabach, leaving his regiment, the 131st, to be commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Shabt; the 133d, commanded by Colonel Speakman; the 135th, commanded by Colonel Clark, and the 155th, commanded by Colonel Allen.

TWO NOTABLE CHARGES.

"The advance charge was made by Colonel Allabach's brigade, closely followed by the First Brigade, under General Tyler, the whole commanded in person by General Humphreys. The aggregate number of the two brigades engaged in this assault was about 4,000 men, and fully one-fourth of them were numbered among the dead and wounded, although neither was in action over thirty minutes. Hopeless as it seemed to the soldiers who made this assault with the officers in advance of the men, either to gain the heights or to hold them if gained, these Pennsylvania brigades started with hearty cheers to face the grim reaper of death. Next to Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, it was the most bloody and disastrous assault of our Civil War.

"We are not here to discuss the wisdom of army commanders. Only what were accepted as supreme military necessities made Pickett's charge at Gettysburg and Humphrey's charge at Fredericksburg, but they both stand in history, and will ever so stand, as high-water marks of the heroism of American soldiery.

MEET AS FRIENDS.

"Veterans of the Blue and the Gray, we are here to-day to unveil a monument which shall for all time commemorate the heroism and sacrifice of Pennsylvania soldiers in the memorable battlefield of Fredericksburg. The Union veterans of Pennsylvania meet the veterans who bore the Stars and Bars, not as enemies, but as friends, with equal interest and pride in a common country. When peace came after four years of bloody conflict it left the fierce passions of fraternal war in a tidal wave throughout both sections of the country. Nearly every home in the land, North and South, had been shadowed by the angel of sorrow, and it was hard for either section to make the advance toward a reunited American brotherhood, but there were brave men in both sections who earnestly and

eloquently pleaded the cause of peace and fellowship, and among the first was the great war Governor of Pennsylvania. Reconstruction with its blotted record, long hindered the restoration of sympathetic relations between the North and South, and kept aflame what should have been the dying embers of sectional hate; but we are here to-day with a restored Union, not merely a union in form, but a Union of hearts, of sympathy and of patriotic fellowship, and the veterans of the Blue will to-day point with pride to the monuments erected to the heroes of the Gray who won the victory in this bloody struggle.

"It was not the soldiers of either side on the front of the firing-line who hindered the restoration of our common brotherhood. Politicians played upon the prejudices and passions to serve political ends, but the veterans of both sides were the faithful advocates of generous and lasting peace. The veterans of the Gray will not shudder at the monument we are here to unveil. There are like monuments on every important battlefield of the Civil War, many erected to the heroic soldiers of Lee, and many erected to the heroic soldiers of Grant. They no longer stand as monuments for triumph for either the Blue or the Gray, but are accepted by every veteran of the North and South as monuments to the heroism of our American soldiery.

SHOW CONSUMMATION OF PEACE.

"The day is not far distant when the statue of Lee, the most beloved of all Southern men, who stands in history to-day abreast with the few great soldiers of the nineteenth century, will grace the streets of our national capital along with that of Grant as a tribute of the nation to the greatness of American commanders, and I hope at an early day to see Virginia and Pennsylvania unite in placing on Seminary Hill, at Gettysburg, an equestrian statue of Lee, with the right conceded to the South to embellish that memorable field with statues of her heroic leaders.

"A few years ago I made an earnest appeal to the Pennsylvania Legislature to inaugurate such a movement, and it was delayed rather than refused for the reason, as then given, that

it was not yet the time for so pronounced a declaration from our State that peace with sectional brotherhood had reached its consummation. We are here to-day unveiling a monument to Pennsylvania's fallen heroes on one of the great Virginia battlefields, and there is welcome on every hand by the veterans who won the victory and the citizens who sympathized with the Gray, and I would give equal welcome to the statues of the Confederate heroes on the Gettysburg battlefield, and thus enable the visitor to that historic ground to read, by the statues and tablets on both sides, the complete history of the decisive conflict of the war.

LIBERTY AND UNION.

"The veterans of both sides have long been teaching the country that peace and brotherhood have been restored to it. There is not a grave of a veteran of the Gray in any cemetery in the North, where the graves of Union soldiers are made beautiful and fragrant on Decoration Day, that is not decorated with equal care, and the veterans of the Union thus pay equal respect and honor to the fallen on both sides of the conflict; and the veterans of the Gray never fail to decorate the graves of the fallen Union veterans when that tribute is paid to their fallen brethren.

"A Confederate soldier was a Cabinet officer under Grant; a Confederate soldier was a Cabinet officer under Hayes, and a Confederate soldier is a Cabinet officer under Roosevelt. Surely the time has come, after forty-three years of a reunited nation when all the terrible asperities should be only a shadowed memory, and when all the grand attributes of generous and affectionate brotherhood should be visible in every section of our great republic. Here, standing among the graves of the heroic dead of both the great armies that were engaged in deadly struggle, all will unite in the patriotic utterance of the great expounder of the Constitution when he replied to the early advocacy of secession by one of South Carolina's great statesmen: 'Liberty and Union; now and forever, one and inseparable.'"

Many of the Pennsylvanians will remain here several days visiting the historic points and battlefields at and near Fred-

ericksburg. President Baer came in a special train of three coaches, composed of an engine, private car "Reading," sleeping car "Atlas," dining car "Pennsylvania," with a number of prominent people as his guests. Two special trains brought Governor Stuart and staff, and many of the Federal veterans.

THE MONUMENT.

The monument is twenty feet high, the statue being nine feet, and pedestal and base eleven feet. On the front of the monument is the following inscription: "Erected by Pennsylvania to commemorate the charge of General Humphrey's Division of Fifth Army Corps on Marye's Heights, Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1862; 134th, 129th, 126th, 91st, 133d, 155th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry." It is a beautiful piece of work of Stony Creek, Conn., granite, hone finish.

From N. O., La., *Picayune*, December 15, 1901.

THE CAPTURE OF MEMPHIS BY GEN. NATHAN B. FORREST.

Captain Dinkins Recalls a Thrilling Incident of the Civil War—The Great Confederate Cavalry Leader Out-generated an Army Larger than His Own.

A few days after the battle of Brice's Crossroads General Forrest addressed a communication to Major General Washburne at Memphis, in which he stated that it had been reported to him that the negro troops in Memphis took an oath on their knees in the presence of Major General Hurlbut and others to avenge Fort Pillow, and that they would show no quarter to the Confederates. He also advised that he had heard on indisputable authority that the troops under General Sturgis, on their march to Brice's Crossroads, publicly in many places, proclaimed that no quarter would be shown our men, and that when they moved into action, on June 10, their officers appealed to them "to remember Fort Pillow."

Forrest also informed General Washburne that the federal prisoners in his possession voluntarily stated that they expected us to murder them; otherwise they would have surrendered in a body rather than take to the woods exhausted. The federal prisoners condemned their officers for telling them to expect no quarter.

Forrest further said that in all his operations since the campaign began he had conducted the war on civilized principles, and still desired to do so, but that it was due to his command that they should know the exact position they occupied, and the policy the federals intended to pursue, etc.

On June 10 General Washburne replied to the letter and stated: "I believe it is true that the colored troops did take such an oath, but were not influenced to do so by any white officer, but because of their own sense of what was due to themselves and their fellows, who had been mercilessly slaughtered. * * * The

affair at Fort Pillow justified that belief; and I believe it is true, as you say, they proclaimed on their late march that no quarter would be shown your men. * * * Your statement that you have always conducted the war on civilized principles is not borne out by the recent indiscriminate slaughter of colored troops at Brice's Crossroads. * * * I am left in doubt by your letter as to the course you and the Confederate government intend to pursue hereafter in regard to colored troops. If you do not intend to treat such of them as fall into your hands as prisoners of war, but contemplate their slaughter on their return to slavery, please so state, that we may have an understanding hereafter. If the latter is the case, then let the oath stand."

General Washburn also wrote to General S. D. Lee, the department commander, a letter in which he stated that he had been told by colored soldiers who were fortunate enough to escape, that the massacre of Fort Pillow had been reproduced at Brice's Crossroads, and that, "if true, the consequences would be fearful to contemplate," and asked "to be informed without delay if it was the intention of the Confederate government to murder colored soldiers."

This letter was referred to Forrest, who wrote an answer to General Washburne on June 23, in which he said, in part:

"I regard your letter as discourteous to the commanding officer of this department and grossly insulting to myself. You seek by implied threats to intimidate him, and assume the privilege of denouncing me as a murderer, on the testimony of your friends, the enemies of myself and country. I shall not enter into the discussion of any of the questions involved, nor undertake any refutation of the charges you make. Nevertheless, as a matter of personal privilege alone, I say that they are unfounded and unwarranted by the facts, but whether true or false, the questions you ask are matters which the governments of the United States and the Confederate States are to decide, and not their subordinate officers.

"It is not the policy of the south to destroy the negro; on the contrary, to preserve and protect him, and all who have surrendered to us have received kind and humane treatment. You

speaking of your forbearance in not giving to your negro troops instructions as to the course they should pursue in regard to Confederate soldiers who may fall into their hands, which clearly conveys to my mind two distinct impressions: First, that in not giving them orders, you have left the matter entirely to the discretion of the negroes as to how they should dispose of Confederate prisoners. Second, an implied threat, 'to give such orders as will lead to consequences too fearful for contemplation.' You seem disposed to take into your own hands the settlement which belongs to and can only be settled by your government, but if you are prepared to take upon yourself the responsibility of inaugurating a system of warfare contrary to civilized usages, the onus, as well as the consequences, will be chargeable to yourself. Deprecating as I should do, such a state of affairs; determined as I am not to be instrumental in bringing it about; feeling and knowing, as I do, that I have the approval of my government, my people and my own conscience, as to the past, and with the firm belief that I will be sustained by them in my future policy, it is left with you to determine what that policy shall be."

Let it be remembered that in the battle of Brice's Crossroads the federal forces exceeded the Confederates nearly six to one; therefore, when the federal general talks about "murdering the negro troops," he confesses his own inability and imbecility. If six men could not defend themselves against one man, certainly Forrest and his followers were wonderful soldiers.

After the return of Forrest's cavalry from the pursuit of what was left of General Sturgis' army, the men were employed for some days in burying the dead and providing for the wounded; also in gathering the spoils and trophies. For some weeks subsequently the general was looking into all matters for the good of his command. He personally visited the different regiments, examined the horses and looked after the wagons and all other matters of detail. If he found a wagon without a feed, trough, or any evidences or neglect or carelessness on the part of any one, there was serious trouble. It was well understood by officers and men that nothing short of a full standard would be accepted by General Forrest. The rehabilitation of the command,

therefore, was rapid. The horses were rested and freshly shod, an ample supply of ammunition for cannon and small arms provided and the morale of the men kept up to the highest point.

Suffering from a slight but painful wound in the foot, Forrest turned over the command to General Chalmers, and the latter wrote to the department commander on Aug. 1, as follows: "Our scouts report that the enemy is making preparations to move from Memphis, Vicksburg and north Alabama at the same time, and, if successful, to concentrate at Selma. There are now 14,000 infantry at Lagrange, a brigade moving from Decatur and other troops arranging for departure from Memphis. Some troops, number unknown, have been sent down the river to Vicksburg. If the enemy moves in three columns, as expected, it will be impossible for us to meet him, and after consultation with Major General Forrest, we have concluded to recommend a consolidation of the troops in this department to meet one column. The northern column will be the largest. If we can defeat it, the others may be easily overtaken and crushed. Our effective force is 5,357, but we are very much crippled in officers. My brigade commanders are wounded, also a brigade commander of General Buford's division," etc.

In the meantime orders were issued to distribute ten days' rations, one hundred rounds of ammunition per man and two hundred for each cannon.

On Aug. 2 General Chalmers ordered McCulloch's Brigade from Tupelo to Oxford, and followed the next day with his staff and escort and Thrall's Battery. On the 4th Neely's Brigade was also sent to Oxford. At this time General Forrest resumed command, and wrote to Major General Maury, commanding the department, in part as follows:

"I will do all that can be done to drive the enemy back. At the same time I have not the force to risk a general engagement, but will resort to all other means in my power to harass, annoy and force the enemy back."

It was well known to the federal authorities that the prairies of Mississippi and Alabama furnished bread to the Confederate armies. It is easy, therefore, to understand how anxious they were to lay waste that section, but having repeatedly failed to

penetrate further south than West Point, Miss., by the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, it seemed to be the purpose now to send a force sufficiently strong to overcome all the Confederate forces in Mississippi, even if they should be concentrated against either of the three columns moving.

General A. J. Smith, with three divisions of infantry and thirty-eight pieces of artillery, numbering all told little more than 20,000 men, besides a brigade of cavalry 3,700 strong, after repairing the old Mississippi Central Railroad from Grand Junction to the Tallahatchie river, moved to that point, near the little town of Waterford, which is some fifteen miles north of Oxford. General Chalmers was instructed to impress every able-bodied negro in the country, fortify the south bank of the river and make the best possible defense against the enemy's effort to cross, but, if forced back, to destroy the bridges along the railroad as he retired.

The situation was desperate; there seemed to be no hope of defeating the superb army of General Smith. Forrest wrote to Governor Clark, of Mississippi, expressing the opinion that the enemy intended to follow the Central Railroad and that the Confederate force was inadequate to meet him, and stated that unless all Mississippians should come to the defense of their homes, the State would be devastated.

The Eighteenth Mississippi Cavalry, not over 300 strong, commanded by that brilliant young Colonel Alexander H. Chalmers, was holding the line of the Tallahatchie in front of Abbeville. His position was a very unfavorable one. The south bank of the river was much lower than the north bank, and furthermore the timber had been cut from the south bank for a distance of half a mile, while the north bank was thickly wooded to the river. The enemy forced the pickets from the river bank with his big guns, but Colonel Chalmers formed a line on a ridge in the edge of the woods, about half a mile back, and soon got together rails and timbers which he used as breast-works. The enemy threw several regiments across the river and moved against the Mississippians, but were driven back. Colonel Chalmers held his position until late in the evening of August 9, and then retired to Abbeville, where he was re-enforced by General Chalmers with McCulloch's brigade.

During the night General Smith crossed with a division of his army, and on the morning of August 10, sent 10,000 infantry against McCullouch's brigade of cavalry, 1,500 strong. The enemy closed column and moved around and in front of Chalmers, expecting evidently to overpower and capture him. Chalmers had but four guns, while the enemy used twenty. Like hungry wolves they charged the little "game cock," but were twice repulsed. When Chalmers fell back to Hurricane creek, six miles north of Oxford, the enemy did not advance further and made no attempt to pursue.

Chalmers then fell back to Oxford, where he received advice from Forrest that he had left Pontotoc with Bell's Brigade and Morton's Battery and would pick up Neeley's Brigade, hoping to reach Oxford by midnight. Chalmers was ordered to fall back slowly, and if possible draw the enemy's cavalry out south of Oxford. The federal cavalry did follow, but hearing that a Confederate force was approaching from the east, fell back on the infantry column, before Forrest reached Oxford, at 11 o'clock.

Chalmers returned with McCulloch's and Mabry's Brigade, the latter having joined him south of Oxford. The following morning Forrest advanced with his entire force and drove the enemy back across Hurricane creek. Here the two forces faced each other for two days, during which time savage picket firings were going on. On the morning of the 13th the enemy attacked the left of the Confederate line, which was held by Mabry's Brigade and the Eighteenth Mississippi. It was a determined effort, and but for the promptness with which Colonel Chalmers took his regiment into action, the whole command would almost surely have been forced back in disorder. The gallantry of this brave Mississippian, whose tenacity against great odds saved the situation and won the highest encomiums from General Forrest and the undying admiration of the other regiments, should not be forgotten by the people of the south; while Mississippians of all classes and degrees should strive to perpetuate the memory of their heroic conduct. Those Mississippi boys (75 per cent. of them were under 20 years of age), held their place against ten times their number long enough for the balance of the troops to get in position.

Attached to that regiment was a New Orleans boy. He was the adjutant of the regiment, and was always to be seen in front of the line. During the numerous battles in which they were engaged, Sam. F. Green was always at his post, and on the many occasions when Colonel Chalmers charged into the enemy's ranks, Sam Green was always by his side.

Handsome as a picture, brave to recklessness, he was as modest as a girl. The men of his regiment loved him devotedly, and although he and Colonel Chalmers survived the war, both passed to the realms above many years ago. The writer was intimately associated with them, and feels the greatest pride in speaking of their glorious deeds.

"Requiescat in pace."

Very soon the engagement became general along the entire line, and finally, by might of numbers, we were pressed back.

The enemy, however, did not improve his advantage, and the Confederates took position on a wooded ridge, three miles north of Oxford, where we remained several days.

On Monday, August 15, General Chalmers took about 200 men, including his escort, and moving around the enemy's flank, dashed into Abbeville, where two brigades of infantry were camped, throwing them into confusion. They fled precipitately, and were pursued until we saw a large force in line of battle. Then General Chalmers withdrew, without the loss of a man.

The enemy evidently thought they were being attacked by Forrest's whole force.

Forrest realized the great responsibility resting on him, and knowing his inability to successfully oppose such a large force, resolved to make a counter movement by threatening Memphis, and possibly thereby force General Smith to retire. After discussing the matter with General Chalmers he decided to take certain regiments of Bell's and Neeley's brigades, and two rifled guns of Morton's Battery, under Lieutenant Sale, and make the attempt. Without further parley he led the little column of 1,500 men and two guns away, while General Chalmers endeavored to conceal the movement from the enemy. Forrest left Oxford about 5 P. M., August 18, in a hard rain, which had been falling for two days and nights. The streams were all bankfull, and it was necessary for him to go to Panola before he was

able to cross the Tallahatchie, forty miles out of the direct course. Arriving at Panola, about 100 of his horses were so fagged that animals and riders were sent to Grenada.

Forrest rested the command a few hours, and then set out for Senatobia, where he arrived about dark, and decided to rest the horses. Before leaving Senatobia he found it would be necessary to bridge Hickahala creek. Never at a loss for means to carry out his purpose, he sent the men to every ginhouse in the neighborhood to take up the flooring and carry it on their shoulders to the crossing, about four miles distant. The woods were full of grape vines, which were twisted together, making two cables as thick as a man's body. These were stretched across the creek and fastened to trees on both banks. Other details were cutting down telegraph poles which were tied together with grape vines also, and rolled into the river to serve as pontoons. They were run under the cables and fastened to them. Poles were then put across these, and on them the ginhouse flooring was laid. Within an hour the command began to cross, the men leading their horses, while the artillery was pulled over by hand.

Six miles further north, Cold Water river was also found to be full, and a second bridge had to be built, twice as long as the one over the Hickahala, which was accomplished in three hours, and the command arrived at Hernando, twenty-five miles from Memphis, before night. Here scouts who left Memphis that day with information of the position of the enemy in and around the city, stated that everything was quiet, and no expectation or intimation of any trouble was heard. The horses were very tired from the forced march in deep mud, and had to be rested a few hours, but about 3 o'clock Sunday morning, August 21, 1864, we arrived in the suburbs of Memphis.

Some trusted scouts had been sent ahead to learn the exact position of the enemy's pickets, who reported that there were some 5,000 troops in the city, a great many of whom were negroes and hundred-day men. Forrest ordered the troops to be closed up, and the regimental commanders were called together and each given definite instructions as to what he was expected to do. Captain W. H. Forrest, a brother of the general, was sent in advance with forty men to capture the pickets, if possi-

ble, but in any event to dash into the city by the nearest route to the Gayoso Hotel, where it was known a number of federal officers were quartered. Colonel Neely was ordered to charge into the camps of the hundred-day men with the Second Missouri, Fourteenth Tennessee and the Eighteenth Mississippi, while Colonel Logwood, with the Twelfth and Fifteenth Tennessee, followed Captain Forrest to the Gayoso Hotel.

Colonel Jesse Forrest charged through Lauderdale street to Union, with special orders to capture General Washburne, while the Second Tennessee and Russell's regiments and the parrot guns were left in the rear to cover the retreat. Every man was told to keep perfectly quiet.

Captain Forrest moved slowly and almost noiselessly. He rode about 50 yards ahead of his company with ten picked men, when suddenly a picket called out: "Who comes there?" It was about 3:30, and as dark as could be. Captain Forrest very coolly and deliberately answered: "A detachment with rebel prisoners." The answer was, "Advance one." Captain Forrest whispered to his men to follow closely behind him. He then met the federal picket, mounted and in the middle of the road. As soon as he was in reach, he struck the picket a deadly blow with his pistol, which sent him to the ground. At the same instant his men dismounted and captured the other pickets, who were sent to the rear. About a quarter of a mile further on he encountered another guard, who fled and ran.

By this time General Forrest was close behind the advance, and knowing the alarm would be given, ordered the men to dash forward. Away they went, forgetting the orders to keep quiet, yelling like wild people. Forrest called on Gans to sound the charge, and all the other buglers took it up. The sharp, shrill notes reverberated along the line, and cheer after cheer burst forth as the men swept forward in the impetuous charge. Neely dashed into the infantry camp; Captain Forrest rode into an artillery camp, shooting down about twenty of the gunners and driving the rest away. Captain Forrest did not halt until he reached the Gayoso and rode into the office. His men, quickly dismounting, ran through the halls, bursting open doors, searching for General Hurlbut. They created the greatest panic. Some of the federal officers, disturbed by the noise and confusion,

rushed out and attempted to arrest the intruders. They had no idea of the situation. Several were killed, while many others sought safety under their beds. General Hurlbut was not found. Fortunately for him, he spent the night with a friend on Shelby street.

Colonel Logwood, in the meantime, followed Forest, and ran into a line of infantry posted along Mississippi avenue. He pushed ahead without halting, but as he turned into Vance street he saw a battery in position and the gunners charging the pieces. There was but a moment to act, but Logwood, quick as a flash, ordered a charge, and his men rushed forward with guns raised above their heads and knocked down every man in their reach. The rest of the enemy fled. The rammers were left in the cannon. Quickly getting his men together, Logwood galloped along Hernando street to Beal, thence to the Gayoso. The men went wild with excitement. Women and children were screaming with fright. Others were shouting and clapping their hands as they recognized the muddy rebels. Memphis was the home of many of Forrest's daredevil riders, and as they dashed by, women, young and old, regardless of their costumes, threw open their doors and windows and ran forth with cheers, giving every evidence of delight. Numbers of them rushed out into the streets in their nightrobes, forgetful of everything except the excitement of the moment.

After Logwood reached the Gayoso he posted a company at the intersection of Main and Beal, and one at Union and Main, and with the others renewed the search for General Hurlbut. But he was not there. After remaining in the vicinity until 10 o'clock, Logwood retired along Front street to Beal, thence to De Sota.

Captain Forrest, with that recklessness and indifference to opposition and danger which characterized him at all times, rode to Union, thence in the direction of De Soto. He was advised that the enemy was moving along Beal, Gayoso, Union and Monroe streets, but that made no difference to him and his heroic band of forty men. Leaving the hotel, he moved through Gayoso street to Main, and up Main to Union. Turning into Union he saw a column of infantry double-quicking turn out of Second street with guns at a trail. Captain Forrest dashed ahead re-

ardless of numbers, his men firing into the column, killing several, and before the federals had time to "carry" their guns, the horses were trampling them down. Captain Forrest continued to shout, "Put down your guns!" The head of the federal column wheeled about, and coming in contact with those following, caused the greatest confusion. Forrest, taking advantage of the mixup, galloped out Union to De Soto and joined Logwood, who, in turn, joined Colonel Jessie Forrest, and returned through Mississippi avenue to the State Female College, where General Forrest awaited them.

Colonel Jesse Forrest captured the members of General Washburne's staff, but the wily old general escaped in the woods. Neely met with strong resistance, but drove the federal infantry from the camps, and captured the horses of a cavalry regiment.

Forrest, finding that the enemy had recovered somewhat from the shock, had the telegraph wires cut east of the city, so that no further news could reach General Smith. He knew that the fact of his presence in Memphis would be flashed to him, and he determined to leave Smith under the impression that he had possession of the city, and, as he afterwards learned, the operator promptly notified General Smith that the rebel Forrest, with 10,000 men and 20 pieces of artillery, was in possession of Memphis. General Smith got no further news, and began a hurried retreat.

Leaving the city, numbers of men loitered behind, to bid relatives and friends good-by, and also to obtain such articles as the stores afforded. Finally a long column of federal cavalry was seen galloping after some twenty stragglers who had lingered in the city, Forrest determined at once to check them. He was riding his favorite charger King Philip, a magnificent white horse with black mane and tail, presented to him by the ladies of Columbus, Miss. He called on Colonel Chalmers, of the Eighteenth Mississippi, and Colonel McCulloch, of the Second Missouri, to get in motion, and as the federal column came in reach, the two regiments dashed forward, Forrest leading the Second Missouri. The enemy halted and began to give way, when a federal colonel named Starr rushed at Forrest with saber "en carte." Forrest met him with his long blade and unhorsed

him quicker than I can write it. Colonel Starr was no more in the hands of General Forrest than a butterfly would be in the claws of an eagle. Forrest ran his saber entirely through his body and forced him off his horse. The federal officers acted with great bravery and tried to rally their men, but could not do it.

Having attained the objects of the expedition, Forrest retired with the prisoners and captured horses to the south side of a creek about three miles distant, and gave the men time to exchange their jaded horses for the captured ones. There were about six hundred prisoners, a majority of them officers, who were captured in their night clothes. Finding they could not keep up on the march, he sent his aid-de-camp, Captain C. W. Anderson, back with a flag of truce, and with him he sent a member of General Washburne's staff, to say to General Washburne that the prisoners were in a wretched condition, without shoes or clothing, and as an act of humanity he would exchange them for such of his men as might be prisoners. He stated to Captain Anderson: "Should General Washburne reject the proposal, then suggest that he send clothing for them." Forrest added that he would await the answer at Nonconnah creek, six miles south.

General Washburne stated, in his answer, he had no authority to exchange prisoners, but would gladly accept the proffered privilege of sending a supply of clothing. In a short time Colonel Hepburn and Captain H. S. Lee arrived with a wagon load of clothing (Colonel Hepburn is now a member of Congress from Iowa), which was distributed under the direction of the federal officers.

General Forrest then directed his surgeons to examine the prisoners, and such as were unfit to undergo hardship were sent back with Colonel Hepburn and the wagon, with the promise they would not bear arms against the Confederate cause until exchanged. The remainder, about four hundred, were mounted on the extra horses and the march taken up to Hernando.

Including the prisoners, Forrest had about two thousand men without rations. He knew he could not obtain any before reaching Panola. With characteristic promptness, and with the matchless resource, which always met every emergency, he decided to

draw on General Washburne. He wrote him and stated his inability to feed the prisoners, and suggested that inasmuch as he would not receive them in exchange, that the least he could do would be to send them something to eat that night. He added that he would remain at Hernando until he answered. At daylight the following morning the same officers reached the camp with two wagons loads of flour, hams, coffee, sugar, etc. Two days rations were issued to all men, prisoners and Confederates, and there was ample left for several days' rations. We then began the march to Panola.

Persons in Memphis who heard the sharp call of the buglers and the crack of the rifles that Sunday morning said: "It was the most awful and ringing sound they ever heard. No one save Forrest and his men had any idea what it meant." One old man, in speaking of it, said: "I wondered if Gabriel was sounding the last call." The thunderous yells, the rush of the horses in the mud, the clanking of sabers and the rattle of spurs added horrors to the awful situation. The caravan which Forrest marched out of Memphis Sunday, August 21, 1864, was in deep distress. The men in underclothes, many of them in their night shirts, barefooted and without hats, besmattered with mud, as they struggled along up to their knees, were the most wretched-looking people I ever beheld. Officers who had been in the habit of parading the streets in Memphis with gay uniforms, some of them staff officers, ordinarily mounted on fine horses, with elegant saddles, were now in a sad and pitiable plight as they trudged along in the mud, their gowns wet and dragging. But that was part of war.

The command reached Panola in safety, and after resting a few days moved to Water Valley, where several days were spent reorganizing.

We will now return to Oxford and note how successfully and skillfully General Chalmers handled his command. His force was small, including not more than three thousand effective men, and yet he concealed from General Smith any idea of the move to Memphis. It was an important duty, one on which our success rested, but was accomplished in the most creditable manner.

The day following General Forrest's departure, General Chalmers made vigorous attacks against all of General Smith's out-

posts, creating the impression that the Confederates would take the aggressive. Confronted by an army of 22,000 veterans, it seems remarkable that he could have so disposed his small force as to completely deceive the federal commander.

Too much praise cannot be given to General Chalmers for his brave, bold, wise and persistent generalship in that campaign. It was important that he should not be drawn into an engagement, and yet it was necessary to keep constantly in front of the enemy.

Late in the afternoon of August 19, General Chalmers moved his whole force forward, driving back the federal outposts, and made a sharp attack against the main line. His troops, wet and hungry, knowing the great disparity in numbers, they did not hesitate. General Smith was startled. He felt sure that Forrest had been re-enforced. On the 21st General Chalmers decided to draw the federal commander further away from his base. He fell back to the south bank of the Yocona river. The federal forces, therefore, marched into Oxford on the morning of the 22d, and, finding no Confederates at hand, scattered over the town, indulging in the most disgraceful acts of arson and rapine. The force was under the immediate command of Brigadier General Hatch, who gave order to burn all public buildings and all unoccupied houses. The splendid courthouse and other handsome buildings were destroyed, and of what was an attractive little city on the morning of August 22d, there only remained at night skeletons of houses and smoldering ruins. Nearly every business house in the town was burned. Nor was this destruction confined to the voluntary action of the private soldiers. Brigadier General Edward Hatch, commanding the division of cavalry, established his headquarters at the beautiful home of Mrs. Jacob Thompson, about a mile south of town, and while a guest (uninvited and unwelcome) in the house, allowed his soldiers to plunder every article of value about the place. Mrs. Thompson appealed to General Hatch to protect her belongings from theft and destruction.

Seated in an elegantly-upholstered chair, he leaned back, placing his muddy boots on another chair, and said, in the most supercilious and insolent manner, "Madam, my men are at liberty

to take anything they wish except the chair I sit in." This man, wearing a brigadier general's uniform, but without the instincts of a brave man or the manners of a gentleman, when he departed from the home, had his ambulance filled with silverware, paintings, rare china and such other articles as struck his fancy, many of them of great value.

But the burning of the beautiful home was the special work of Major General A. J. Smith, who sent one of his staff officers, with a detail of men, for that purpose. He performed the duty in accordance with General Smith's most approved idea. Mrs. Thompson appealed to him and made a dignified protest, but he told her to get out, and if there were any articles she desired especially to save, he would allow her fifteen minutes to do so. The members of the family and a few faithful servants went hurriedly to work to save a few articles, which were placed in the yard, and when the torch was applied, the federal soldiers, who clustered around, took possession of every article and carried them off.

Nor was this an exception; houses everywhere were broken into and robbed of every article of value, and while a few subaltern officers seemed greatly chagrined, and made an effort to restrain the men from such disgraceful acts, no officer of rank or authority was heard to interfere or in any way attempt to suppress the disorder. But the scene changed. About 5 p. m. everything was in confusion, staff officers galloped here and there with orders to move. The federal commander had received the dreadful news that Forrest was in possession of Memphis, and doubtless felt some little concern for his personal safety. Very soon his entire force was hurrying towards the Tallahatchie river. The following morning General Chalmers was in hot pursuit. Leading Mabry's Brigade in person, he assigned to General Buford the other two. McCulloch's Brigade was commanded by Colonel William Wade. Do not forget that the federal forces had been guilty of the harshest and most inhuman excesses, and that numbers of our men lived in the country traversed by Smith's army. Every species of outrages and humiliation were inflicted upon those defenseless citizens, old men, women and children. It cannot be said that General

Smith was ignorant of the facts. The path of his army was marked by heaps of ashes, blackened walls and solitary chimneys. Not an animal or fowl was left in his wake. After he departed from Oxford the people were without food.

Reaching Oxford, Colonel Wade was in advance. He rode at the head of the Fifth Mississippi. A few miles north of Oxford he overhauled the federal rear guard. He formed his men in columns of platoons and dashed into the infantry column, using guns as clubs, and riding down two regiments. Colonel Wade had relatives in Oxford, and as he dashed through the enemy's ranks, his saber cutting right and left, he called on his men to do their duty.

In the meantime Buford struck the retreating column in the flank with the Kentucky Brigade, driving the enemy through the woods in great confusion, killing and capturing about 200. Chalmers, with Mabry's Brigade, supported Wade. The artillery performed the most conspicuous service. Captain Ed S. Walton, with his battery, was in the thickest of the fray. In fact, it was difficult for the cavalry to keep abreast of him. Whenever the enemy fell back he went thundering after them, every horse and every man doing his utmost, and, finding the enemy in position, he pushed his guns almost in their ranks and sent grape and canister, crashing and tearing them to pieces. His guns were ever in the front. The conduct of Walton and his men was glorious. Walton was reckless and brave. His men followed him with a desperation seldom equaled and never surpassed.

Night coming on, General Chalmers ordered a halt. The following day he harrassed the enemy as long as his ammunition lasted.

General Smith crossed the Tallahatchie, burned the bridge and returned to Memphis. Chalmers went into camp in the vicinity of Oxford and had soldier's rations issued to the citizens. For a week those people who had never before known hunger lived on the small allowance which we were able to give them.

After the command had gone into camp, General Chalmers took occasion to compliment Colonel Wade on his impetuous

rush. Wade answered: "D—m them! They ran us for two or three days. I wanted them to know we are not afraid of them."

Forrest having defeated Smith and his finely-equipped army, the federal authorities never afterwards attempted to penetrate Mississippi. Had it been possible for Forrest to have commanded 20,000 well-equipped men, I firmly believe he would have been invincible.

From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, July 23, 1899.

ON HISTORIC SPOTS.

A Visit to the Battlefield Around Fredericksburg—Days of War Vividly Recalled.

Marye's Heights—Salem Church, Chancellorsville—The Wilderness— Recollections of Officers—The Monuments—Notes.

A correspondent of the *Washington Post*, who recently accompanied an inspecting party on a visit to the battlefields around Fredericksburg, writes as follows:

On the morning of December 13, 1862, the Union forces were encamped on the northern shore of the Rappahannock, where their batteries commanded the heights, and were also in possession of the town, which had been shelled. On the heights on the other side of the town were the Confederates, in a long line, which extended several miles from Hamilton's Crossing on the right to Beck's Island upon the left. Almost in the centre of the line was Marye's Heights, a hill about 200 feet high, with a fine mansion at the summit of its grassy slope, and with a stone wall and a sunken road at its foot. From the wall to the river there stretched a practically unbroken field, and when the mist was driven away by the rays of the rising sun, the Confederates saw a portion of the Union army, under Hancock and French, drawn up in line of battle.

As the party stood in the sunken road last Wednesday morning beginning its travels over memorable ground, it was remarked that the open field had disappeared, and that it was now the site of many pleasant homes. A considerable section of the wall against which the Union army charged, and behind which the Confederates were protected, has been taken away and now forms the walls of the residence of the keeper of the National Cemetery, on the very heights which the Union forces sought to gain. Eighteen thousand soldiers now sleep in this cemetery, all of whom lost their lives either upon or within rifleshoot of the place where they lie buried. Some of the wall, however, is still

intact, the stone now green and gray with age, while the old Marye mansion, on the summit, is the residence of Captain Rowe. The columns of its spacious porch are still perforated with bullet-holes, its walls are chipped where shell and shrapnel struck, and the outbuildings are bored in numerous places with the small, round hole of the minie-ball.

THE SLAUGHTER BELOW THE HEIGHTS.

As the party stood upon the hill top, the story of the awful slaughter at the foot of Marye's Heights was retold. In the road below was the monument which marked the spot where General Cobb was killed, with the house still standing over which came the shell that struck him. Longstreet's description was recalled. "A fifth time the Federals formed and charged and were repulsed," he says. "A sixth time they charged and were driven back, when night came to end the dreadful carnage and the Federal withdrew, leaving the battle-field literally heaped with the bodies of their dead. Before the well-directed fire of Cobb's Brigade, the Federals had fallen like the steady dripping of rain from the eaves of a house. Our musketry alone killed and wounded at least 5,000, and these, with the slaughter by the artillery, left over 7,000 killed and wounded before the foot of Marye's Hill. The dead were piled sometimes three deep, and when morning broke the spectacle that we saw upon the battle-field was one of the most distressing I ever witnessed. The charges had been desperate and bloody, but utterly hopeless. I thought as I saw the Federals come again and again to their death, that they deserved success if courage and daring could entitle soldiers to victory."

"It was a wonder to me," said Congressman Jones, "that any man escaped alive. I was a boy of twelve then, and I went on the field with my father the morning after the battle. I remember seeing a peach orchard, every tree of which had been literally stripped of its branches by flying bullets. The field was covered with the dead, and the sight was so terrible that I have never forgotten it. I remember, too, a story of the battle which my father told me. He had met in a North Carolina regiment a man whom he had known years ago, and they were standing talking—one

on each side of a tree—when a cannon ball came along and cut the tree down between them.”

THE BATTLE OF SALEM CHURCH.

Down the hill and out upon the road over which Sedgwick's Corps marched, the visitors passed, the horses' heads being turned toward Salem church. At some little distance from Fredericksburg, Captain Rowe pointed out a frame, two-story house. "My father," he said, "placed all his furniture in that house for safe-keeping, and there it remained until one day a shell came along, struck the house, and burst in the room in which the furniture was stored. After that," said the Captain laughingly, "it wasn't worth much, even for firewood."

Cattle were grazing on the hills, the farmers were harvesting their wheat, and the sun was shining with golden splendor as the party rode along. The contrast with the days when regiments tramped wearily along, when the roads and fields were filled with dead horses, and when bursting shells made dreadful music, was very vivid. At Salem church, an old-fashioned brick building, the party stood beside the old earthworks and listened to the story of Sedgwick's fight, with the maps spread under the shade of a large tree, upon some tables which had evidently been constructed for a picnic party. The walls of the church plainly showed the marks of bullets and cannon balls. Within the edifice is a memorial altar built by the contributions of New Jersey and South Carolina men, and a Grand Army post in the former State, composed of survivors of the fight, has supported the Salem church Sunday-School for thirty years.

"When Sheridan marched through to Washington in 1865," said Colonel Bird, "he saw many bodies still unburied, and reported that fact. I came down here to bury them." As he spoke he also pointed out many places where bodies had been exhumed in order that they might be taken to the cemetery at Fredericksburg.

ON THE CHANCELLOR FIELD.

The large pine tree under which Lee and Jackson held their last consultation—the one at which Jackson suggested the movement by which he flanked and routed Howard's Eleventh Corps—

is still standing at the junction of the Furnace and Plank roads, out in the country, on the way to Chancellorsville. The road down which Jackson rode toward his command winds in and out among the pines, and was examined with interest by the party. In the meantime, however, some earthworks had been passed. "There was where Lee waited for Hooker," said some one in the party.

The Chancellor house is not far from the pine tree already mentioned. It is not wholly the wartime house, which was burned a good many years ago, but the western end is nearly intact. The present porch is not the one upon which General Hooker was standing when he was struck by a piece of shell, but the broad steps of stone are the remnants of the old structure. In the olden days of stage-coach traveling the Chancellor tavern was a half-way house, and every morning and evening the stage coaches stopped there, no less than thirty-six relays of horses being kept in the spacious stables. In wartime there was a great deal of open field in front of the house, but of late years this has been covered with a growth of stubby pines, so that the appearance of the landscape is somewhat changed. It would take too long to rehearse the whole story of the Chancellorsville fight. It is sufficient to say that when the field becomes a part of the National Park and is dotted with monuments to mark the positions of the various forces it will be fully as interesting as Gettysburg. There still remain many of the earthworks thrown up by the armies, and the sites of graves are still visible in the woods. The party drove along a road which followed the trenches dug by men of the Twelfth Corps, over to Hazel Grove, which was a conspicuous point during the battle. It is not a settlement, as its name implies, but a solitary farm house on a hill, which was the position of a battery. The magnificent spring which was so useful to the army still remains, giving forth a splendid flow of delicious water.

THE STORY OF KEENAN'S DEATH.

It was very near this farm house that Keenan's Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry was stationed. The story of the charge of this regiment and Keenan's death is known to every reader of the Chancellorsville campaign, and as generally related is intensely

dramatic. The version with which I was most familiar told how Major Keenan, who as commanding the regiment, was directed to charge the advancing column of Jackson's men as they came down the road. With a smile upon his face, he replied: "It is death, but I will do it," and then, at the head of his column, he plunged into the seething mass of Confederates, like a second Arnold Winkelried, and was slaughtered with his entire command. The short time which the charge occupied, however, was sufficient for the Union forces to get a battery into position and thus protect to some extent the rear of Howard's retreating column.

But Major Morris says that this story, although so thrilling, is not true. "Keenan was over there," he said, pointing a short distance away, "and was ordered to go out and stop stragglers of Howard's corps who were coming down the road. The route of the corps was not then known. He moved in columns of twos out that road yonder, which leads into the main 'pike. When he emerged from the woods he found himself surrounded by Confederates. There were only two things to do, either to retreat or charge. He chose the latter, and rushed pell-mell into the enemy, thinking to cut his way in and then out again. He had no idea that he was attacking the whole of Jackson's army. No order was given him to charge. The story is all romance."

Whether romance or not, there was something particularly stirring as we came to the road where the cavalry encountered the enemy, to think of that gallant and desperate effort which the Pennsylvania men made. Very few of them, if any, escaped. Major Keenan was killed and many of his officers. "The enemy were as thick as bees, and we appeared to be among thousands of them in a moment," was the description which one of the officers afterward wrote of his experience.

WHERE STONEWALL JACKSON FELL.

The resinous odor of pines filled the air as the party stood by the simple shaft on the roadside that marks the spot where Stonewall Jackson fell on the night of May 2, 1863, shot by his own men as he was returning from a reconnoitering expedition. It is a granite column, with inscriptions on each of the four

sides. One of these repeats Jackson's last words—"Let us pass over the river and rest under the shade of the trees"—and another gives Bee's famous sentence at Mannassas. "There stands Jackson like a stonewall." The third inscription is Lee's tribute to the dead commander, and the fourth is the name and date of death. Nearby in the woods is the monument erected to the memory of the dead members of the Collis Zouaves, a stone shaft with a copper tablet containing the names of the heroes.

A mile up the road is the house of a man named Talley, who was Jackson's guide during the flank movement upon Howard. Talley is a well-preserved man, of rotund build, with a white imperial beard. As he stood on the lawn of his home, while the party waited lunch, he pointed out the hill not far away, to the top of which he guided Jackson, so that the latter might look down upon the Union army. Talley was with Jackson at the last conference with Lee, and brought the army around by field and road until it had flanked Howard. In simple language he told the story of the day, "but," he said, "I was not with Jackson when he was shot. I had been sent by him with a message to General Stuart."

"Who was in your house at the time?"

"It was occupied by General Devens as his headquarters. From the hill over there Jackson and I could see the Yankee officers out on this lawn. They did not seem to be aware that we were in this neighborhood."

PRIVATE SOLDIERS EXPECTED TROUBLE.

"If the officers did not know it," said a Federal officer, "there was not a private soldier in the ranks who did not expect the corps to be smashed. They had heard from many sources that the enemy was marching upon us, but the officers seemed to think that there was no danger. You know they thought that Jackson's army was in retreat. Instead of that it was marching upon us. We were just getting supper at the time, and were not prepared to resist an attack."

"I remember," said Talley, laughing, "Our men snatched up pieces of beef from the frying-pan as they rushed by. The meat was so hot that they could hardly hold it."

Curiously enough, on the lawn was also a man named Hawkins, who lived in the house across the road. Hawkins had carried some mail that morning over in the direction of the Rappahannock, and had been warned that the Union army was in the neighborhood. In trying to get back home he was captured and made a prisoner in his house, where there were about twenty-five women and children who had fled there for shelter. His home was General Carl Schurz's headquarters.

"One of Schurz's staff officers," said Hawkins, as he placed a chew of tobacco in between his grizzled beard, "came in the house, and, throwing down his sword, said he would go out and see the fun. He had heard some firing, and thought it was a skirmish. He never thought to get his sword. I had been in the Confederate army, had been discharged, but as I stood in the door of my house, my old company came rushing right across my garden. This was too much for me, and, picking up a gun, I went off with them down the road, yelling with the rest of them. I heard all the officers as they talked during the day, and not one of them knew that they were going to be attacked."

A NIGHT IN THE WILDERNESS.

A few miles beyond Talley's house the party entered the Wilderness. Never did name seem more misfitted. The valley of Wilderness Run is beautiful. The fields stretch away to the forests on every side and are as green as a well-watered, fertile soil can make them. Instead of wilderness the country seems a paradise.

It was only when, a few miles farther on, after the Lacy house had been left in the distance and Palmer's field, which was once covered with dead bodies, had been passed, that the procession of carriages, turning into the woods, encountered a real wilderness. In the midst of an indescribable tangle of trees and undergrowth, the old trenches could still be seen, although how men fought under such circumstances was then and is still a wonder. In the clearing was the house of a man named Hall, an old farmer, with a typical long, white beard, who had his story to tell of escaping from Union Cavalry while he was trying to carry his family and his household goods into the forest

by hiding behind a rock. At night the Chewning house was reached, a building conspicuous on the military maps, for all around it were the Confederate works. In the morning the line of march was taken up along a private road which led into the Orange turnpike.

There are said to be about 20,000 acres in the Wilderness. In olden times it was practically a trackless forest, but now there are farms scattered through it, and it is only in occasional localities that primeval nature is seen. The demand for railroad ties have been the principal cause of the cutting down of the enormous trees that were once the pride of the Wilderness.

A SIMPLE MONUMENT TO LEE.

Across the fields on each side of the turnpike Longstreet's men came, after an all-night march to relieve A. P. Hill. "There is Tapp's field," said Major Biscoe. "I was in Hill's Division, and we had fought through the 5th of May. I was lying down in that field on the morning of the 6th, when Longstreet's men came rushing over us on their way to meet the Union Army."

"As I came along with Longstreet," said Mr. Hume, "the woods were all on fire. It was an awful sight. Both the dead and wounded were being burned. The woods were full of bodies."

"Yes," said Captain Quinn, "we were charged with setting the woods on fire, but we did not do it. We tried hard to extinguish the flames, but it was impossible to do so."

Every inch of the road was now full of historic interest. The point where Longstreet was wounded, where Jenkins was killed, and where General Wadsworth was fatally shot, were all pointed out. Then, a few minutes later, the party stood around a rough shaft of granite a hundred feet from the road. The stone stood upon some smaller rocks beneath a tree. It marks the spot where a soldier grasped the bridle of General Lee's horse. There had been some wavering on the part of the Confederates, and Lee rode forward, intending himself to lead a charge. He placed himself at the head of a Texas regiment. His evident purpose changed the spirit of the men. "If you will go back we will go forward," said they, and when Lee hesitated one of them seized his horse's bridle and turned the animal around.

Then they hastened to the front and Lee went back. The soldiers placed the improvised monument on the spot, and there it stands to this day, in all its solitude and simplicity, the mute reminder of a war-time episode.

ARTILLERY WORKS PRESERVED.

It was one of the many curious coincidences of this battle-field region that the very road over which Jackson marched to flank Howard—known as the Brock road—was also the point which a year later Hancock told General Getty to hold at all hazards. It was then the line of communication for the Union army, when Grant was moving toward Spotsylvania. The point where the Orange turnpike crosses the Brock road was reached in a few minutes after passing the point where Wadsworth was killed. There was desperate fighting along here between Hancock and Longstreet. The Brock road is still lined with the defensive works built by the Union army, while the artillery works erected by Barlow, on Hancock's extreme left, were found in a wonderful state of preservation. They could even now be used at a moment's notice. They stand in a small field on the brow of a hill, with woods surrounding. "I remember," said Major Hine, as he pointed across the field, "that I was sent with two regiments to cut down about 500 acres of oak over there, so as to give ample play to our guns."

The trenches are in the deep woods and are covered with a carpet of pine needles. They are nearly all still waist-deep. The forest is very thick—very much as it must have been when the trenches were built, and when Hancock reported that his men could not see a hundred yards ahead.

WHERE SEDGWICK WAS KILLED.

Still on and on. Slowly the carriages made their way along the Brock road, passing the narrow-gauge railroad, in the cuts of which Mahone formed his men, until Todd's Tavern was reached. It is no longer a tavern—not even the old house is standing. The present house is a plain, frame dwelling. Its occupants did not even live at the place during the war.

The party was now well out of the Wilderness, and was

entering the locality made famous by the battle of Spotsylvania Courthouse, the beginning of Grant's campaign against Richmond. Passing the Alsop house, which is still standing, and which was a hospital during the war, the carriages soon halted in front of the monument which marks the spot where General Sedgwick was killed. It is a more pretentious affair than the Stonewall Jackson shaft, but is not as impressive. It stands at the junction of a by-road with the pike, overlooking the wide field, at the other side of which were the Confederate works. Against the advice of his officers, General Sedgwick came out upon the open space at the junction of the roads, although the Confederate sharpshooters had found its range with deadly effect. The General laughed as the men dodged the bullets. "They couldn't hit an elephant at this distance," he said, as he encouraged his men to stand upright. A moment later, however, there came another whistle of a bullet, and General Sedgwick fell, with a wound in his head under the eye. He died instantly.

"I met his body on this by-road," said Major Hine. "I had been at work down the road strengthening a bridge for artillery to pass over. General Grant came by. I had seen him before, but had never spoken to him. He told me that he hoped I would hurry my work, as there were some other places in the road he wanted repaired as quickly as possible. When I had finished I went up the road to report to General Sedgwick, but met some soldiers with his body, and they told me how he had been killed."

THE STORY OF BLOODY ANGLE.

From Sedgwick's monument to Bloody Angle was a short journey. As the carriages drove through the woods, the Confederate trenches were plainly discernable, but at Bloody Angle itself the works were not so well preserved. Standing on the brow of the hill, where the fiercest fighting occurred, Colonel Bird, who was on General Barlow's staff, pointed out where he had helped to form the army assigned to attack the Confederate works at the angle thereafter to be known by its sanguinary title.

"I was busy all night," he said. "As we were very near to

the enemy, and as absolute quiet was necessary, we ordered the soldiers to throw away the caps of their guns, so as to provide against even the accidental explosion of a weapon. I can remember the pitiful look some of the men gave while obeying the order, for they knew that they would be helpless if attacked, and, at any rate, something desperate was being planned. We made every man hold his canteen, so that it should not rattle. In the morning we moved forward. The Confederates had placed an abattis of rails stuck in the ground on end as their first line of protection, and then had piled the ground with timber. It took several moments to clear these obstructions away, so that the enemy had some little notice of our coming. They were in pens of logs and could not get out to fight, so that we captured them after a brief conflict, and then we bagged a whole division, including General Johnson, whose headquarters had been established in the McCool house. We could not advance, however, because our line had become disorganized. For twenty hours the fighting continued, re-enforcements coming up on both sides."

The Landrum house, near which Hancock's men were massed by Colonel Bird, still stands, and is occupied by the Landrum family. "We had 500 bodies in and around our house," said Mr. Landrum, as he told of his experiences during the fight.

MILES AND MILES OF EARTHWORKS.

The hill back of Bloody Angle is literally plowed into earthworks. The trenches are so close together that a man can step from one to the other for a great distance. Like all the other works, they are covered with brown pine needles, while the woods in which they are situated look today as they did during the hours when they were the centre of hand-to-hand fighting. Many of the trenches were made to serve as graves, the raised earth being simply turned back over the dead which filled the excavated line.

On the hill near the Landrum house, where Hancock's artillery was stationed, the lunettes in which the guns were placed stand today just as they appeared in 1864. There are eight or ten of them in a row, looking brown and sombre with their carpet of pine needles, and the sun filters down upon them

through the pine branches. Although now silent and deserted, one can easily imagine the thunderous terror of the guns on that eventful day, when the Blue and the Gray were struggling together from early morning until long after nightfall for the possession of the strategic point. Looking from these fortifications over to Bloody Angle, the woods and fields seem again alive with men fighting like madmen, the atmosphere is again heavy with rain and smoke, and the cries of the soldiers and the shrieks of the wounded are again resounding upon the air.

It was at the Bloody Angle that the firing was so severe as to actually cut in two an oak tree twenty-two inches in diameter. From the top of the tree Mr. Landrum took twenty-nine pounds of bullets, while the stump is still preserved in Washington.

Writing to General Halleck on the 11th of May, before the heaviest day's fighting had occurred, General Grant estimated that he had then lost 20,000 men in six days' fighting around Spotsylvania Courthouse. It is said that in thirty days he lost 32,500 men actually killed. The Confederate loss was also enormous. Even nowadays bodies are plowed up every time the ground is turned in the spring, while bullets are as numerous in the soil as stones. Mr. Landrum said to me that he had found so many corpses on his place that the keeper of the National Cemetery at Fredericksburg grew tired of coming after them. This, it is to be remembered, is thirty-five years after the battles occurred.

It was at his headquarters just in the rear of the Union lines that Grant wrote the historic line, saying that he proposed "to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." The site of his headquarters is, of course, included in the boundary of the proposed park.

The interest of the old soldiers all over the country in the present appearance of this locality is shown by the large number of letters which Mr. Landrum receives. He had one in his pocket the other day. It had been addressed rather indefinitely to "Landrum House, Spotsylvania Courthouse, Va.," and asked for some particulars as to the condition of the Bloody Angle and its contiguous fighting ground at the present day. There is no doubt that when the proposed park is established, and its

battle-fields made easily accessible by good roads and electric lines, the number of veterans who will revisit these scenes will be almost beyond computation.

CONFEDERATE SUPREME COURT.

William L. Yancey's Speech Urging Its Establishment.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Referring to the recent communication of General Bradley T. Johnson with reference to the Confederate Supreme Court, I suggest that the files of the Richmond papers of the 18th and 19th of March, 1863, if accessible, will probably throw some light on the subject, as on the 17th of that month—St. Patrick's Day—I heard William L. Yancey deliver an elaborate speech in the Confederate Senate on a bill then pending for the establishment of a Supreme Court. I sat near Mr. Yancey while he was speaking, and during a pause, I heard him ask the stenographer whether he was able to keep up with him. He said that he had tried to be more deliberate than usual, as he was anxious to have a full and correct report of his speech.

J. R. SATTERFIELD.

Salem, Ala., July 14, 1899.

A REFUGEE'S STORY.

How a Rebel Gave the Yankees the Slip.

The following story was related by the chief actor long after the war was over, in almost these words:

It was on a cold, gray morning that we started on that trip. I was exempt from service on account of age, but the Yankees were pouring into Tennessee and making raids into Virginia, sweeping the whole country as they went, carrying off horses, destroying grain and cattle, and killing the planters on the slightest provocation. I had eleven fine horses, and knowing my life as well as property was in jeopardy, I determined to attempt to get them to a place of safety if possible. We went through byways and woodlands as much as we could, thereby meeting few persons, and these, like ourselves, fleeing from the Yankees and carrying with them their most valuable effects.

The same eager question was the first asked by all: "Where are the Yankees?" It was the one absorbing thought of all.

I rode my saddle mare, Fannie, and Black Jim rode Grav Charlie and led the children's pet pony, Dixie. The other negroes took care of the remaining eight horses, carrying with them our supplies for camping.

My equipments were in all respects first class. I was especially proud of a fine pair of holsters and army pistols. A snow-storm blew up about noon, and it was cold and tiresome riding, but about sundown we were at the foot of White Top mountain, and near the home of two widow-ladies, from whom I got provisions for the negroes and bedroom for myself. Leaving my saddle-bags, blanket, etc., in the house, I went out to superintend the boys as they fed and got supper. It did not take long to get a big fire started, and the bacon and corn bread were soon cooking, for our long, cold ride had given us good appetites. I had carried with me some roasted rye, that was used to make coffee. I was lying back on a high pile of wood, that broke the wind off of us, when the boy Jim ran up before me,

his teeth chattering, and pale with fright, as he cried: "Marsa, de Yankees done got us."

I sprang to my feet, and at the same instant a heavy hand was laid on my shoulder and a pistol thrust into my face, while the terrible words, "You are my prisoner," fell on my ear like a death sentence.

We were literally surrounded by the Yankees. Guards were immediately put over us and the premises.

I was allowed to go into the house at night, but I tell you I did not sleep much. If one of those guards had left the back door of that house I would have taken French leave in a hurry. Before they went into camp for the night one burly officer came up and took my gold watch from my pocket, turned it over and over, opened the lids, and examined the works, and then, very unexpectedly, put it back. He turned up the cape of my heavy army overcoat, commented on the quality very emphatically, looked at my new cavalry boots, asked the number of them, and chuckling to himself, finished his inspection. I knew very well that in the morning I would be stripped of my outfit and given some filthy old rags, so I determined to get away from them, for besides my watch and clothes I had several hundred dollars in a belt around my waist.

At daybreak we were called up. My boys cooked the breakfast, but were watched too closely to exchange a word with me. Having finished the meal the order was given to bring around the horses, and the guard was called from the house. Now was my chance. Requesting permission to get my blanket and saddle-bags from the house, I entered just as the guard was disappearing from the rear. Snatching my baggage, I made a bee line through the back door, across the yard, and escaping notice in the confusion of the moment, I managed to get the stable between me and the troop, and succeeded in getting to a thicket of scrub pine, where, dropping behind a dead log, I lay in the snow until nearly 3 o'clock in the evening. Feeling sure the coast was clear, I crawled out and worked my way up the mountain and found a sheltered place where the snow was so thin I could kick it off with my boots. Here I tramped all night to keep from freezing. I was almost famished, and when day dawned tried to make my way to a cabin near the

foot of the mountain, hoping to be able to get something to eat. I kept close to the bushes, however, until I was abreast of the cabin, and after watching for some time I was convinced that there would be no danger in making my request. There was no one in the house but an old woman and two young girls, and they soon had a substantial meal before me and informed me that the Yankees had gone north. I paid for my breakfast, and feeling vastly more comfortable, began my walk home—a distance, I was sure, of at least twenty-five miles. But luck favored me. I had not gone more than two miles when, following a footpath through the fields, I saw one of my boys going down the main road on old Charley. I called, and Dave was the gladdest boy you ever saw. He was asleep on the horse's back and had neither saddle nor bridle. He had slipped away in the night and the horse had instinctively taken the road home, with the sleeping negro on his back.

I got a scrap of rope for a halter and begged an old piece of carpet, after which I mounted, taking Dave up behind me, I was not afraid to stay in the roadway now, and when we were within twenty miles of home everybody knew us and I was obliged to tell time and again the story of my capture and escape. The old women would cry and wonder where their boys were, and ask eagerly if I had seen any traces of them.

Four miles from home we came to the farm-house of 'Squire Ray, and there I found my Dolly hitched at the gate, which was a great surprise, for the negro riding her was the meanest boy I had, and I knew he would be glad to run away if the opportunity presented itself. He had gotten separated from us, and falling in with the 'Squire's horses, had gone on with them and escaped capture.

I quickly transferred his saddle to my horse and comfortably finished by journey, reaching home to find myself the possessor of only two horses, but grateful that my family had escaped indignities at the hands of the enemy.

MRS. KATE CUMMING STARRITT.

CATLETT'S STATION RAID AGAIN.

King William Courthouse, June 12, 1899.

To the Editor of the *Dispatch*:

Somt time ago I sent to the *Dispatch*, a communication entitled "My Recollections of General J. E. B. Stuart's Raid on Catlett's Station." In that communication I endeavored to state nothing but what came under my personal observation, and what were actual facts. Since writing I have read "Another Account of that Raid on Catlett's," in which the writer, L. M. Redd, says I wrote both "fact and fiction." Had my name been signed to the piece when it was printed, I am sure my old comrade and friend would never have accused me of writing "fiction." The scenes and events of that night do not call for fiction. The realities were too numerous and exciting to be enlarged upon. And, really, I don't see a great deal of difference between my recollections and his. The only difference appears to be (1) as to who the man was who climbed the telegraph pole, and (2) whether the man came down with a "thud" when fired on, or whether he backed down, bear fashion, "slowly."

I maintain that the man belonged to the Gloucester Cavalry, and that he did come down with a "thud," and I mean no disparagement to him when I say so. Nor do I mean any reflection upon him. Most soldiers would have done likewise. Nothing could be accomplished by staying up there. My friend Redd says the man who volunteered to climb the pole was a member of Company G. I should be the last man of my old company to detract anything of praise from any member of that old company. I love them all too much for that. They were all brave soldiers, and would go wherever ordered; but I often observed during the war that where the danger was great and little could be accomplished the officer in command would call for volunteers, thereby leaving it to the soldier to perform the duty as he best saw how.

Had Captain Newton that night ordered any man in his com-

pany to climb a pole his order would have been obeyed, even at the risk of death.

E. M. Redd does not disclose the name of the man from Company G who, he says, climbed the pole. I know that modesty forbids him. He was as true and as brave a soldier as there was in the service. He may have gone up half a dozen poles that night, so far as I know; but I did not see him. The writer says "Captain Newton took his whole company down to the railroad." That may have been so, but this member was not with it. He only had the first set of fours, if I remember aright, when I went with him. I could have mentioned many of the incidents that E. M. Redd mentioned, but it would have made my article too long.

I should be very much pleased, Mr. Editor, if you would publish this communication, for I dislike very much that any member of my old company should think I would cast any reflection upon him, or withhold from him any measure of praise to which he is entitled.

Yours respectfully,

J. CHURCHILL COOKE,
Company G, Fourth Virginia Cavalry.

VIRGINIA BATTLEFIELD PARK.

Fredericksburg's Effort in This Direction—Concentration Necessary.

The *Richmond Dispatch*, after alluding to the proposition that the United States Government shall establish a national military park at or near Fredericksburg and Richmond, says:

"We should like to see the vicinity of Richmond chosen for the site of the park; but if we can't have our wish about that we shall be glad to support the next best proposition looking to practical results. Of course, we old Confederates cannot hope to have things all our own way. To get any scheme through Congress it must be backed strongly by veterans of the gray and blue both."

The *Dispatch* in this matter seems to have quite naturally, as the oldest paper at the State capital, a very proper touch of State pride, and the *Free Lance* proposes to tell the *Dispatch* and through it the people of Virginia what has been done in the Fredericksburg and adjacent National Battle-Fields' Park matter, and to ask the *Dispatch* if it does not, as a State organ, believe that the Fredericksburg park matter is "backed strongly by veterans of the gray and blue both."

The Fredericksburg Battle-Field Park matter was taken up, first, by our City Council, in February, 1896, and a committee appointed to inaugurate it. Thereafter, in April, 1896, a meeting was held in our Opera-House, at which Congressmen Jenkins (Republican), of Wisconsin; Walker (Republican), and Jones (Democrat), of Virginia, were present, and gave the matter hearty approval.

I. Then provision was made for a joint commission, a voluntary unincorporated body, to consist of members from Fredericksburg, Orange, Spotsylvania, and Stafford, and gentlemen from each of the counties named and Fredericksburg were selected to push the proposition. These gentlemen at once saw, following in the footsteps of Chickamauga, that an incorporation was not only desirable, but necessary, and thereupon—

II. The Fredericksburg and Adjacent National Battlefields Memorial Association of Virginia was chartered February 12, 1898, Abraham Lincoln's birthday, and organized February 22, 1898, Washington's birthday. Among the incorporators are over two hundred gentlemen, ex-officers and soldiers of the war of 1861-'5, from thirty-eight States of the Union and the District of Columbia. In these incorporators are many of the leaders on each side of the war of 1861-'5, such as General Horatio C. King, its president, and for twenty-five years the secretary of the Army of the Potomac; General Orland Smith, the present president of the Army of the Potomac; General Daniel E. Sickles; Governor W. A. Stone, of Pennsylvania, and ex-Governor Beaver, of that State; ex-Secretary of the Navy Tracy; General Felix Agnew, of the *Baltimore American*; General F. D. Grant, Charles Broadway Rouss, ex-Governor Chamberlain, of Maine; Congressman Amos Cummings, ex-Senator Faulkner, of West Virginia; Judge Walter James K. Jones, of Arkansas; General M. C. Butler, of South Carolina; General James Longstreet and Congressman Livingston, of Georgia; Chief Justice Woods, of Mississippi; ex-Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky; Senator Caffery, of Louisiana; Senator Bate and Congressman Richardson, of Tennessee; Congressman Lanham, and ex-Congressman Culberson, of Texas; besides very many more equally as prominent. All of these gentlemen not only consented to become members of the association, but are warmly in favor of the Fredericksburg park.

III. Virginia has, through her Legislature, taken up the Fredericksburg Park proposition as a State matter. Her Legislature has endorsed it, and Governor Tyler is of the opinion that it is the one park that should be first established, and that other propositions should stand in abeyance pending action on that by Congress. In the list of incorporators from Virginia are Colonel James D. Brady, of Petersburg, a gallant Union officer, than whom no one has a better war record, who is a member of the Executive Committee of the association, and there are over fifty Virginia incorporators, including Congressman Lamb, of Henrico, and Captain B. C. Cook, of Richmond city; Speaker Ryan, Dr. J. W. Southall, and others.

IV. The Fredericksburg Park proposition is earnestly en-

dorsed by the Grand Army of the Republic. General Edgar Allan has brought the matter to its notice, and is chairman of the committee of the Grand Army of the Republic to secure the favorable action of Congress, and as chairman of this committee has presented to the last Congress a very strong, indeed, unanswerable, memorial in its favor.

V. The United Confederate Veterans, at their Richmond meeting in 1896, warmly endorsed the Fredericksburg battlefields project, and General John B. Gordon, Grand Commander, has issued a ringing order to all the Confederate veterans, urging their help in the establishment of this park.

VI. The Fredericksburg and Spotsylvania battlefields were most carefully gone over by a committee of the Grand Army people, of which General Allan was chairman, before the Grand Army of the Republic endorsed the project.

VII. Recently the War Department has sent a detail from the Quartermaster-General's Department to these fields at the suggestion of the Military committees of the two houses of Congress to report upon the practicability of establishing this park, and it is an open fact that a favorable report will be made in favor of the establishment of this park.

VIII. There is every assurance that the strong society of the Army of the Potomac at their meeting in September will memorialize Congress in favor of this park, accurate maps of which have been made by our Fredericksburg Association, and these, with slight modifications, have been accepted by the War Department officers as the proper guide for establishing the parks.

IX. Senators Daniel and Martin and Congressman Hay, after full consideration, have determined to make an earnest effort to establish this park. It was in the great battle of the Wilderness that Senator Daniel received his wounds.

X. Senator Daniel is quoted as saying that on these fields more men were engaged and more casualties resulted than England has lost during the present century.

XI. The Fredericksburg National Cemetery and the Confederate Cemetery contain more buried dead than can be found elsewhere in any war cemeteries as near together in the land, and all were slain on this soil. Arlington and Vicksburg ceme-

teries may have more, but those dead were brought from many far-off fields.

XII. There clusters around Fredericksburg a wealth of memory and sentiment. It was the home of Governor Spotswood, the Tubal Cain of America; it was the playground of George Washington, and here is the ashes of his venerated mother. Not only do the memories of 1861-'65 here abide, but as a Revolutionary war spot it will ever be hallowed by all Americans.

The *Free Lance*, in view of the thirteen colonies, has no superstition about the No. 13. And so if a thirteenth reason is needed for the establishment by Congress of the Fredericksburg park, the *Free Lance* calls upon the *Dispatch* to supply it, and it does not believe that it will call in vain on the *Dispatch* to yield Richmond's claims for the present, at least, and give old Fredericksburg, which, during the war of 1861-'65, stood as a bulwark for Richmond, its best help at this time, to the end that the Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Wilderness, and Spotsylvania Courthouse battlefields may be established by Congress into one great memorial park, a credit alike to Virginia and to the nation.

(The *Dispatch* favors a concentration of the efforts of all Virginians upon the scheme which seems most likely to succeed. Our Fredericksburg friends need not fear that we will play the part of the dog in the manger. Furthermore, we must say that Spotsylvania seems ahead in the race, and unless other competitors pick up a great deal in the course of the next few months, it will distance them all.—*The Dispatch*.)

ROSTER OF CHURCHVILLE CAVALRY.

The following is the muster-roll of the Churchville Cavalry, of Augusta county, Va., from the 19th day of April, 1861, to the 30th day of June, 1861. This company was commanded by Captain Franklin F. Sterrett, who was prior to the war colonel of the 160th Regiment of Virginia Militia, having succeeded Colonel John B. Baldwin, of Staunton. Captain Sterret died sud-

denly of apoplexy at his home, in Augusta county, on Sunday, June 18, 1899. This company was enrolled in active service at Churchville from the 19th day of April, 1861:

Franklin F. Sterrett, captain.
Robert R. Ruff, first lieutenant.
George A. Hanger, second lieutenant.
James Cochran, third lieutenant.
Joseph A. Wilson, first sergeant.
John T. Eubank, second sergeant.
Henry H. Hanger, third sergeant.
Hugh F. Turk, fourth sergeant.
John L. Hill, fifth sergeant.
John B. Wynant, sixth sergeant.
Charles L. Francisco, sixth sergeant.
Abraham Hoover, first corporal.
Jacob A. Hanger, second corporal.
William R. Hodge, third corporal.
Robert Cochran, fourth corporal.
James M. Licklitter, bugler.

Privates—William F. Allen, David H. Bear, James H. Bear, James E. Bell, Charles L. Campbeil, James Kenney Campbell, Addison C. Crawford, William W. Donaghe, Edward Augustus Dudley, Elijah Dull, Robert B. Dunlop, Daniel Falls, James A. Frazier, Calvin J. Fuller, David F. Gilkeson, Thomas E. Gilkeson, William A. Hanger, James F. Heizer, John Henry Hite, Henry S. Hogsett, Benjamin B. Houseman, Francis E. Irvin, Andrew Jackson Johns, John Keller, Noah Knopp, Robert Love, John G. Massincup, William L. Massincup, John G. Mann, William D. Mills, Isaac Myers, Williams F. Myers, John O. Ramsey, William S. Ramsey, William W. Ramsey, David L. Reid, John Roudabush, Silas Rubush, George Sellers, James Sheets, John H. Sheets, George E. Sherman, George F. Smith, George M. Speck, Albert R. Whitmore, Jacob Henry Whitmore, and James B. Wilson.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, October 13, 1908.

DESPERATE PICKET FIGHT AGAINST SUPERIOR FORCE.

**Fisher's Hill Scene of Battle Royal in Civil War When
Two Hundred Old Confederates Oppose, With Honor,
Federal Force of Over 2,000.**

Late in March, 1863, General William E. Jones, going on a raid into West Virginia, left in the Shenandoah Valley, Company C, Seventh Virginia Cavalry, Captain John E. Myers, and Company E, Eleventh Virginia Cavalry, Captain Hess, both under the command of Major S. B. Meyers, with order to establish and keep up a rigid picket line across the Valley at any point he might think best.

Not far south of Strasburg is an irregular chain of hills reaching nearly across the Valley, and along this chain Major Meyers thought proper to establish his picket line, with the reserve near Fisher's Hill, on the Valley Turnpike. The Valley Turnpike is cut in the steep western side of Fisher's Hill from summit to base, having a stone wall on its left or lower side and an abrupt bank on its upper side, both increasing in height as the road goes down the hill, until it reaches the height of thirty feet, where the stone bridge and pike leave the hill at a right angle, crosses over the rough, rocky ravine, with its swift stream, along the base of the stone wall.

On the east side, steep and partly wooded, is a narrow strip of cleared land, a country road, and the North Branch of the Shenandoah River.

About April 20th, Lieutenant Philpot reported to us, his company having gone with the regiment. Lieutenant Dorsey, Company B, White's Battalion, of twenty-one men, having been off on detached service, reported to us.

On April 22d the picket on the pike reported the enemy advancing in force. The major called in the men from the nearest posts and with the reserve moved from camp out on to

the pike, where we met thirty or more members of the First Maryland Confederate Regiment, brave men, who volunteered to help us.

When all were lined up ready for orders, we had, all told, 226 men, and here, from our elevated position, we could distinctly see two full regiments and a battalion of cavalry, composed of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Regiments Pennsylvania Cavalry (Cole's Battalion); four full regiments of infantry, Elliott's Brigade, and a battery of four guns. I write full, as it was early spring, and the regiment had recruited to the full during the winter, and reported that morning nearly 5,000 men.

The orders given, concise yet clear, revealed to the veterans the plan which every man approved, and knowing their commander, were thoroughly enthused for the work. Two-thirds of the men were dismounted and marched off one-third of the way down the hill, but on the bank on the upper side of the road, where they would stand full breast-high with the enemy's cavalry down on the road and be not more than fifteen yards from them in the heavy brush and woodland.

Here they were placed, with orders not to fire until the mounted men at the top had opened fire. The rest were formed across the road at the top. Then Captain John E. Meyers rode out in front, and asked for a few volunteers to go down into the bottom below. Seven of us rode out with Captain Meyers and Lieutenant Philpot down into the open bottom.

We were ordered to move our horses so as to appear nervous, and thereby induce the enemy to charge us and be drawn into the ambush.

The enemy allowed us to come within sixty yards without firing, which seemed rather strange, until Miss Spangler notified us of a trap to catch us, and to avoid it we must move back 100 yards or more. Seeing their game was up, the two first regiments of cavalry charged us. As we made the turn off the bridge to go up the hill the whole regiment in front fired into us, and I think wounded Lieutenant Philpot. He was clinging with both hands to the cantel of his saddle. A few seconds later his horse was shot and fell, the lieutenant falling headlong out over his horse. One-third of the way up Cliendentes went down. A few moments later we rounded into line and fired full

in their faces at thirty yards. We kept up until every chamber of our revolvers and carbines was empty. By this time the frantic efforts of the men to get away from the telling fire from the ambush pushed on the men in front, thus driving us back. We did not run; we contested every rod of the way, loading and firing as we were slowly going back, and, the open space getting broader, with the enemy pushing around us on both flanks, we were compelled to give back again and again for about twenty-five minutes, when they ceased firing and stopped coming.

We kept within easy range, at no time neglecting them, neither showing any fear. This continued for perhaps fifteen minutes, when they started back down the hill in full run, we adding every possible inducement. A portion of the rear regiment of cavalry ran back from the ambush, and while the fight was going on above, General Elliott rallied and reformed the runaways, brought Cole's Battalion to the front, thus forming a column, and moving the infantry up nearer to supporting distance, he ordered the battery into position on our left front and advanced up the eastern side.

We were soon notified by the videttes, and hurried around to the eastern side. There we met and had a pretty sharp little fight with Cole's Battalion, who fought us harder than the Pennsylvania.

But soon the dismounted men, having been double-quickened across the top, came down the steep hillside with a yell and the impetuous charge of the Ashby Cavalry that no Yankees ever withstood. In a very short time Cole's Battalion was running from half its number of men.

The battery now opened fire on the front of the hill, and shelled slowly but regularly for three and one-half hours, during which some little movement was made, but no active demonstration. Occasionally some of the men would get permission to ride to the front of the hill, where we could see every movement and even hear the commands when given.

Other than these there were only four videttes on part of the hill, and as neither of these were hurt the shelling did no harm. After three and one-half hours the battery ceased firing and a truce was started up, as we supposed, to get the dead and wounded. But just before reaching the brigade Elliott came at

full run, calling, "Stop that truce." In half an hour the entire command was divided into two columns, and were advancing simultaneously up both sides, and we had to give way. We showed no "white feather." We kept within range, and facing them, giving as compelled.

There was no active demonstration on their part; they came far enough; stayed only long enough to get their wounded and then moved quietly, leaving us in possession of the field with thirty-three prisoners and thirty-five horses.

Our lost was one killed, twelve wounded, and two captured.

General Milroy's quarters were in Mrs. Long's house in Winchester. Her daughter, Miss Mary, a friend of mine and staunch rebel, sent me the following:

"Seeing a number of wounded coming in, I know there had been a fight somewhere. I watched for General Elliott, took the raw cotton plug from the keyhole and listened to his report: Killed, wounded and captured or missing, 227 men.

"I congratulate you. You did more than well. They knew the number and names of the men, which made it harder for you."

He did not know of the Maryland volunteers.

I write by request of the participants now living, still having the report, and of this fight the only one in existence giving us the enemy's loss.

Yours truly,

W. A. CONN.

Company C. Seventh Virginia Cavalry, Second Brigade, Second
Division, A. N. V.

Island Ford, Va.

THE CONRAD BOYS IN THE CONFEDERATE SERVICE.

Mr. Robert Y. Conrad, of Winchester, was one of the leading lawyers in Virginia. He was a member of the Virginia Convention of 1861 and chairman of the Committee of Federal Relations. He had six sons. The youngest was about twelve or thirteen years of age when the war began, but the other five were in the service, viz.:

1. Daniel B. Conrad, assistant surgeon United States Navy; resigned in 1861; served in Confederate States Navy, fleet surgeon for Admiral Buchanan at the battle of Mobile Bay. After the war he was superintendent of the Central Lunatic Asylum for several years, and then of the Western Asylum, at Staunton. He died in Winchester five or six years ago.

2. Powell Conrad, lawyer, engineer in Confederate States Army. Died in service from typhoid fever.

3. Holmes Conrad, enlisted in Newtown Cavalry (a Frederick county company), First Virginia Regiment of Cavalry (J. E. B. Stuart's old regiment); became adjutant of the Eleventh Virginia Cavalry, commissioned major and served on the staff of General T. L. Rosser; practised law in Winchester until 1893; member of the Legislature, Assistant Attorney General and Solicitor General under President Cleveland, and is now a resident of Winchester, but has his law office in Washington, D. C.

4. Charles F. Conrad was a member of Chew's Battery of Horse Artillery, after the war became a civil engineer, and is now residing at Staunton.

5. Frank Conrad also served in Chew's Battery, was a lawyer and civil engineer, and died four or five years ago in Leesburg, Va.

On one side of the square on which Mr. Robert Y. Conrad's residence was situated, there were twenty boys and young men from sixteen to thirty-five years of age, and every one of them entered the Confederate service and were splendid soldiers.

Among them was Colonel (afterwards Governor) F. W. M. Holliday. During the war there were seven dwelling houses on that square and six of them furnished soldiers to the Confederate States Army. The only males who did not enlist were boys under sixteen and men over fifty years of age.

Holmes A. Conrad and H. Tucker Conrad, the only sons of Mr. David Holmes Conrad, of Martinsburg (now West Virginia), and nephews of Mr. Robert Y. Conrad, belonged to the Martinsburg Company (D) of the Second Virginia Regiment, Stonewall Brigade. The two brothers were killed by the same volley at the battle of First Manassas. Major Robert W. Hunter, now Secretary of Confederate Records, was a lieutenant in that company and adjutant of the regiment. One of the lieutenants of the company was Peyton R. Harrison, a first cousin of the Conrad boys and brother-in-law of Major Hunter.

Owing to a misapprehension of orders, the left of the regiment fell back and got into some confusion; but as soon as the mistake was discovered the officers tried and succeeded in rallying the men. Lieutenant Harrison was shot down; two of his men undertook to lift him up and take him to the rear. He said: "Lay me down; you can do nothing for me. I am not afraid to die. Rally to the charge," and in a few minutes was dead.

The remains of the two Conrad boys and of Lieutenant Harrison were taken to Martinsburg, and reached there after sundown, and were buried by moonlight. At that time the people of the Shenandoah Valley had not been accustomed to war and its horrors, and the death of these three men made a great impression on the citizens of Martinsburg.

A party who was present at the burial says: "We buried them with their cousin, Captain Peyton R. Harrison, together in one tomb.

"By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
Our lanterns dimly burning.'"

E. HOLMES BOND.

Winchester, Va., March, 1908.

THE MONUMENT TO CAPTAIN HENRY WIRZ.

Mortality in Confederate and Federal Prisoners Contrasted and Causes Explained.

Earnest effort has been made towards the erection of a monument to Captain Henry Wirz in Richmond, but as yet there has been no definite action.—ED.

Over a month ago there appeared in the Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution a bitter attack upon the Daughters of the Confederacy, of Georgia, by Corporal James Tanner. We old Johnnies regretted very much to see this coming from Corporal Tanner, as, when he was in Georgia two or three years ago attending the reunion of the Blue and the Gray, he expressed such love for us that we thought he had buried the hatchet so deep that certainly the edge would be molted off, and it would be harmless forever and ever. But it seems from the first sentence we read in his onslaught, that he has resurrected the old glory implement, and put a fiercer edge on it than it ever had before. We cannot understand how Corporal Tanner expects us old fellows in Gray to love and hobnob with him when he attacks our women in this way. We will stand many things that he might say about us, but when he says anything about our women, he gets all of the fuz turned the wrong way.

The first sentence in his attack is so bitter that I did not believe that it could emanate from the corporal. He says:

“When the accursed soul of Captain Wirz floated into the corridors of hell, the devil recognized that his only possible competitor was there.”

The writer of this article served in the First Virginia Cavalry during the war; was born and reared in Virginia and remained there until September after the surrender of the Confederate armies. He was never at Andersonville, and can say nothing personally as to the treatment of the Federal prisoners at that point. He, however, is somewhat familiar with the conduct of the Confederate States government towards its prisoners.

When Captain Wirz was being tried, I was at that time not far from Washington. Everybody in that part of Virginia regarded the trial of Captain Wirz as a political crime. We were satisfied that the United States government was using suborned witnesses, and we knew positively that they refused to allow persons, some having been guards at Andersonville, to testify in the Wirz case. The whole aim of the trial seemed to be to connect President Davis with the ill-treatment of the Federal prisoners.

Corporal Tanner denies that his government offered immunity to Wirz if he would implicate President Davis in the ill-treatment of prisoners at Andersonville. He simply makes a statement, and produces no evidence to the contrary. I wish instead of this bitter diatribe Corporal Tanner had undertaken to give a fair, square and honest history of the question of treatment of prisoners by the two governments during the war.

We are one people and one country, all desiring the upbuilding of our country. Then why is it that the people of the North are not willing for the truth to become history where the South is concerned, but, on the contrary, will continually try to poison the minds of people at home and abroad against us? I can see but one reason for it, and that is that the conduct of the Northern people and the Abolition party and administration was so heinous that they do not want the truth known, and they will not have it if they can prevent it. All the Southern people ask is that the whole truth be made history, for our children and their children's children, to know. We did nothing during that period that we are ashamed of.

But, as to Captain Wirz; Henry Wirz, an educated gentleman and physician, came to this country from Switzerland. While serving in the Confederate Army he was so badly wounded in the right shoulder as to permanently disable him for field service; that—and likely due to his being a physician—he was detailed for service at Andersonville.

There is much testimony extant of his very kind and humane treatment of the prisoners under his charge. As to the accusation of Wirz "beating prisoners," the fact of his having a broken right shoulder brands that as false.

Judge Robert Ould, Confederate Exchange agent, and who knew more about the treatment of our prisoners than any other man, was subpoenaed, but not allowed to testify in Wirz's behalf.

In the trial of Wirz, certain Federal prisoners swore that he killed certain prisoners, August, 1864, when he was actually absent on sick leave in Augusta, Ga., at the time.

When Captain Wirz was offered pardon if he would implicate President Davis "with the atrocities at Andersonville," he replied: "I know nothing about Jefferson Davis. He had no connection with me as to what was done at Andersonville."

In his confession to Father Schadewell the night before he was hung, he said: "I have spurned an offer of full pardon if I would say President Jefferson Davis instigated the cruelties claimed to have been perpetrated at Andersonville."

My dear Corporal can you give us from your ranks a nobler and more heroic spirit than this? Only a little aid to the willing and waiting perjurers to libel Jefferson Davis and you can go free. Why, my dear sir, were your people so anxious to convict Mr. Davis of cruelty to prisoners? First, it was to draw the attention of the country from your own outrageous treatment of Confederate prisoners, and other crimes, and, secondly, to show that Mr. Davis had committed heinous and inhuman crimes, would blacken the cause and degrade the people he represented.

If Wirz had shot down 7,000 Federal prisoners, still the records of treatment of prisoners would have been favorable to the South.

Surgeon-General Barnes, of the United States, reported that there were in Northern prisons during the war 220,000 Confederates, and of this number 26,246 died, or 12 per cent. and that there were 270,000 Federals in Southern prisons, and 22,576 died, or 9 per cent. Now, my comrade, where does the cruelty come in? You admit in your statement the above facts, but say "the explanation of this is extremely simple. The Southern prisoners came North worn and emaciated—half starved. They had reached this condition because of their scant rations. They came from a mild climate to the rigorous Northern climate, and although we gave them shelter and plenty to eat, they could not stand the change."

I do think that the most bald-faced statement to make to an intelligent people that I have ever read. That "half-starved" Confederates died because they were well fed and well sheltered. That argument is about as good as the corporal could produce, that to feed and shelter men well will cause death.

It has been the custom of Southern people to go North and enjoy that delightful climate since the first settlement of the country. The people of the North have always contended that they could not come South in the summer or hot season because of the unhealthiness of the climate. This idea obtained all over the North and South as well.

After the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, I wanted to go to Georgia where my parents were then living, but my relatives in Virginia insisted that I should not do so, because I would certainly die from fevers.

Now, as a matter of fact, nearly all of the great battles were fought in the summer time, and, of course, at that time the most of the prisoners were captured. The prisoners of the North had come from a healthy, salubrious climate and were carried South into a malarial climate where every member of a household was expected to take their dose of quinine every morning before breakfast. At the same time, of course, the majority of the Southerners were captured and carried into the cool, pleasant and exhilarating climate of the North, the very place that they naturally would have gone if there had been no war and they could have done so. But instead of building up from being taken to this Northern climate, 3 per cent. more Southerners died than Federal prisoners that were carried to this unhealthy climate in the South. I beg Corporal Tanner to explain to us why this was. He says that is was because they got "good shelter and plenty to eat." God help the mark. But as a matter of fact they were given neither shelter nor much to eat, and we have stacks of testimony of thousands of them starving to death and many freezing to death from lack of shelter and clothing to protect them.

Let us take Elmira, N. Y., prison and see how well fed and sheltered the Confederate prisoners were. "The official report of that pen shows that during the month of September, 1864, which was the first month that the quota of that prison was

made up—out of less than 9,500 prisoners, the deaths were 386. The records at Andersonville show that between the 1st of February and 1st of August, 1864, out of 36,000 prisoners, 6,000, or one-sixth died.

In other words, the average mortality at Andersonville, during that period, was one thirty-sixth of the whole per month, while at Elmira, N. Y., it was one-twenty-fifth of the whole. At Elmira it was 4 per cent.; at Andersonville, less than 3 per cent.

The record also shows that scurvy appeared in this prison in a very malignant form. "Men became covered with fearful sores, many lost their teeth, and many others became cripples, and will die cripples from that cause." On the 1st of September the report showed out of 9,300 prisoners, examined, 1,870 were tainted with scurvy. As scrobatie remedies were plentiful, there was no excuse for this being so prevalent.

Now these reports were made during the healthy season at the North, and when there was no epidemic in the country and of Andersonville in the hot summer months. The Federal government had all the world to draw from for remedies for these suffering men, but they let them die. The North had blockaded our ports and made medicines contraband of war, and Corporal Tanner himself says that our soldiers when captured were half starved.

When an army goes into battle all surplus baggage, etc., is piled up and left under a guard so that they may be better able to handle themselves. Of course, when taken prisoners in battle they have no overcoats or blankets; they were hurried North with the light dress that they had been wearing in the South, and no man has ever yet heard of the United States government furnishing the Southern prisoners with an overcoat.

At the beginning of the war the Confederates made a practice of paroling prisoners. The Federal government would not recognize these paroles, so we then kept our prisoners confined.

President Davis offered to ship to New York cotton with which to buy overcoats and blankets for our prisoners North, but the United States government refused it. He finally succeeded through England in making a trade by which a few were supplied with blankets.

The Confederate government was the first to ask for an exchange of prisoners, giving as a reason that they could not give them the attention that they ought to have.

President Davis proposed to the Federal government that they should send their own surgeons and medicines to care for the Federal prisoners, with the understanding that the South would send like surgeons and medicines North. The Federal government refused it.

President Davis turned a sergeant and several men loose with the understanding that they would go to Washington and tell Mr. Lincoln of the inability of the Confederate government to care for their prisoners, and to ask for their exchange, but the sergeant and men were sent back to prison to die.

In August, 1864, Judge Robert Ould, agent of exchange, sent a written statement exhibiting the mortality among the prisoners at Andersonville, to the Federal government.

President Davis then offered to turn over to the Federal government without exchange 1,300 sick prisoners at Andersonville in the month of August. The Federal government did not send a vessel to Savannah to receive them until December. In that length of time hundreds of them had died. When the vessel came they not only turned over all the sick they could, but put in many well men, in fact, all that they would receive, in order to get shut of prisoners.

Not only that, but the Federal government at the beginning of the war made all medicines contraband, a thing that only one other civilized government in the world was known to do, and one of the most horrible crimes that any government could be guilty of. Your people knew that there was not a pharmaceutical laboratory in the South, and the only way they could get remedies for the sick was from the herbs in the woods and meadows, and that not only the sick and wounded of the Confederate Army in hospitals would die by thus being deprived of medicines, but the women, children and negroes at home would likewise perish for the lack of medicines, and your own prisoners, as well. Thousands of surgical operations on Confederates and Federal wounded were performed without anesthesia. The blockading of our ports and the making of medicines contraband of war was an everlasting and black crime.

The Confederate government was aware of its inability to properly care for prisoners, and made every effort possible to turn them over to the Federal government, so that they could care for them, but they refused continually and finally General Grant put his positive veto upon the exchange of prisoners upon the grounds that if they were exchanged they would have to fight them. That is the greatest monument that I know of to the Confederate soldier; that they could not whip them in the field and the only way to conquer them would be to starve them to death.

The Federal prisoners got the same rations that the Confederate soldiers in the field received; the only difference being that the prisoners got their's regularly, while the soldiers in service frequently failed.

Another unavoidable hardship and one that caused many deaths in Southern prisons was that, except in Virginia and Tennessee, the South raised no wheat, and after 1862, the wheat growing section of these States was lost to the Confederacy. Hence, as corn was our only staple for bread, all were glad to get cornbread, a diet that the Northern man was unused to, and a less healthy bread in hot weather than wheat bread.

Your armies had burned our mills, destroyed our crops, both growing and gathered. Sheridan wrote Grant that a "crow passing through the Valley of Virginia would have to carry a haversack." Sheridan also said that "nothing should be left the people but eyes to lament the war." How then, Corporal, could we treat our prisoners "more humanely" with our eyes running great creeks of tears.

Sherman said "war is hell," and he made it so, and I charge the Federal government with deliberately starving and freezing to death Confederate prisoners. It was in their power to feed, clothe and shelter these men, but they gave them insufficient, and in some cases rotten cornmeal, when plenty of good, wholesome food could be had, and when remonstrated with, informed the prisoners that they were giving them the same diet that the South was giving the Northern prisoners; and Corporal Tanner says our soldiers were half-starved, and hence we could only half-feed our prisoners.

The Confederate prisoners were told in every pen that the reason they got no better rations was that they were retaliating for the South's treatment of their prisoners. Now, Corporal, where does the inhumanity come in? Tell us why that in a healthy climate, where there was an abundance of fuel, provisions and medicines and all the humanity in America and a rich government, that 3 per cent. more Confederates died in your prisons?

Corporal, will you also kindly tell me how you "well fed and sheltered" the 600 Confederate officers that your government placed on Morris Island, S. C., under fire of the Confederate batteries. Why did you do this? And why did you feed these men on rotten cornmeal and pickles, the cornmeal being alive with worms, and you allowed them no means of cooking the meal?

When Camp Chase was first established as a military prison the Confederates were taken to the old Fair Grounds and kept the first winter in the stalls that had been erected on the ground for horses. Their other prisons seemed to have been selected with a view to exposing the prisoners to the hardships of the climate. For instance, Johnson's Island, Sandusky and Elmira, N. Y., were about as cold and bleak places as men could be placed in prison.

I think Corporal Tanner and his friends should shut up on this prison business until they can tell us why 3 per cent. more Confederates died in their hands in a healthy and salubrious climate, where there was plenty to eat and plenty to wear, than died in the sickly, unhealthy Southern climate, where men were not used to it; when the Confederate soldier was living on less than half rations, and the women and children at home were faring but little better, and where the only medicines in reach were the herbs that grew in the woods.

So far as a monument to Captain Wirz is concerned, the ladies of the South are going to erect one, and it will be built just as tall as it will be possible for them to get the money to build it, and they will inscribe upon it the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help each one of them God so far as they know the truth, regardless of Corporal Tanner's opinion or any one else's. It is a little peculiar that the people of the

North can put up their fine monuments in the South, right under our noses, falsifying history, and think it is all right, but the Southern people must say nothing. The Grand Army of which he was commander-in-chief, has been objecting to using histories in the Southern schools not written by Northern authors, teaching our children that we were rebels, traitors, knaves, liars and the most brutal people living.

Unfortunately, the South has always depended upon the North for their textbooks; but when the war was over and they sent down here such infamous stuff to poison the minds of our children, we had simply to throw it out, and have published histories of our own. I will illustrate the case of one little public school girl in Nashville, Tenn. Soon after the war, upon being called to her history class, she told the teacher that she had no lesson, and when asked the reason, informed her that she had burned up her history. When being reproved for having done so, the little girl informed her that she would not study a history so full of lies as hers was, and went on to explain that her history stated that the Confederates were whipped at the battle of Chickamauga. The fact of the case is that the battle was begun at Crawfish Springs, thirteen miles south of Chattanooga, and on the evening of the second day all of the Yankees were cowering under the banks of the Tennessee River in Chattanooga, and the Confederates were on Missionary Ridge, a mile and a half from the river, their army not only being whipped, but all of it except Thomas's corp, having been panicked. Now, this army was whipped and driven thirteen miles, and yet their historians claim the victory. Our little children knew better and simply resented it.

Corporal Tanner holds the Confederate government responsible for the treatment of the prisoners, and says it was their duty to treat them humanely, whether the United States government would agree to an exchange or not. He therefore agrees that his government refused to exchange the prisoners.

In the next paragraph, he says, "The plea that it could not have fed them better is conclusively refuted by the fact that when Sherman passed through that country he found an abundance of provisions for his great army of 60,000 men." Yes, we

admit that Sherman did pass through the country and got plenty to feed his 60,000 men.

The Confederate States government passed a bill requiring all farmers and planters to pay a tithe of all their products. Later Congress enacted a law that everything should be taken for the support of the army, except a certain allowance, which was stated, for each member of a family.

In the summer of 1864, the writer was detailed to go to Rockingham county, Va., and was furnished with a wagon train to collect the tithe and the excess provisions for the use of the cavalry corps. This was the case all over the South, and where any family had more than enough provisions to supply them until next crop, the government took it for the support of the army. This was the condition in Georgia when Sherman marched through.

So when Sherman took in his swath of sixty miles he did not cripple the Confederate Army at all, but he took this from the mouths of the women and children that were at home. I wish we could get before the Northern people the horrors of that march through Georgia of Sherman's, of which they so delight to sing.

Sherman claims that in passing through Georgia he damaged the State \$380,000; \$180,000 of which he used for the support of his army and \$200,000 was destroyed.

As to the responsibility further of the treatment of prisoners, wont the corporal take the evidence of his famous general, Benjamin F. Butler. This is Spoons Butler, or Beast Butler, who attempted to whip the women of New Orleans with his army. To quote from General Butler's speech at Lowell, Mass.: "Every one is aware that, when the exchange did take place, not the slightest alteration had occurred in the question, and that our prisoners might as well have been released twelve or eighteen months before as at the resumption of the cartel, which would have saved the republic at least twelve or fifteen thousand heroic lives. That they were not saved is due alone to Mr. Edwin M. Stanton's peculiar policy and dogged obstinacy; and, as I have remarked before, he is unquestionably the digger of the unnamed graves that crowd the vicinity of every

Southern prison with historic and never-to-be-forgotten horrors."

Who is to blame, Corporal Tanner?

My dear friend, the thing that irritates the Southern people is that you Northern people never fail, when you have an opportunity to libel the Confederate government for its ill-treatment of prisoners. We know it is absolutely false, and we know that any intelligent man in the North who knows the facts, knows it is false, and hence we very naturally resent it.

Now, I would like to do this: I would like for the G. A. R. to appoint three good, conservative men from there, and form a committee to bring out all the facts bearing on the treatment of prisoners, provided that the result of the investigation would be published in all the leading magazines of the United States and one or two each in England, Germany and France.

I think a great deal of the ignorance in the North of the period of 1850 to 1874, is due to the fact that Northern magazines and papers would not publish anything that reflected upon the Northern people, particularly during the war. Thousands of articles have been written for Northern magazines by Southern men, trying to put before the country the truth of that period and denying the scurrilous and libelous articles written by the Northern people of the South, but the publishers would refuse them and do even at this time.

Next week I want to inform Corporal Tanner of some reasons why the South is solid, and why it is so strange to the Northern people that the Southern people have not forgotten all about the war.

With much respect, comrade,

J. R. GIBBONS,
Of Stuart's Cavalry.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, May 20, 1906.

MEN WHO MARCHED AND FOUGHT WELL.

List of Officers and Roster of Company E, Nineteenth Virginia Infantry.

Headquarters Gross-Grigsby Camp, No. 93,
Confederate Veterans,
Stony Point, Va.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I send to your Confederate column muster roll of officers and men of "E" Company, Nineteenth Virginia Regiment. In March, 1902, Colonel Charles S. Peyton, now of Ronceverte, W. Va., who assisted in the organization of the company, and was its first captain, whilst on a visit to his old home, Stony Point, Va., with the assistance of the late John W. Goss, and myself, commenced this work. When Colonel Peyton returned to West Virginia he requested me to complete the roll. Now after many unavoidable hinderances, I hand you an official war record of the company, for not a name, not a remark by "memory." The roll is verified by first sergeant's books, now in possession of the families of descendants of these officers, and of four muster rolls of the company in my possession. There may be some names left out. I do not know. I know as far as this roll goes it is correct.

LYNN L. GOSS.

This company was organized April, 1860, and known as "The Piedmont Guards," with headquarters at Stony Point, Albemarle county, Va. On the 10th of May, 1861, at Culpeper Courthouse, Va., it was mustered into service by Lieutenant-Colonel John B. Strange. The first colonel of the regiment was Philip St. G. Cocke; the first lieutenant-colonel, John B. Strange, and the first major, Henry Gantt. Lieutenant C. C. Wertenbaker, of Company "A" was detailed adjutant. He was afterwards promoted and assigned regiment's adjutant. In the fall of 1861, Colonel A. T. M. Rust was assigned to command the

regiment. At the re-organization in 1862, Lieutenant-Colonel Strange was elected colonel. (He was killed at Boonsboro, South Maryland, September 14th, 1862). Mayor Gantt was elected lieutenant-colonel, and after Strange's death was promoted colonel. He was badly wounded July 3d, 1863, at Gettysburg. Captain Charles S. Peyton was promoted major, September 14th, 1862. (He lost his left arm August 30th, 1862, at 2d Manassas). He was wounded July 3, 1863, at Gettysburg, and was promoted to lieutenant-colonel in early fall of the same year.

The brigade was formed of the following Virginia regiments: The Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twenty-eighth, and Fifty-sixth. In the fall of 1861, the Eighth Virginia Regiment was assigned to the brigade.

The brigade commanders were: First Brigadier-General, Philip St. G. Cocke; Second Brigadier-General, George E. Pickett; third brigadier-general Richard B. Garnett. He was killed July 3, 1863, at Gettysburg. Fourth and last Brigadier-General Eppa Hunton, to the close of the war. The brigade belonged to Pickett's division.

Peyton, Charles S., captain, wounded in Second Manassas battle, August 30, 1862, left arm amputated; promoted major September 14, 1862, wounded in left leg, July 3, 1863, in battle of Gettysburg. Major Peyton was the only field officer left in the brigade—Garnett's—which he took command of and brought off the field. He was the only officer of Pickett's division who made a report of this battle. He was promoted lieutenant-colonel early in the fall of 1863, and assigned to post duty and served to the close of the war.

Pritchett, William R., first lieutenant; promoted captain in the fall of 1862; died of smallpox in Richmond Hospital, March 3, 1863.

Goss, William Walker, second lieutenant; promoted first lieutenant in the fall of 1862; promoted captain early in 1863; mortally wounded in the battle of Gettysburg, July 3, 1863; died there in field hospital, July 18, 1863.

Thurman, Benjamin W., third lieutenant; not re-elected at the reorganization.

Taylor, Albert G., first sergeant; accidentally shot at Manassas June 10, 1861, and died twelve hours afterwards.

Foster, Anthony, second sergeant; discharged by conscript act of 1862; over thirty-five years of age.

Barksdale, Franklin, third sergeant; captured at Yorktown April 26, 1862; exchanged August 5, 1862.

Bragg, James Y., fourth sergeant; promoted through different grades to first lieutenant; captured July 3, 1863, at Gettysburg; exchanged March 10, 1865.

Salmon, James, fifth sergeant; promoted through different grades to first lieutenant; wounded in shoulder July 3, 1863, at Gettysburg; commanded the company from July 5, 1863, to his death in battle at Hatcher's Run, March, 1865.

Gilbert, Robert M., first corporal; promoted third sergeant; wounded in battle Boonsboro, Md., September 14, 1862; concussion of abdomen in battle of Cold Harbor; died March 15, 1865.

Edwards, Samuel W., second corporal; promoted first sergeant; surrendered the company April 9, 1865, at Appomattox.

Sandridge, James J., third corporal; wounded at Gaines's Mill June 27, 1862; killed in battle of Gettysburg July 3, 1863.

Feigson, Reuben P., fourth corporal; wounded in the mouth in battle of Seven Pines June 1, 1862; transferred to Second Regiment, Virginia Cavalry.

PRIVATES.

Byers, David H., arm shattered in battle of Seven Pines, June 1, 1862. Honorably discharged by reason of fifth wound.

Bowles, John W., detailed brigade blacksmith.

Bellomy, Andrew J., enlisted August 22, 1862.

Brockman, Butley, severely wounded in face in second Manassas battle, August 20, 1862.

Brockman, James P., enlisted August 22, 1862.

Butler, Jacob W., killed August 30, 1862, in second battle of Manassas.

Brockman, Waller D., died at home, August 21, 1861, of typhoid fever.

Beck, T. J., died September 15, 1861.

Bramham, John H., transferred to other service.

Bramham, James G., promoted first sergeant; severely wounded in second battle of Manassas, August 30, 1862; right arm paralyzed.

Carden, William B., Killed in battle of Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.

Carden, R. E.

Carden, John A., wounded in left leg in battle of Howlett Lawn, November 17, 1863.

Carden, A. J.

Carpenter, John F., killed in battle of Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.

Condrey, Jerry, joined by transfer August 1, 1862.

Carver, James C., died December 25, 1861, at Manassas, of typhoid fever.

Dowell, Major M., wounded August 30, 1862, in second Manassas battle; killed July 3, 1863, at Gettysburg.

Dunett, Thomas D., captured April 26, 1862, at Yorktown. Exchanged August 5, 1862; wounded in hip July 3, 1863, in battle at Gettysburg, and captured. Exchanged August 28, 1863.

Dowell, R. E., wounded in hip in battle at Brook Church, May 12, 1864; little finger shot off in battle at Cold Harbor.

Dowell, Ezekiel, enlisted August, 1863.

Duncan, J. B.

Draper, John, discharged on regular detail.

Edwards, Tazewell S., discharged by conscript act, over 35 years of age; re-enlisted and promoted fourth sergeant.

Edwards, Brice J., wounded in head in battle of Gaines Mill, June 27, 1862; discharged by conscript act, over 35 years of age.

Eastin, Granville, wounded in battle of Seven Pines, June 1, 1862; killed in battle at Boonsboro, Md., September 14, 1862.

Eastin, Henry, killed at Yorktown April 26, 1862.

Eheart, Adam G., wounded in left arm August 30, 1862, in second Manassas battle; wounded in right leg July 3, 1863, at Gettysburg and captured.

Eastham, David C., promoted fifth sergeant.

Ferguson, Charles M., made corporal; died at home of typhoid fever February 21, 1862.

Flynt, James T., wounded badly in right hand June 1, 1862, in battle of Seven Pines; never fit for duty afterwards.

Flynt, William D., wounded in right arm in second battle of Manassas, August 30, 1862; detailed October 20, 1862, by order of Secretary of War.

Flynt, O. K.

Gilliam, James L., detailed government tanner, afterwards transferred to Fifth Regiment, Virginia Cavalry.

Gilbert, Beverly, wounded May 12, 1864, in battle at Brook Church.

Gerold, Garland F., wounded in battle at Gaines Mill, June 27, 1862, left leg amputated. Honorably discharged October 7, 1863, for this cause.

Garnett, William J., wounded in right arm, Gaines Mill, June 27, 1862.

Garnett, Milton, transferred Thirty-ninth Battalion, Virginia Cavalry, December 19, 1864.

Gregory, Benjamin F., enlisted March 15, 1862.

Goss, John W., transferred Company "K," Second Regiment, Virginia Cavalry, and from there to Thirty-ninth Battalion, Virginia Cavalry.

Gore, James, discharged 1862, "by conscript act," over 35 years of age.

Goss, Ebenezer, enlisted October 10, 1864; exchanged with H. T. McCune to Thirty-ninth Battalion, Virginia Cavalry, November 23, 1864.

Harlow, Samuel M.

Herring, Henry A., detailed brigade teamster.

Herring, John Henry.

Hill, William H., wounded in hand, Second Manassas, August 30, 1862.

Hall, Henry J., killed in battle at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.

Hall, William S., wounded in right shoulder, Gaines Mill, June 27, 1862.

Hall, Joseph M., enlisted March 28, 1862.

Hall, E. B., honorably discharged and detailed to other service.

Harris, William, honorably discharged and detailed to other service.

Harlow, Lucian M., enlisted May 10, 1861.

Johnson, W. W., died Chimborazo Hospital, typhoid fever, June 27, 1864.

Johnston, William W., captured at Yorktown, April 26, 1862; exchanged August 5, 1862.

Jones, B. C.

Kendricks, J. M.

Kite, William H., enlisted October 30, 1864; transferred to Thirty-ninth Battallion, Virginia Cavalry.

Leake, William J., enlisted May 10, 1861.

Leake, John W., wounded May 5, 1862, in battle of Williamsburg; mortally wounded in Battle of Seven Pines, June 1, 1862; died in Richmond Hospital, June 3, 1862.

Lane, Nehemiah, detailed to other service.

LeTellier, Joseph C., wounded at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.

LeTellier, William B., promoted second lieutenant, April 13, 1863; wounded in the face, July 3, 1863, at Gettysburg and captured; died there in field hospital, August 1, 1863.

Mundy, Jonathan B., wounded at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.

Mundy, Isaac L., enlisted May 10, 1861.

Mundy, Thomas W., promoted second sergeant; wounded August 30, 1862, in battle, Second Manassas; killed July 3, 1863, at Gettysburg.

Mundy, Henry B., died November 3, 1861, in hospital at Charlottesville.

Mooney, Madison, wounded in battle, Frazer's Farm, June 30, 1862; wounded November 17, 1863, at Howlett House; accidentally shot June 8, 1864, and died from effects of wound.

Meeks, Henry M., captured at Yorktown, April 26, 1862; exchanged August 5, 1862.

Mahanes, Tavenor O., promoted fourth corporal; captured at Yorktown, April 26, 1862; exchanged August 5, 1862; wounded in battle of Gettysburg, July 3, 1863, and captured.

Minor, Peter H., captured at Yorktown, April 26, 1862; exchanged August 5, 1862; killed July 3, 1863, in battle at Gettysburg.

Madison, James A., captured at Yorktown, April 26, 1862; exchanged August 8, 1862.

Mitchell, W. F.

Martin, Timothy, by exchange with N. T. Routt, March 24, 1865.

McCue, H. T., exchanged with E. Goss, November 23, 1864.

McCue, W. M., exchanged with Milton Garnett, December 19, 1864.

McAllester, William T., honorably discharged on account of physical disability.

Norvell, Joseph B., captured at Yorktown, April 26, 1862; exchanged August 5, 1862; killed July 3, 1863, in battle of Gettysburg.

Nimmo, Hiram, enlisted March 15, 1862; deserted April 6, 1862.

Pritchett, Bellfield, wounded at Sharpsburg, Md., September 7, 1862; wounded July 3, 1863, at Gettysburg; wounded March, 1865, at Hulcher Run.

Pritchett, James D., wounded in head June 27, 1862, at Gaines Mill.

Priddy, Obediah, discharged by "conscript act," 1862, over 35 years of age.

Routt, A. P., exchanged with T. Martin to Fifth Virginia Regiment, cavalry, March 24, 1865.

Simms, William J., captured at Yorktown, April 26, 1862; exchanged August 5, 1862; discharged by "conscript act," 1862, over 35 years of age.

Smith, James A., enlisted May 10, 1861.

Sampson, George W.

Salmon, Thomas B., detailed at Chimborazo Hospital, June 8, 1862.

Thomas, Tazwell S., died August 3, 1862, in hospital.

Taylor, John R., killed at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.

Twyman, Travis J., promoted third corporal; captured at Yorktown, April 26, 1862; exchanged August 5, 1862; wounded in battle at Brook Church, May 12, 1864.

Teel, Lewis, discharged under age, July, 1861.

Vaughan, William J., detailed teamster.

Vaughan, Cornelius G., detailed teamster.

Wood, James F., wounded in right side, July 3, 1863, at Gettysburg.

Wood, Alfred T., enlisted May 10, 1861.

Wood, Robert B., badly wounded, June 1, 1862, at Seven Pines.

Wood, Marion, badly wounded, June 27, 1862, at Gaines Mill.

Wood, W. M., detailed brigade teamster.

Wood, W. L.

Wood, C. T., enlisted October 16, 1864.

Wood, William C., killed at Gaines Mill, June 27, 1862.

Wood, Lemuel E., promoted second lieutenant; died at home, February 17, 1863, of typhoid fever.

Wood, Washington, enlisted May 10, 1861.

Zibinia, Antonio, killed August 30, 1862, Second Manassas battle.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, May 20, 1906.

BRAVE CAROLINIAN WHO FELL AT GETTYSBURG.

How Colonel Henry King Burgwyn Lost His Life.

The presence at Raleigh, N. C., of Colonel William H. S. Burgwyn, of Northampton county, who delivered the memorial address May 10, called attention to the fate of his brother, Colonel Henry King Burgwyn, the gallant young commander of the Twenty-sixth North Carolina Infantry, who lost his life at Gettysburg. It happened that among the Confederate veterans who attended the Memorial Day exercises was William M. Cheek, of Lundley, Chatham county, who was a private in Company E of the Twenty-sixth Regiment, and who saw Colonel Burgwyn when the latter was shot. Mr. Cheek said: "It was in the first day's fight at Gettysburg. Our regiment had been formed in line of battle and advanced a considerable distance towards the Federal lines. Our colors were very prominent in the center. Time after time they were shot down by the hot fire of infantry and artillery, and in all they fell fifteen times, sometimes the staff being broken and sometimes a color-bearer being shot down.

"The color-sergeant was killed quite early in the advance and then a private of F company took the flag. He was shot once, but rose and went on, saying, 'Come on, boys!' and as the words left his lips was again shot down, when the flag was taken by Captain McCreary, who was killed a moment or two later. Then Colonel Burgwyn himself took the colors and as we were advancing over the brow of a little hill and he was a few feet in advance of the center of the regiment, he was shot as he partly turned to give an order, a bullet passing through his abdomen. He fell backwards, the regiment continuing its advance, Lieutenant-Colonel John R. Lane taking command and at the same time taking the flag from Colonel Burgwyn. In a moment, it seemed, he was shot, and then Captain W. S. Brewer, of my company, took the flag and carried it through the remainder of

the advance, Major John Jones having then assumed command of the regiment. Our regiment was recalled and retired. I was knocked down by the explosion of a shell, which injured my eyesight somewhat, but soon rose and as myself and some comrades went back, I saw Colonel Burgwyn being carried off the field by two soldiers, named Ellington and Staton, who were using one of their blankets for that purpose.

"Colonel Burgwyn asked me, whom he recognized as being a member of his command, to help carry him off the field, and I at once gave my aid. We carried him some distance towards the place where our line of battle had been formed, and as we were thus moving him a lieutenant of some South Carolina regiment came up and took hold of the blanket to help us. Colonel Burgwyn did not seem to suffer much, but asked the lieutenant to pour some water on his wound. He was put down upon the ground while the water was poured from canteens upon him. His coat was taken off and I stooped to take his watch, which was held around his neck by a silk cord. As I did so the South Carolina lieutenant seized the watch, broke the cord, put the watch in his pocket and started off with it. I demanded the watch, telling the officer that he should not thus take away the watch of my colonel and that I would kill him as sure as powder would burn, with these words cocking my rifle and taking aim at him.

"I made him come back and give up the watch, at the same time telling him he was nothing but a thief, and then ordering him to leave, which he did. In a few moments, Colonel Burgwyn said to me that he would never forget me, and I shall never forget the look he gave me as he spoke these words. We then picked him up again and carried him very close to the place where we had been formed in line of battle. Captain Young, of General Pettigrew's staff, came up and expressed much sympathy with Colonel Burgwyn. The latter said that he was very grateful for the sympathy, and added, 'The Lord's will be done. We have gained the greatest victory in the war. I have no regret at my approaching death. I fell in the defense of my country.'

"About that time a shell exploded very near us and took off the entire top of the hat of Captain Brewer, who had joined our

party. I left and went to search for one of our litters, in order to place Colonel Burgwyn upon it, so as to carry him more comfortably and conveniently. I found the litter with some difficulty, and as the bearers and myself came up to the spot where Colonel Burgwyn was lying on the ground, we found that he was dying. I sat down and took his hand in my lap. He had very little to say, but I remember that his last words were that he was entirely satisfied with everything, and 'The Lord's will be done.' Thus he died, very quietly and resignedly. I never saw a braver man than he. He was always cool under fire and knew exactly what to do, and his men were devoted to him.

"He was the youngest colonel I ever saw in all my experience as a soldier. If he had lived he would have been given high rank, I feel sure." After Mr. Cheek had given this interesting story, now told for the first time of the fate of his gallant colonel, he was shown and viewed with much motion the sword, sash and gauntlets which Colonel Burgwyn wore during the terrible first day at Gettysburg; that greatest of battles of all the Civil War, which marked what came to be known as the "high-water-mark of the war," and in which the Twenty-sixth Regiment suffered a greater loss than any other regiment, either Federal or Confederate, during the entire four years' struggle.

FRED. A. OLDS.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, May 20, 1906.

THE "RED BADGE" EXPLAINED.

In regard to the "Red Badge" mentioned by your Buckingham correspondent in last Sunday's issue, given to Mr. Jamieson, I think there is some error. The credit he bestows upon Mr. J. is deserved, but what he received was not a "badge," but a "Red Letter Commission as Lieutenant," given for conspicuous gallantry. I have been told only five or six were issued and only then near the close of the war.

Some years ago, in collecting Confederate documents and relics, Mr. William A. Jamieson, now of this country, gave me this commission, the only one I ever saw. With the other Confederate papers, I sent it to Mrs. Ellyson as a donation to the museum, and presume she placed them there. Among them was a counterfeit Confederate five-dollar note, the only one I ever knew of, which I took from a Federal prisoner.

I have been intending for years to visit the museum while in Richmond, and ascertain if the relics I sent were there, as I never received any acknowledgement of their receipt.

I own and have read so many Confederate War books that I can not now positively say in which can be found the statement, that no promotion on the field, no badge or medal was ever given by the Confederate commanders or authorities for conspicuously gallant conduct in face of the enemy. I think it was in Major Stiles' book, "Four Years With Marse Robert."

I can not recall any authentic incident of the kind mentioned in the numerous war books I take so much pleasure in reading.

At the battle of Frayzer's Farm, or Glendale, on 30th of June, 1862, Pickett's Brigade gave away under the terrific and unexpected fire of a larger force of the Yankee army.

In the disorder and confusion amid a storm of bullets, Captain W. Stuart Symington, of Pickett's staff, rushed at full speed on horseback to my regiment, the Fifty-sixth Virginia, and seized the flag from the color bearer and held it aloft, call-

ing to the men to rally. Some were falling on all sides of him and his horse was shot through the neck. I was standing near the head of the horse, with Lieutenant Frank C. Barnes, now of Charlotte county, on my right. This reminded me of pictures I had seen about battles in books when a boy. But Huger's Division came to our relief, over-lapping and capturing the whole force along with General McCall. General Pickett was not there, as he was wounded a few days before at Gaine's Mill.

I will never forget the looks of a tall, whiskered North Carolinian as he passed near me, with his musket pointing to the front, saying, "They got you boys; but get out of the way and we will give them hell."

Some years ago I published this incident, and received a letter from Captain Symington, now of Baltimore, who said that he distinctly remembered it; but Capt. Charles Pickett performed equally as meritorious service on that occasion. If any men deserved a badge or medal for extraordinary bravery in the face and under the fire of the enemy it was Captain Symington.

THOS. D. JEFFREYS,
Captain Fifty-sixth Va.

Chase City, Va., May 14, 1906.

EFFORTS FOR RECONSTRUCTION IN APRIL, 1865.

**Judge J. A. Campbell's Noble Offices—His Arbitrary Imprisonment—The Character of Lincoln
Appealingly Exhibited.**

The highly interesting papers here printed, which present a vivid picture of a period of intense anxiety to our people of the South, have been retained by me since their reception. The originals will now be deposited in the Museum building for preservation by the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, with the valuable collection of manuscripts hitherto confided to it by the Southern Historical Society.

The 3rd paper mentioned is not printed, as all of its essential details are given in the 2nd paper. It bears the statement: "This letter was found among Judge Campbell's papers after his arrest. It is apparently the original letter which some afterthought prevented its being sent to its destination."

The truly noble devotion of Judge Campbell must command undying admiration, whilst the character of the "martyred president," as exhibited, must appeal to the sensibility of every one, even the most rancorous.—ED.

Norfolk, Va., October 24th, 1904.

R. A. BROCK, ESQ.,

Secretary, Southern Historical Society,

Richmond, Va.

Dear Sir: Enclosed I send you for a place among the archives of the Southern Historical Society the following original papers written by the late Judge John A. Campbell.

1. A letter of Judge Campbell to Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, dated October 25th, 1877.

2. A statement of Judge J. A. Campbell addressed to Hon. J. J. Speed, Attorney General, U. S., dated August 31, 1865, written from Fort Pulaski, Georgia.

3. A letter of Judge Campbell to Hon. Horace Greely, dated April 26th, 1865, written from Richmond, Va.

The above statement and letter relate to certain interviews between Judge Campbell and President A. Lincoln, which took place in Richmond, about the 5th and 6th of April, 1865.

I received these documents from the family of Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, having been found by them among Mr. Hunter's private papers. I was requested by them to deliver them to the family of Judge Campbell, residing in this city. I submitted them to the daughter of Judge Campbell, Mrs. V. D. Groner and was requested by her, through her son, Mr. D. L. Groner, to make such disposition of them as I deemed best, and upon my suggestion they consented to their being placed among the archives of the Southern Historical Society. This seems to be the disposition desired by Judge Campbell himself as appears from his letter to Mr. Hunter, of October 25th, 1877.

I therefore have the honor to enclose these papers to you as they may be deemed of historical value and as such worthy of preservation by our Society.

Please acknowledge receipt and oblige,

Yours very truly,

THEODORE S. GARNETT.

169 St. Paul Street,
Balt., Oct. 25, 1877.

My Dear Sir: I enclose you a letter written to Atto. Gen. Speed, at Pulaski, and which you heard there and told me if I sent it I would remain there for life. I sent it, but my family were advised not to allow it to go forward and so it remains.

The letter to Greely was found among my papers. These give a nearly contemporary account of what took place between Pres. Lincoln and myself.

You know we sent for members of the Legislature and for you to come to Richmond. Transportation was furnished to the members. On the 13th April, 1865, I had a letter from Gen. Old, then commanding, saying, "I am instructed by the President to inform you that since his paper was written on the sub-

ject of reconvening the gentlemen, who, under the insurrectionary government, acted in the Legislature of Virginia, events have occurred anticipating the object had in view and the convention of such gentlemen is unnecessary. He wishes the paper withdrawn and I shall recall my publications assembling them."

On the following day, 14 April, 1865, Mr. Lincoln was assassinated.

You and myself, through Gen. Old, sent a telegram for leave to go to Washington.

Stanton's deposition is interesting in this connection.

Yours truly,

J. A. CAMPBELL.

Please return these papers or file them with the Historical Society.

Fort Pulaski, Georgia,
August 31st, 1865.

Hon. J. J. Speed, Atto. Gen'l.

I have a letter which contains the following sentence: "It is charged in substance, and I understand with strong censure, that in the matter of the call of the Virginia Legislature you abused the confidence of Mr. Lincoln, misrepresenting his views and promises and by perversion misled Gen. Weitzel into grave error of official misconduct. It is alleged that you violated and concealed the explicit condition laid down by Mr. Lincoln, that the public men of Virginia were to meet only as individuals, called together for consultation and to promote order; and it is further alleged that Mr. Lincoln's memorandum as furnished by yourself supports the views taken of your conduct. This affair was stated to be not the sole, but a cogent motive of your complicity and its continuance."

In reply to inquiries occasioned by this statement, I learn that the *Attorney General* made this statement to an eminent citizen of the U. S. I hope that you will pardon me for intruding upon you a reply to the charge.

I remained in Richmond at the time of its evacuation on the 2nd and 3rd of April, by the Confederate government and troops. Scarcely another person who had occupied my position of

prominence in the country did so. I had determined to do so for weeks before. I had advised others to do so. I had expressed my opinion fully and repeatedly to the Executive and to members of the Legislative government that the Confederate States could not carry on their war; that peace should be made, and that the fall of Richmond (which was inevitable) would terminate the war. A letter written by me to Gen. Breckinridge, then Secretary of War, and submitted to Mr. Davis, Gen. Lee, and read to a number of members of Congress, dated 6 March, 1865, is in existence to substantiate this assertion.

I remained in Richmond to submit to the authority of the U. S., upon a full conviction that the Confederate government could not sustain itself.

On the 4th April, I reported to Gen. Shepley, the Governor of Richmond, and told him that I came to submit, and he gave me a printed order from protection from arrest. In the course of this interview he spoke of arrangements for the government of Virginia. I told him that the war was virtually ended and that the question was, as to the pacification and settlement of the country. That the election of Governor and of a government for the State was a difficult and invidious task and I recommended him to call to the aid of the U. S., men of the character and class of Mr. Hunter, in consultation—moderate and influential men who were satisfied that submission was a duty and a necessity. He was impressed with the counsel and communicated in a telegram to President Lincoln the recommendation. I have it thus that Mr. Lincoln was at City Point, and I said I should be glad to see him. The same p. m. (I think) Mr. Lincoln arrived in Richmond and Gen. Weitzel's staff officer came to my home and said Mr. L. was there and would see me.

Our interview was in presence of Gen'l Weitzel. I told Mr. Lincoln that I had no commission from the Confederate government; that it was known to Gen. Breckinridge that I should remain in Richmond, and that I should seek an interview with him; that I had no permission to do so, nor was I prohibited. I told him that I regarded the war to be at an end, that the most influential of the public men of Virginia would aid in the settlement of peace and I urged him to convene them for the purpose. I stated to him that I had regarded the war as a sec-

tional one and to envalue principles. That the aims of the different sections could not be otherwise reconciled and that the fortunes of the war had resulted in favor of the U. S. That I had regarded it to be the duty of the successful party, in any event, to make a peace with the loser, as favorable as the circumstances would allow. That if the South had gained independence, still a union with the North of the closest nature consistent with their conditions was sound policy and a duty. I urged magnanimity, moderation and kindness upon him. "That when leniency and cruelty contend for the conquest of a kingdom the greatest player will be the surest winner." Mr. Lincoln expressed his approbation of these general sentiments and said the question was as to their application. He concluded to remain at Richmond till next morning, arranged for another interview, and told me to bring some citizens of Richmond with me.

I sent off for six or seven persons, but only G. A. Myers, Esq., an old and established member of the bar of Richmond, was ready to go, some were absent, others engrossed.

We met Mr. Lincoln on the Malvern (gun boat) in James River. Gen. Weitzel was present with us. Mr. Lincoln produced a written paper, which he carefully read over and commented on and gave to me the original. This paper I gave to Gen'l Ord, the 12 or 13 April, when the revoking order, hereafter mentioned, was made. I have now an engraved copy. The substance of this paper was, That the indispensable conditions for peace were: 1st, That the Confederate States should cease hostilities, disband their troops, recognize the national authority; 2nd, That no armistice would be granted and no receding by the Executive from his official action in regard to slavery as contained in the messages, proclamations. All other questions would be treated of sincere liberality. He invited those who had other conditions to propose them, declared he would release confiscations to States that would act promptly and would exact confiscations as far as the future expenses from the intractable.

He said that nothing was to be released, as respects slaves.

He proceeded to say, "That he had said nothing in the paper as to pains and penalties. That he supposed it would not be proper to offer a pardon to Mr. Davis—whom we familiarly

call Jeff Davis—who says he would not have one, but that most any one can have most anything of the kind for the asking.” He said this with emphasis and gesture.

When he had finished this, I told him that the difficulty in making a settlement then was the absence of a competent party. That Gen. Lee had heretofore declined to do more than to perform his military duty and would not assume counsel, much less to act upon the question of peace. That Mr. Davis had finally excused himself from the performance of the irksome duty, by saying “He could not commit a suicide, and that the States in convention, only could act.” That the Senate had declined, because of the position of the President, and that thus the subject had been neglected and disregarded. That the condition of Gen. Lee’s army was precarious and its circumstances, and I was sure that a suspension of hostilities for a few days would bring a peace such as he desired.

I submitted to him the draft of an armistice that I had prepared in February on my return from Hampton Roads, as a plan by which a settlement could be initiated and which had been submitted to Gen. Breckinridge, Sec’y of War, and to Mr. Davis, with a view to induce their action, expecting that there might be company at the interview I had reduced some of my views to writing. Mr. Lincoln took my letter and this paper without further remark. Mr. Lincoln said further, that he had been thinking of a plan for calling the Virginia Legislature, that had been sitting in Richmond, together, and to get them to vote for the restoration of Virginia to the Union. That he had not arranged the matter to his satisfaction and should not decide upon it until after his return to City Point, and he would communicate with Gen. Weitzel. He said, “He deemed it important that the very legislature that had been sitting in Richmond should vote upon the question. That he had a government in Northern form—the Pierpont government—but it had but a small margin and he did not desire to enlarge it.”

He said “That the Virginia Legislature was in the condition of a tenant between two contending landlords and that it should attorn to the party that had established the better claim.”

Mr. Myers had been a member of the Legislature of Virginia in former years and resided in Richmond.

Mr. Lincoln asked him particularly as to the state of the Legislature, whether it could be called together without difficulty, whether it had been dissolved, adjourned, or had taken a recess, &c., &c.

My suggestion to Mr. Lincoln had not extended to the call of any legal or political body. I say to you the first suggestion came from him and in the manner I state.

Mr. Myers is in Richmond and his testimony on this subject can be had. The following day (6th April) Gen. Weitzel sent for me to read a letter from Mr. Lincoln. This letter has been published. I understood that letter to authorize a call for the Virginia Legislature to come to Richmond to vote upon the restoration of Virginia to the Union and to perform any other legal acts in harmony with the policy of peace and union.

Gen. Lee was still in army and the war was still going on.

I asked Gen. W. if others than the members of the legislature would be allowed to come to Richmond. He answered yes and he would afford transportation and facilities to them. I called the members of the legislature of Virginia who were then in Richmond together, and told them of what had occurred and advised them to take the measures required, and left this whole matter in their hands. I told them I was not a Virginian, did not desire to engross any of the care and responsibility of the movement and declined to be on the committee to manage the matter. I wrote a letter to Gen. J. R. Anderson, explaining what I had done, read it to Gen. Shepley in presence of Mr. Dana, Assistant Sec'y of War, and left this original to be copied in that office.

No objection was made to this letter. The letter convening the legislature was examined by Gen. Shepley and corrected by him. His corrections were assented to and the letter went forth in the form he agreed to.

After Gen. Weitzel had showed to me the letter of Mr. Lincoln, we had some conversation, in the course of which he said, "That he now understood what I meant, by saying that the suspension of hostilities for a few days would lead to peace. • We have captured Gen. Lee's letter." The letter referred to, I learned, was a letter of Gen. Lee, dated 8th March, '65, and related to the military situation at the date and presented a

gloomy picture of affairs. It was addressed to Gen. Breckinridge.

On the 6th March, I had written a very full letter to Gen. Breckinridge on the situation of affairs. It was the last of several efforts to promote a negotiation for peace. Mr. Rives and Gen. Lee had conversed upon an unfinished draft of it before it was handed to Gen. B. This letter as delivered advised a call for a report from Gen. Lee and a reference of the matter to Congress.

This letter of Gen. Lee was the report required in that suggestion.

I was familiar with its contents, I felt at liberty to speak more freely and in more detail upon the subject of Gen. Lee's condition than before and had I renewed the expression of the opinion in which Gen. W. concurred, that Gen. Lee's army could not be held together if an armistice were granted and that peace must follow upon such a measure. I told him that the action of Mr. Davis in refusing all negotiation upon the basis of union had compelled conservative men to act independently of his authority. That Gov. Graham had returned to North Carolina and had already, I believed, instituted measures for securing separate State action. That the legislature would meet there in May next, and would vote for a return to the Union. I advised that the same measure that Mr. Lincoln had adopted for Virginia be extended to North Carolina and that it would be productive of beneficent consequences. Gen. Weitzel invited me to repeat in writing what I had communicated to him. This I did on the same or a following day. This letter I learn was sent to Washington. My entire action and interference has now been stated. You will see that I neither misunderstood nor misrepresented Mr. Lincoln as stated. Mr. Lincoln desired the Legislature of Virginia to be called together to ascertain and to test its disposition to co-operate with him in terminating the war. He desired it to recall the troops of Virginia from the Confederate service and to attorn to the United States and to submit to the national authority. He never for a moment spoke of the Legislature except as a public corporate body, representing a substantial portion of the State. I was in doubt whether others than the Legislature were included

in the permission and asked the question directly of Gen. W. Mr. Lincoln could not have employed the language he did in his memorandum, his letter to Gen. Weitzel, or his conversation to me, with such a signification as is attached to it in the charge I am answering. It never entered into my imagination to conceive that he used the word "Legislature" to express a convention of individuals having no public significance or relations. Mr. Lincoln did not fully credit the judgment that was expressed as to the condition of Gen. Lee's army. He could not realize the fact that its dissolution was certain in any event; that its day was spent. He knew if that "very Legislature" that had been sitting in Richmond were convened and did vote as he desired that it would disorganize and discourage the Confederate army and government. My own information was precise and accurate. There was no motive for concealing the fact that could not be concealed very long. Mr. Lincoln's expressions and plan of settlement were generous, conciliatory and just.

They met the precise conditions of the case. I was willing to co-operate with him on his basis to any limit. I had endeavored to bring the Confederate authorities to the same point and had failed, because they could not bear to look at the inexorable facts of their condition.

I had no motive for concealment nor interest in abusing Mr. Lincoln's confidence. My letter to Gen. Weitzel precedes the surrender of Gen. Lee. It precedes all information of what took place after the army reached Amelia C. H. We had rumors of great Confederate victories then here, but that letter contains a plain and truthful account of the state of things.

I did not mislead Gen. Weitzel. He heard every word that Mr. Lincoln spoke to me and Mr. Lincoln wrote him, not to myself. He had intercourse with Mr. Lincoln to which I was not a party. There was no explicit condition in Mr. Lincoln's letter to Gen. Weitzel. Mr. Lincoln authorized him to allow a call of the legislature and to exhibit to me his letter. The legislature was to act loyally after it met and if not, to be dispersed. That was all. The memorandum furnished to me only strengthened the conclusion that the legislature was to be convened a public corporate body. The pledge was if any State would abandon the contest and withdraw its troops, that confiscations

would be discharged. How was a State to comply except through its authorities? Mr. L. wanted prompt, efficient action to terminate a ruinous war, and we must infer that he expected the usual means for the purpose, but besides this he designated the Legislature as the appropriate instrument to be employed. My wishes were consistent with Mr. Lincoln's. I desired peace for a ruined, distressed people. I did not suggest benefits for myself. I did not importune for amnesty or preferment. The so-called leaders had all evacuated Richmond—President, Secretaries, Governor's officials, principal citizens, were all gone, leaving the city in flames, leaving the people panic stricken and despairing.

It was for the people that I made intercession. I counselled the conquerors to use magnanimity, forbearance, kindness, for his own honor and advantage, not, specially for mine.

I asked no boon for myself. I am indebted to you for courtesy and kindness exhibited to Mrs. Campbell and my daughter while they were on a visit to Washington in July, and had occasion to call upon you at your office.

I have no reason to doubt that you will consider with candor, any statement that is made to you and will regret any erroneous or hasty impression that has been made upon you to my prejudice. I appeal to your sense of right in reference to this grave accusation, and to ask you to give me the evidence on which such charges and assertions depend. I have not complained of Mr. Lincoln, alteration of his policy, nor of the order revoking the call of the Virginia Legislature.

Gen. Ord assigned to me as the cause of the change of the order, the change which events had made in the condition of affairs. This change was great and Mr. Lincoln had contracted no debt by any promise or declaration to me which forbade a change in his policy. I held no commission nor power to bind any one. I was but a volunteer, entitled to assert no right under his assertions or acts. This, I took occasion to affirm in a card published in the Richmond papers. But, I have a right to be exempt from all unjust censure and from all misrepresentation of my connection with these events and from all injurious accusations. When Mrs. Campbell was in Washington some

two months ago, she was informed by Mr. Stanton that the cause of my arrest was an endorsement on a letter of a man named Alston, which had been written to Mr. Davis, as President, and referred to the War Department. In the regular course of the routine of the affair, I had referred it to the A. Gen'l, "for attention," it being his duty to examine and dispose of letters between parties. My own statement and that of Gen. Cooper, Adj't. General and four of his assistants have been filed with my application for amnesty to show that this endorsement was no cause whatever to subject me to death or bonds.

As my arrest was made at night without any notice, or means to answer or to explain, I had hoped that my discharge would have been prompt upon the filing of such testimony.

I respectfully call your attention to this condition of my affairs as more than three months of captivity have been endured.

Very Respectfully,

Your Ob't S'v't,

JOHN A. CAMPBELL.

Endorsed: "Letter to Atto. General Speed.

This letter was sent from Fort Pulaski. It was thought not prudent to deliver it by my friends in Baltimore and was returned to me.

It is only as a contemporary record that I preserve it."

From the *Richmond Dispatch*, March 4, 1901.

THE LAST SAD DAYS.

**From Petersburg to Appomattox Courthouse—Foodless
Days—Sleepless Nights.**

**Graphic Description of the Last Hours of the Army of Northern Vir-
ginia by One of Its Artillery Officers.**

Editor of the Charlotte (N. C.) Observer:

Following are the recollections of a Confederate States officer of artillery in the Army of Northern Virginia during the retreat from Petersburg to Appomattox, who was an eye witness and participant, written on the anniversary of the surrender of Lee's army, April 9, 1865:

This date recalls many sad memories. Eighteen years ago I parted with the men of my old battery with whom I had shared danger, privation and suffering. I saw the cause for which I had risked life, possessions, and separation from wife, children, and family go down in blood and defeat. I saw strong men weep, sullen and bitter men, some hang their heads and curse and swear in their sorrow and humiliation. Oh, the agony of those days! We were hundreds of miles from home and without the means of reaching home, surrounded by late foes, uncertain what the future would bring at our homes. If there, poverty stared us in the face and we did not know where to look, except to Him who doeth all things well, in whose hands are all of our destinies, "who plants His footsteps on the sea and rides upon the storm." I was an original secessionist, and revolutionist. Rather, I gave my heart and hand to the cause, and when Lincoln's proclamation for troops to assist in coercing North Carolina was issued, I volunteered at once and went to the United States forts in North Carolina by order of the Governor. I was among the first men who placed hostile feet on United States soil in North Carolina, and from that day, April 15, 1861, to the end of the war in 1865, when Lee sur-

rendered the army, I was in the field and in forts exposed to danger, risking my life for a cause I thought was right. With the same lights before me, I would do the same thing again, and have never regretted what I did then.

ORDERED TO EVACUATE.

During the last year of the war, in 1864, I was in Petersburg, Va., and had command of the artillery on the north side of the Appomattox river, sharing in the fighting on the lines and in the trenches, the roughest of which was the explosion of Burnside's mine. In the spring (in March) when an assault was made by night on the Union lines we were actively engaged, and from that time until the order came to evacuate Petersburg we were almost daily engaged. This order to evacuate was not unexpected. I knew our line had been much weakened in order to meet the Union forces. On our extreme right the railroad had been cut. The order to evacuate came about 9 o'clock on the 2nd of April, and by 12 o'clock that night we had withdrawn and stood upon Dunn's Hill, overlooking Petersburg. Seated on my horse I viewed the weird scene, which I shall never forget. There was a vast throng of silent, sad men. The sky was bright from burning warehouses, bridges, magazines, and depots for stores. The only sounds to be heard were the rumbling of artillery, with an occasional sharp tone of command and the bursting of shells, fired at the retreating column across a pontoon bridge over the Appomattox river. Men tramped by in hundreds, moving by like spectres. All was silent except you could hear the roar of the flames and shriek of shells that poured into the doomed city. I rode away in sadness and grief, still clinging to the hope that with all the forces united we could hold our own. Next morning a halt was made; we got the men together and the march was resumed, after securing some rations.

LAST SIGHT OF LEE.

Here in this county—Amelia—I saw General Lee for the last time in command of the Army of Northern Virginia. Though

I had often seen him, it appeared to me I had never before seen him look so grand and martial and handsome on horseback. He was the finest specimen of a man I ever looked at, then apparently about 60 years of age, deep brown eyes, clear skin, a well-shaped Roman nose, abundant gray hair, silky beard and mustache, well and neatly trimmed, wearing a gray coat and soft hat, his uniform buttoned up and fitting to perfection. He was a picture worth seeing. He was always well mounted. It was a beautiful spring day, the jonquils and white hyacinths in bloom, the young foliage being sufficiently advanced to cause a little shade. In fact, all nature seemed to "clap its hands with joy." General Lee and staff rode up and rested a few minutes under the slight shade of the new leaves. I think General Longstreet was of the party, as well as a few staff officers. Presently the party moved on and the march was resumed, and when he disappeared it seemed as if a great light had gone out.

No one can describe the horror and suffering of the march or retreat. We were pressed on every side. Sheridan met us at the cross roads and at Detonville we made a stand, but the troops had become demoralized and panicky. The cavalry made frequent dashes upon our flank, which added to the panicky feeling. A cry, "The Yankee cavalry is coming," would cause a stampede, so demoralized the troops had become from loss of sleep and hunger and fatigue from the march.

At Sailor's Creek a stand was made to enable the artillery and wagon trains to pass over the creek. There was then a sharp engagement. By this time the army had been "sifted" down to as noble a set of men as ever lived. During the week the fighting had been continuous and the want of food and rest had demoralized thousands, who slipped off into the darkness of the night, when approaching their homes, and did not again return. The little handful of 8,000 or 9,000 men who remained did so with the determination to die, if necessary. We could not stand long at this place (Sailor's Creek)—in an hour or less it was all over. The wagon train became jammed and the enemy's cavalry dashed in, making such a scene as I had never before witnessed or wanted to witness again. Across the creek

on a little eminence with some artillery was General Lee, the guns firing over the heads of the army. The wagons, with their canvas covers, had been set on fire. The cracking of rifles and shriek of shells and braying of mules and shouting of men made such a pandemonium as I had never before witnessed. Several ineffectual attempts to rally the men and restore some order out of the confusion were made, but nothing could be done. These were soldiers—veterans of Manassas, Cold Harbor, and Gettysburg—panic stricken, and there was no help.

DISTRESSING SCENE.

What must General Lee's feelings have been as he witnessed such a sight. The cavalry retired, we crossed the river, and continued our weary and hungry march. That morning, early, I was riding along the road, when I heard my name called out. I saw a general officer I knew approaching, and he cried out, "Here, Captain, come and take breakfast with us." I cheerfully assented, as I had eaten almost nothing for over or about three days. Riding up to the fire, he handed me some breakfast, which consisted of parched corn, which had been obtained for the horses, so I had to go without anything to eat, except corn, parched in a frying-pan. I think it was about Friday night before the last day that an amusing thing happened, which I must relate. The artillery had been resting awhile, when the Union cavalry made a dash, and we lost a few men and two or three pieces of artillery. After the flurry I rode up to rejoin the rest, I heard some one laughing in a most stentorian voice, I rode up and said: "B, what do you mean in acting thus, and making so much noise?" He broke out in a loud laugh, and said: "Oñ, Captain, I am so d——d glad I am alive I must laugh," and then resumed his yells. It seemed a very ludicrous thing.

Well, Saturday night about midnight we bivouacked while in sight of and nearby the Union camp-fires. With about a dozen we went into camp in a gorge. As we had been firing all day, trying to cheer the advancing troops, and had been using the artillery "advancing" or firing over the heads of our army, we had not a single round of ammunition left in our chests. About day-

break I was ordered to move to Lynchburg to refill our chests and put the guns in the earthworks there, and await the arrival of the army, which would fall back on that place. We pulled out about sunrise with nothing to eat, and had gone but a short distance before we came up with the balance of the army, and then the firing of the last engagement began. While not actually engaged we were near enough to hear the cheering and whirl of the bullets as they fell among us. We pushed on. The firing did not last long, and there was a long, omnius silence, and a pall of gloom seemed to settle over us. An officer of artillery passed us, and said in a low tone, "Push on—General Lee has surrendered. When you meet up with the troop at Lynchburg cut down your guns, destroy your harness, disband your men, take your horses, and take care of yourselves, and go to your homes in North Carolina the best way you can."

The next day when the paroles were arranged all of the men with us were included in the surrender. The shock to us all was very great. A friend, who has been very sick, dies. You have watched over him, cared for and petted him; you know death must soon come. Still when it does come you are shocked. So it was with me. I said little. Lynchburg was reached when the sun was sinking behind the mountains. I drew the men up, dismounted the drivers, and told them the news. They thought it untrue. They themselves were so true, so brave, so faithful, they said they would follow General Lee to the Mississippi river, if necessary. They could not believe it. But when I ordered the guns cut down, their harness destroyed, they could hardly do it. The men gathered around me, some weeping, all saying it could not be true, as General Lee couldn't surrender. I bade them good-by, shaking each man by the hand, and not until I saw the last man leave the hill did I turn to look at the wreck. It was a terrible disappointment. My heart had thrilled at the music of those guns, I had seen nine fellows shot down while working them, for four years they had been my pride, and for four years I had been at the front, determined to remain there twice four, if necessary, and the war lasted that long. Now to see the guns lying there; my brave men gone.

it was more than I could stand. I rode away in the gloom of the evening, and my soldier life was forever over. I liked the life, it was congenial to me, and I had a splendid battery, a fine set of men—brave, prompt, and active. I liked all about the life of a soldier—the march, the bivouac, the dash at the enemy, and liked the danger and excitement. But, above all, I liked the cause for which I had exposed my life so after leaving wife and children. It proved to be a mistake, but I have never regretted the part I took in it. It had been my pride. But it is all for the best. I would not have it otherwise. This country is too grand and great to be divided. I have the kindest feelings for every one. Of all this I can truly say, “*Miserima vidi pars fuit.*”

J. D. CUMMING.

From the *Richmond Dispatch* March 4, 1901.

JEB STUART.

How He Played Sheriff in a Lawyer's Bedroom.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

After a long, and, perhaps, unnecessary hesitancy, I have concluded to give to you and other friends an account of the manner in which I became acquainted with him who was afterwards such a famous general of the Southern Confederacy.

When I was a member of the Richmond bar, the Supreme Court of Appeals had gotten so far behind their docket that the Legislature made strenuous efforts to unclog said docket. The special Court of Appeals, composed of the five senior judges (by date of commission) of the circuit courts, had proved insufficient for that necessary purpose; and there were established several ancillary district appellate courts. That to which appeals from the Richmond Circuit had to be taken was held in Williamsburg.

In or about the spring of 1854 (I think it was) I had to argue some cases in this court in the old "Middle Plantation," and went thither for that purpose. But my cases were set for particular days, and I did not go down until they were about to be reached. So that when I arrived, the rooms at the hotel were so occupied that my friend, Albert Southall, could receive me only by giving me a bed in his large "omnibus" room, with the reserved right of filling the other two double beds. On these terms, I took sole possession, with plenty of "elbow room."

One afternoon, just about dusk, and in a heavy shower, a neat, light carriage all curtained up and drawn by two spirited horses, drove up to the hotel, and as soon as the porter could open the door, three young gentlemen, with United States army trappings, jumped out and ran into the office. I had seen them for a few moments through the window of another apartment.

After supper, I retired to my room, to complete my preparations for the morrow. The opponent whom I had to encounter was the late Mr. John Howard, of Richmond. I was in bed, with a table, lamp, law-books, and manuscript notes by its side, putting system into what was to be presented to the court, when in rushed the three young soldiers, merrier than crickets, and I soon learned what a good time they had been enjoying. They quickly disrobed, and all three got into the large bed nearest my own, neither of them being willing to be off by himself. Then they kept up the liveliest sort of chat, recounting, among other things, the adventures of that evening, for in order to get as much as possible out of their opportunity, they had made several visits. Having been a student of William and Mary, and being acquainted with the society of the city, more of that part of their conversation was understood than they supposed. There was, however, nothing vulgar or improper in it. It was only very jolly, and at times rather uproarious. Still, it was not particularly favorable to the logical sequence of a legal argument. After they had "carried on" for some time, one of them spoke up very pleasantly: "See here, fellows, we have had our fun long enough; we are disturbing that gentleman over there; let us hush up and go to sleep." I immediately thanked him for his politeness and told them to go on with their sport, as I had nearly finished my work and could easily do the rest before the session of the court. Moreover, I put out my lamp "and pitched in" with them, and it was past midnight when quiet came to that "omnibus."

The next morning they left the room in good time for me to make my toilet alone. After breakfast, seeing one of them in front of the hotel, I engaged him in a chat, in which I learned that he had been over to Gloucester county to visit an army friend, who had brought him to Williamsburg that he might proceed to Richmond. My impression is that this friend was with him at West Point, though he may not have been in the same class. Who the two companions were cannot be recalled. I wish I could call upon my friend, General William B. Taliaferro, to aid me, and am sorry I did not think of doing so before he was taken from us.

I knew, from his voice, that my interlocutor was the one who had played sheriff in my behalf, by calling for "silence," but without "pain of imprisonment" last night, and I learned that his name was Stuart. That name interested me and led to some inquiries. I knew the Stuarts, of Staunton, and the Hon. A. H. H. Stuart was one of the trustees of the Virginia Female Institute who had invited me to be the first principal of that institution, of which, by the way, Mrs. Jeb. Stuart was, for years, the third.

As to his other connections, of whom he spoke of, Mr. William L. Pannill, of Pittsylvania county, had sent two of his daughters to the Home School, in my family, in Richmond, and I had visited him at his home, Chalk Level, where I met his mother-in-law, Mrs. Banks. With these facts, I told him that I had a surprise for him, and that he might know whether or not it was an agreeable one, he must call and see my wife, who was his kinswoman, through the Pannills. Before we separated, I gave him my Richmond address. He had to wait for his stage, and I went to the court-house. But before he left he came to that place to see me and bid me good-bye. He could easily have omitted that, but would not.

Whether he was at my house before my return from Williamsburg is not positively recalled. But he was there repeatedly afterwards, and we all took a great fancy to him. Once he brought with him to show me a leather halter, with a fixture for very quick undoing, which he had invented and intended to patent. In explaining it, he said that on the western frontier, where his service was to be with the United States Cavalry, they were liable to sudden raids and surprises from Indians, and a few seconds in mounting might be a matter of life or death. They were compelled to fasten their horses, in order to be sure of having them at hand, in case of an alarm, and that time was lost in untying them. He had, therefore, exerted his ingenuity in trying to get a secure fastener that could be loosened in the shortest possible time, and he had brought the result to show me. Whether he ever patented it is not known, but might be ascertained from the Patent Office. It might have been called "Stuart's lightning horse hitcher;" or, perhaps, unhitcher, as

that was the important matter. He certainly was a lightning cavalier.

What struck me in him, besides his gallant and genial court-esy, was his professional esprit. He wanted to accomplish something useful and honorable to his country and himself upon laudable principle. He did; but how different was his grand career in arms from what he then anticipated!

General Joseph E. Johnston once said to me, in Abingdon, that "the lot of Polk, Jackson, and Stuart was more fortunate than that of their survivors." They, at least, escaped the horrors of the spurious peace of Appomattox.

BENJ. BLAKE MINOR.

Richmond, February 25, 1901.

From the *Richmond Dispatch*, August 19, 1900.

ESCAPED FROM FORT DELAWARE.

**A Mississippi Confederate Tells How He and a Comrade
Escaped—Afloat On a Ladder, Then a Tramp.**

**A Story Told by Sergeant Warren D. Reid, of Mississippi, for Mrs. J.
R. McIntosh, Vice-Regent, Mississippi Room, Confederate Museum.**

The following thrilling story of the escape from Fort Delaware, by Sergeant Reid, of Holliday, Miss., and his cousin, Joseph G. Marable, now deceased, was written at the request of Mrs. McIntosh, to be placed by her in the Mississippi Room of the Confederate Museum, in this city, where, with relics and mementoes, and other stories of brave Mississippians, carefully and affectionately placed by the vice-regents, generations to come will read of the self-sacrifices and heroism of the Confederate soldier.

Sergeant Reid's story is as follows:

CAPTURED AT GETTYSBURG.

On the 3d of July, 1863, the Eleventh Regiment of Mississippi Volunteers, A. P. Hill Corps, with the other troops of Lee's army, made the memorable charge at Gettysburg. Company H, of the above regiment, of which I was orderly sergeant, went into that charge with twenty-six officers and men. We had fifteen of that number killed in the charge. The remainder, with the exception of three, were wounded and captured. I was among the latter number. My wound was slight.

That evening, after the charge, those of us who were captured and able to march were corralled (about 1,500) near the battlefield, and that night and the next day marched to Westminster, Md., where we were put on a train and run into Baltimore; marched from the depot to Fort McHenry, where we remained all night—a night never to be forgotten by one of those ragged, half-starved Confederates. It rained all night,

and we stood huddled out in the open slush, unable to lie or sit down. We were then put aboard of a canal boat and carried by way of the Chesapeake and Delaware canal to Fort Delaware, where we were landed about the 6th of July.

Fort Delaware was situated on an island of about ninety acres in the upper end of Delaware Bay. We were placed in barracks, in the northwest corner of the island, with a plank wall around to secure us. We were barely fed enough to keep us alive.

On the outside of our enclosure stood the fort, officers' houses, hospital, and other buildings. However, we were never allowed to go out, except now and then in small details to load or unload a vessel (a service I had never been called upon to do). On the way from our barracks to the wharf was a gate in the wall, about twelve feet wide, through which all communications were carried on. This gate stood open during the day, with a guard at each post, and of course, it was regarded as sure death to attempt to pass it without permission, and I guess no one ever got that, except to do a job of work at the wharf.

Of course, among so many (1,500 or 2,000) soldiers, there were some not entirely satisfied with the board and lodging furnished, and so soon as they were assured that there was no hope of being exchanged began to concept plans of escape. Among that number were your humble servant and a cousin a member of the same company, Joseph G. Marable. Our first plan was to go out by means of canteens, by getting two apiece, corking them very close, stringing them together, and placing them under our arms, and thus making the swim of three or four miles, as we thought. We also intended to pass out by another route. But others had been attempting this, and, in consequence, this route was very closely guarded—in fact, so close was the watch at this point that it was, at that time, utterly impossible to make it.

GAME OF BLUFF.

So, as Bill Arp has it, we did "considerable ruminating," and finally on the 15th of August, we decided upon Stonewall's plan of "taking them in the rear." To do this we must pass the gate and make our exit from the New Jersey side of the island, thus going directly from home.

So on the morning of the day mentioned we walked up to the gate and passed out, treating the guard with perfect contempt, and not deigning so much as to look at them. They were thus thrown off their guard, thinking, of course, no one would attempt such a thing without authority. Once out of the pen we met a good many, strolling around the island, some of them our own men who had taken the oath. So we attracted no attention while making a survey of the island. We could find no boat to leave on that night, hence we selected a ladder made of scantling about twelve feet long, at an officer's barn, and after making such other arrangements as were necessary we repassed the gate without any trouble, got a pot, boiled our clothes to get rid of the lice, for we knew we had a long tramp before us, and unless we got rid of the lice they would totally devour us before we reached our journey's end. So, after boiling and drying our clothes, we passed out the gate for the last time, one at a time. After getting out we hid in separate places till good dark. About 8 o'clock we met, as per agreement, at a little building being put up for a doctor's office. We then secured our ladder and tied to it our shoes and a piece of plank, to be used as a paddle. Then came the most dangerous part but it only required bluff and impudence, besides a little nerve, and we were tolerably well supplied with the two former. But to pass a good sentinel, continually walking his post, with his turning points not more than forty or fifty yards apart, laden with the old ladder, and approaching him at almost right angles on a bright star-lit night, in a perfectly open place—not even a shrub or bunch of grass to hide us—was the cleverest work I ever did.

CAREFUL CREEPING.

But I should have before explained that there was, and perhaps is yet, a levee thrown up around the island, I guess for the purpose of keeping off tidewater. This was five or six feet high, and in getting the dirt to make the levee a canal about twelve feet wide and about three feet deep was formed. Thus, we had to cross this canal to pass the guard on the levee.

Having arranged everything, we selected our man to slip, and after carefully getting his turning points, or the ends of his

beat, we proceeded to slip on him, as he went from us, at an angle of about thirty degree. Just before he made the turning point we lay flat on the ground till he made the round and started back. Proceeding in this way for about one hour and a half, we at last made the distance of about 150 yards. We had then crossed the canal, and were quietly lying at the bottom of the levee, with our sentinel marching back and forth, passing within five feet of us.

Finally, as he passed, we raised our ladder on top of levee, not more than fifteen or twenty feet behind him, and gently slipped down in the bay. Sinking our bodies under the water, we pushed the ladder far out into the bay. When Marable mounted, unlashed our paddle, and announced everything ready for me to mount, up I went and down went the ladder. Just as we feared, it failed to bear us up. However, I slid off behind and held to the back round of the ladder, while Marable paddled all night long, and till about 8 o'clock in the morning. One vessel passed us in the night, and when off at some distance we were a little uneasy for fear that it might run us down, but we only felt the waves as it passed. We landed, turned our ladder adrift, and after wandering around awhile found that we were on a small island, from which we soon crossed to the mainland of New Jersey by means of a plank.

Here we remained that day and the next, resting up. But we got little rest or sleep for the mosquitoes. So on the second night we appropriated some farmer's little boat and recrossed the Delaware bay.

I should have stated that when we landed in New Jersey we could see nothing of the fort, and concluded that we must have travelled at least twelve or fifteen miles.

MADE FOR THE CHESAPEAKE.

Once on Delaware soil, we made for the Chesapeake Bay. On the fifth day after leaving the fort, in an almost starving condition, we came to a house where the old folk had gone to a harvesting, so the children gave us all the loaf-bread and buttermilk we could consume. This occurred about 10 o'clock A. M. After

leaving the house we could scarcely walk 200 yards, we were so full of loaf-bread and buttermilk. However, we continued our tramp, and about 2 P. M. came to a little country store, where we had a short rest, some peaches, and a chat with a "blue-coat"—the first we had met. He was very nice, and gave us peaches and some matches, which we needed very much. We then proceeded on our way, till about 4 o'clock in the evening, and having digested our loaf-bread and buttermilk, we called on an old lady at a farm-house and asked for a snack. She gave us broiled bacon and bread. However, she was a little insulting, insinuating that we were "Johnnies." Of course, we resented the insult in as forcible language as was prudent, and continued on our way until night, when we had a very good rest and sleep.

The next morning we proceeded on our way, having on the night before, as I should have mentioned, secured a map of the country from a little school-house by the way. We learned from a farmer that we could, a few miles above, cross the Chesapeake bay on a coal-boat over to Havre de Grace. We soon came to the coaling station, and found a boat loaded and ready to put across the bay. We stepped aboard without leave, and without speaking a word to any of the crew, passed over the bay in a short time, landing about sundown.

Once across the Chesapeake bay we had no more matter of consequence to contend with. Our boat, however, landed above the mouth of the Susquehanna river, and just after we had landed—about dark—a train came and was passed over the river on a ferry-boat. We thought this a good chance to cross the river, and stepped on a car, but were soon discovered by the conductor, who very impolitely, and in rather vigorous language, ordered us off. However, we were in a good humor about that time, and as we were on furlough and in the enemy's country, we decided to obey orders. Failing to cross on the car, we proceeded up the river a short distance, where we called upon an old darky, with whom we had supper, consisting of old boiled rooster and green corn, the "toughest go" I ever had. However, he was hospitable and kind and we were ever thankful to the good old man. After supper we proceeded to the river, and soon found a boat, broke the lock, and rowed across.

FOUND FRIENDS.

We then proceeded on our way to Baltimore. One night we travelled some distance with a negro, who was very communicative, and proffered all sorts of information about the country, the Unionists, and "Secesh," as he called them: but he was too friendly to both sides for us to trust; though we knew we had friends thereabouts, and needed their assistance very much.

In a few days, however, while traveling along in daytime, we were overtaken by a good and ignorant old darkey, with whom we travelled for some distance (this was, perhaps, about twenty-five or thirty miles beyond Baltimore), from whom we learned all about the "Secesh" in the neighborhood. While with the old darkey we saw in front a large frame building, standing about 150 yards from the road. We learned from the old man that it was the residence of one Dr. P., who owned slaves, and whose son was not in the Yankee army. With this, and other things told us by the old darkey about the country, we were sure that we were at last among friends.

As we passed in front of the house we saw sitting on the veranda three young ladies and a young man. However, we passed on with the old negro some distance beyond, when, to get rid of our new-made friend, we lay down by the roadside for a rest.

GALLANTRY WITH BARE AND SORE FEET.

After the old negro had passed out of sight, we retraced our steps, and were soon again in front of the house, where the young man and young ladies were still to be seen on the veranda. During the whole of our trip, which had been made mostly at night, I had travelled barefooted. My shoes, which were thoroughly soaked in the salt water in crossing the bay, had become so hard that I could not wear them. But I had not been in the habit of calling on young ladies in that style, and though all the ends of my toes had been knocked off by the rocks, which are so numerous on those macadamized roads, I crammed my feet into the old shoes and proceeded to call on the young ladies.

But, oh, how my feet did suffer! I tried to keep from limping, but it was impossible. Marable was in better shape. His shoes did not hurt him. As we approached the house, the young

ladies disappeared, but the young man came down the steps and met us in the yard, with a smile on his face. After passing the compliments of the day, I asked for a drink of water. He asked us to walk around, as we supposed, to the well, but not so. He carried us to the back door of the dining-room, where we entered. The only words spoken on the way to the dining-room, was a remark made by the young man, that "You were not born in these parts?" "No, a good ways from here," was the reply. To which he replied: "I thought so."

WHISKEY AND SUGAR.

After entering the dining-room he set a decanter of whiskey, with sugar, water, etc., on the sideboard, and told us to help ourselves, and, like Crockett's friend, didn't stand and watch to see how big our drinks would be, but turned off and began putting edibles on the table. The first thing put on was a large boiled ham. I can see that ham yet. Our soldiers know how we felt.

While he was thus engaged, in walked a young lady, then another, and another, till all were helping the young man prepare the table, and, oh, what a table! I never saw a better—with such waiting-maids!

The young ladies, as soon as we were seated at the table, began to show their curiosity by asking questions; but a wink from the brother caused us to deal out but little information at that time. Dinner over we walked out on the veranda, where the young man informed us that it would not be safe for us to remain in the house, as a company of "Yankees" were encamped not far off, and frequently passed. He then walked with us down to the road, where he gave us some information about Baltimore. He induced us to hide in a corn patch nearby until night, as it would be dangerous to travel in daylight. He then blew his whistle for his pointer dog, which had crossed the road, and returned to the house, while we secreted ourselves in the corn patch.

Just after dark, the moon shining brightly, we heard a vehicle leave the house, and when it got opposite the corn patch the whistle blew. We hurried to the road and soon the carriage

turned and came back, and the whistle blew again, when we walked out into the road in front of the horses, a fine pair of grays. The young man on the driver's seat threw open the door, and we stepped in and took the front seat, the other being occupied by his sisters, and a young lady from the city of Philadelphia, sitting by the driver.

We had a delightful moonlight ride of about twelve or fifteen miles, and at the same time had been furnished funds enough to supply our needs until we should reach Old Virginia. We then took leave of our friends, they returning to their home, and we continuing on our way to Baltimore.

Should this be seen by one of the above persons, I would be very glad to hear from them. I have for a long time—ever since the war—wanted to write to young Mr. P., or his sisters, or Miss —, of the city of Philadelphia, but failed to remember their address, and, although I made frequent inquiries, have so far failed to learn their postoffice.

REACHED BALTIMORE.

The second morning after leaving our friends, on Sunday it was, just before day, we came to the edge of the city of Baltimore. Our route was through the city by way of Frederick, Md., to Harper's Ferry. But passing through Baltimore was rather dangerous for a "Reb" at that time; but it was a long way around, and we were terribly footsore and dreaded the march.

So we finally decided to bluff the city, and remained hidden in the woods near the road all day Sunday. We came near being run into several times during the day, but Providence was on our side, and no one saw us. As soon as dark came we hit the road, and were soon in the city.

We called at a stable to get a turnout to carry us through, thinking it the safest, but all their teams were out, and, besides, the proprietor, or some one in the stable, was a little insolent in suspecting us to be "Johnnies." We gave him some tough jaw and left, making our way through without attracting any attention.

Out at this edge of the city were many tents, occupied by United States soldiers. We passed many of them on the sidewalks, but they took no notice of us, or we of them. We passed on altogether at night after leaving Baltimore, avoiding cities and towns, and met with nothing worth relating until we reached the Patapsco river, where we passed over the bridge without being seen by the guard standing at the end, whistling merrily. From here we went on by way of Frederick to Harper's Ferry.

We did one mean trick over in Maryland, near the Potomac, which I regret, but it could not be avoided at that time. We broke into some gentleman's spring house, appropriated a little piece of veal and some milk and butter, for all of which we ask his pardon. If he was a good Rebel, as he should have been, it was all right; otherwise, we don't care a cent.

We reached the Potomac, just above Harper's Ferry, before midnight, and with a stick to feel our way were soon on Virginia soil. We called at a house close by, got something to eat, and continued on towards Charlestown. Before reaching Charlestown we lay over one Sunday with a family, who gave us directions how to proceed.

We found that Charlestown was occupied by United States cavalry, with their outpost about three or four miles on the road to Front Royal. We kept clear of the road till we passed the outpost, then took the road and reached White Post, just after day, got breakfast and proceeded on our way to Front Royal.

About a mile before reaching the latter place we met citizens running out, saying that the Yankees were coming in on the Culpeper road. However, we went on to town, and learned that there was a little raid on the Culpeper road, so we turned our course up the Luray valley to Luray Courthouse, where we met the First Confederate cavalry. We put up at a hotel, where a generous cavalryman paid our bill. The next morning we got transportation on the stage to Culpeper, and stayed over night, and the next day went down to Orange Courthouse, where we found the noble old Eleventh Mississippi, with a few of Company H. on hand.

W. D. REID.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, January 17, 1909.

CAVALRY RAIDS IN THE WAR OF SECESSION.

Major-General John B. Floyd and the State Line— Surrender of Fort Donelson.

Captain R. F. Gross, of the "South Wales Borderers," whose command was a part of the advance guard of General Lord Roberts in the recent Boer War, has favored us with a copy of his notes on the "Cavalry Raids in the War of Secession."

Captain Gross spent several days in Richmond during October last, and in one of our war talks one evening at Captain Gordon McCabe's he mentioned the fact that he had made a study of the cavalry raids during our War of 1861-1865, and particularly those of General J. E. B. Stuart; whereupon Captain McCabe and I expressed a wish for copies of these notes, feeling sure that the observations of an accomplished military student, who had seen much army service, and who wrote as Colonel Henderson did in his "Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War" from an impartial British standpoint, would be exceptionally interesting. In his letter transmitting the paper Capt. Gross modestly speaks of it as "very rough and unpolished," but we find it decidedly otherwise; and, as he has given us permission to do what we like with it, we will give the readers of the Confederate column the pleasure of reading a few selections from his admirable papers.

R. W. H.

The surrender of Fort Donelson by General Buckner to General Grant was one of the deplorable events of the early war period, which gave rise to much controversy and bad feeling. The object of the Confederates was to hold Fort Donelson until General Albert Sidney Johnston could safely retreat from Bowling Green, and then to make good their own escape. After three days of hard fighting it was determined at a council of the principal officers, on the night of February 16, 1862, that the destruction of life attendant upon a further effort to extricate

the command would be too great to be thought of. General Buckner, commanding the Kentucky troops, who constituted the bulk of the force (the entire Confederate strength being about 10,000), believed escape impossible, and was a strong advocate of surrender. General Floyd's command held the ground highest up the river and nearest the point of practicable exit. He was unwilling to surrender, and so was Colonel N. B. Forrest, who then commanded a regiment of cavalry.

Unwilling to assume the responsibility of an extremely hazardous attempt to cut his way out with his entire command, against the judgment of a majority of the officers of the council, General Floyd claimed the "right (we give his own words) individually to determine that I would not survive a surrender there. To satisfy both propositions, I agreed to hand over the command to General Buckner, through General Pillow, and to make an effort for my own extrication by any and every means that might present themselves to me." General Floyd succeeded in getting away during the night with a large part of his own command before the terms of capitulation were made. Colonel Forrest also got out with all his cavalry.

I recall frequent conversations with the late General G. C. Wharton; also with Colonel Thomas Smith, of Warrenton, and Dr. (then Captain) I. W. McSherry, of Martinsburg—who were officers in Floyd's command—in regard to the conduct of both General Buckner and General Floyd in connection with the surrender at Donelson, and they all concurred in the opinion that General Floyd was fully justified in the course he pursued. The Confederate authorities at Richmond, however, took a different view and relieved General Floyd of his command.

The Legislature of Virginia, indignant at the treatment he had received, made him a major-general, and directed him to recruit and organize the classes not embraced in the Confederate conscription. His new command was called "The State Line," and was independent of the Confederate government. I was aware that it had rendered valuable services in Southwest Virginia, of which I was anxious to make a record. But not being a Confederate organization no reports of its operations are to be found in the "Official Records," and General Floyd's reports to the Governor were doubtless among the files of Adjutant-Gen-

eral Richardson's office, which was burned on the night of the evacuation of Richmond.

It was, therefore, with great pleasure that we received last week a letter from Captain Micajah Woods, of Charlottesville, who was an officer in the "State Line," and for a time an aid on the staff of General Floyd, in which he says:

"I hope during the coming spring to be able to send you a condensed history of the State Line, commanded by General John B. Floyd; in fact, I have several letters written to my parents giving quite a full account of all the history of this command. The services rendered by the State Line under Floyd seem to have been completely ignored in large measure in the current histories of Virginia and of the country. It is a remarkable fact that, after General Floyd retired from the Confederate service, by virtue of his own prowess and personal influence, he raised a command in Southwest Virginia and in Eastern Kentucky of about 5,000 men, and these men protected the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad and the Salt Works, which were essential almost to the Confederacy, and made large captures in Eastern Kentucky of equipments and ammunition, and broke up organizations that would have given great trouble in that region. I doubt if any other individual in the Confederacy in the fall of 1862 could have commanded the personal following that General Floyd did. While not trained as a soldier, he was intus et in cute,—a hero and a soldier. He sounded his bugle and thousands rallied to his standard in the mountains of Southwest Virginia, where he was born and known.

"I was at his side at Carnifax Ferry when he was wounded: I was with him also at Cross Lanes (an engagement fought a few days before Carnifax Ferry), and I have never seen a more splendid figure on a battlefield, or a more fearless one than he presented. I was also with him as volunteer aid when seventeen years of age on the top of Sewell Mountain, when he was confronted by Rosecrans, and my recollection is distinct that he urged General Lee, who commanded the combined forces, to attack Rosecrans, and I still believe that, had an attack been made as suggested by General Floyd, who advised both an attack in rear and in front, we might have captured, without great loss, the whole of the army of Rosecrans."

From the *Times-Dispatch*, January 17, 1909.

WHAT A FEDERAL SOLDIER WROTE OF THE V. M. I. CADETS AT NEW MARKET.

The charge of the cadets of the V. M. I. at the battle of New Market was unquestionably one of the most brilliant feats of arms of our great war. It has been often described, but the story will be read again and again, and always with thrilling interest.

Comrade C. A. Richardson finds in his scrap-book the following account of the part borne by the cadets in this famous battle, written by Mr. Howard Morton, a Federal soldier, which appeared in the *Pittsburg Dispatch*, and which, we agree with him in thinking, is worthy of republication. In his enthusiasm Comrade Richardson says:

"In all the heroic annals of time this memorable battle-epic, like a rich and rare gem, will ever continue to sparkle and glow in all the effulgent splendor of an undimmed lustre."

Here is Mr. Morton's account:

"Opposite is the enemy's line of gray belching forth fire and smoke. Those immediately in front of us are comparatively inactive. They have not yet mended their broken fences. We look to the further end of the rebel line. Out from an orchard steps a small body of gray-clad troops. Something about them attracts our attention; their marching and alignment are perfect, their step is unlike that of the veterans who marched against our front. Their movements are those of a crack battalion on dress parade. They look like boys; the strong glass show they are boys. It is the battalion of pupils from the Virginia Military Institute, 225 in number. These little fellows, whose ages range from fourteen to sixteen years, drawn from the best families of the Old Dominion, have closed their books for the summer vacation, but instead of returning to their homes and making glad the hearts of fond parents and brothers and sisters, were told to take their cadet muskets and join the army in the

Valley. They have just arrived and are eagerly marching to their baptism of blood. War is cruel at best, but who can excuse the cruelty that risks such bright young lives even in a righteous cause?

"Opposite them, holding the right of our line, is a battery of six twelve-pounders. The commander has observed the cadet battalion and opened fire on it. The shells burst among the boys, but they don't seem to be disturbed in the least. Forward towards the black monsters the line moves as though parading on the smooth lawn of the military institute whence they came. Palings are being knocked from their fence, but they close up and present an unbroken line. We ask ourselves. Can they be so rash as to charge the battery? It is commencing to look that way. On, on they march, their line as straight as a rule; more palings are knocked from their living fence, and repairs are made as before, but the fence is shorter. They are almost in canister range. Surely they will face about and retrace their steps; but no, the little heads bend lower as they face the iron storm. The little muskets are grasped tighter as on, on they rush, God have mercy on them. The deadly canister sweeps through their ranks; shorter and shorter grows their line. Heaven pity their poor mothers, whose prayers are even now rising to heaven for their darling's safety. Oh! that some pitying hand would stretch out to stay them; but on, on, on they march right into the jaws of the black monsters. Now they enter the smoke; they disappear. The thunder of six great guns is silenced. A juvenile shout is heard, and the survivors of that little band of heroes have captured the battery. Scarcely have we realized that they are victors until we find that they man the captured guns and turned them down our lines."

From the *News Leader*, January 28, 1909.

**BRILLIANT EULOGY ON GEN. W. H. PAYNE FROM
GOOD OLD REBELS WHO DON'T CARE.**

**Colonel Thomas Smith and Leigh Robinson Make
Notable Addresses.**

At a public meeting of Lee Camp Confederate Veterans, Lee Camp hall, Richmond, on the evening of December 18, 1908, a very handsome portrait of the late General W. H. Payne was presented to the camp. The attendance was very large, the members of the camp being present in uniform. Many ladies representing leading families in Richmond and Virginia, occupied the seats of honor reserved for them and the number of young men present was especially noticeable. Dr. C. W. P. Brock presided and called the meeting to order with very brief remarks, explaining its purpose.

The Rev. James Power Smith, D.D., one of the most widely known and beloved veterans of the State and chairman of the portrait committee of Lee camp spoke a few introductory words with his usual terse force and eloquent simplicity. He introduced Colonel Thomas Smith, of Fauquier, to make the presentation speech. Colonel Smith spoke as follows:

Mr. Commander and Comrades of Lee Camp:

In appearing before you to-night I represent a distinguished family in paying tribute to one of its members who has in his noble career imparted lustre to its record in patriotic devotion to this Commonwealth, and in performance of all the obligations of exalted citizenship. Mine is the privilege of inaugurating the ceremony of introducing the figure of General William H. Payne into this gallantry of matchless heroes, and I feel that this fellowship cannot have worthier addition or more inspiring companion. Knight of the sabre, his sword flashed in the forefront of battle for the love of his motherland.

Undismayed in defeat, he was, in fidelity, heroic in endur-

ance, and crowned disaster with the glory of manhood that feared not to worship at the shrine of our cause, unceasingly sobbing that 'twas lost.

It may be permitted me to recite at length of him, as he achieved such eminence as to constitute him leader in all the relations of life, as man and soldier, and I will venture to indulge my emotions with appropriate moderation. He was dear to me by close intimacy, and I would that he could have longer escaped the doom that is Divinity's decree for all mankind. I deplore separation from him with a sorrow I cannot portray.

No words can suffice the secret soul to show. We were brothers, not by the ties of blood, but by the bonds of affinity and sympathy of souls, by the twinship of minds, the fervor of fidelity, the congeniality of consciences the concurrence of conclusions. We thought alike without conference, and acted as one, though not together, and when the sun of the South in darkness set, and the future seemed an unending vista of agony and humiliation, we confronted fate with courage, mutuality sustaining, ever unrepenting and mourning for our people, independent no more, and countryless, save as subjects.

His supreme patriotism was fealty to Virginia, and in the intensity of his devotion, his prescience impressed the realization that her sovereignty could not survive the animosity of the section, seething with increasing hordes alien to our civilization, and eager minions for our destruction, and he died as he lived, unshaken in the belief that had not our people exaggerated their obligations as citizens of the country, minimized their rights and grievances, and misconceived their peril, promptness in withdrawal of the Southern States from the Union would have assured the success of the South. His State was his country. She, only, was sovereign to him, her rights were inherent, powers delegated by her were revocable at the will of her unimpaired majesty. Voluntarily bestowed, their resumption was not less her absolute right. But he faltered not in speculation, nor faltered for expediency. For years he recognized that privileges, conferred in good will for mutual benefit, had become chains for the enslavement of his people, and he boldly proclaimed himself a disunionist per se, for his State's safety, for the sake of separation from those who, when weak,

were fraternal, and with power became fratricidal, who, in fear, sought clanship for protection against foreign invasion, and in the consciousness of strength by numbers repudiated their faith, and with imported allies, denied right canonized in the hearts of the country's founders.

William H. Payne, in young manhood, foresaw the fate of Virginia in continuing partnership with a people heedless of honor, conscious of rapidly increasing growth, and to whom treaty was troth, "more honored in the breach than in the observance," if it could be broken for their advantage and without danger to them. It was plain to him that swarms from the continent were so swelling the myriads of the North its majority would be omnipotent, and unless the South should rescue herself, ere too late, from the section never sympathetic except for self-preservation, never congenial except in calculation, always covetous of control, it would be a minority without protection and with a destroyed civilization, imbued with such conceptions, he was impatient with argument, and urged action. That duty to the South demanded dissolution was the conviction of his sagacious devotion. He distrusted delays, not as dangerous only, but as parricidal. Though he cared not for the form of separation, be it one way or the other, he repelled the presumption that any right was conferred upon the Federal government—the agent of the States—to invade Virginia for any reason, no matter what her action. He could not conceive that Virginia could commit insurrection. General Lee proclaimed that "Virginia, in withdrawing herself from the United States, carried him along as acts and her laws were binding upon him." His paramount allegiance was to her. She was to him supreme. Her cause was righteous to him. The shiboleth of the North that "this country could not remain half slave and half free, was enunciation to young Payne, that aggression upon the South would be pursued until the negro should be emancipated, not for love of the slave, not for abhorrence of slavery, but in jealousy of the South for her possession of stable labor. He understood that the crusade against the South was at the instigation of hatred, in the realization that property in person was power in owner, and protection to his property. He says that immigration was crowding the North with alien suffragans, who, feeling

their power, were asserting it in aggressiveness upon capital, trembling for its safety; whilst the South in the conservatism of union of labor and capital in laborer, was exempt from disturbance by enfranchised socialists. Such was the "irrepressible conflict," in which the South was blameless of this crisis, but must suffer for its existence. Congress was powerless, the president was without authority, but the negroes must be made the equals of the whites in the South to engender animosities of her laborers against her former owners, of employes against employers, through the instrumentality of the privilege of suffrage. War was the only means by which such result could be achieved, and "military necessity" was the shameless expedient.

War was the desperation of the North in her extremity to despoil the South of her advantage in controlling her labor.

May it not, then, be logically concluded that had the South sooner realized the situation and precipitated the issue, she would now be entrenched in the glory of independence!

General Payne replied to the imputation that Virginia fought to maintain the institution of slavery, and vigorously contended that her resistance to invasion was repetition of the struggle of our fathers for liberty to govern themselves. He would have given all the slaves of the South for disunion had he been their owner, and he advocated freedom to all who would enlist in the ranks of our army.

Virginia, though her slaves were hers by purchase and not by piracy, in the intensity of her worship of independence, the jewel beyond all price to her when our sinews of the war were strained to the uttermost through her legislature by a special committee to President Davis, offered to emancipate her slaves by an act of the general assembly if such a measure could help our cause. Any sacrifice for Anglo-Saxon liberty was the tender of her soul. Her spirit stifled the thought of subjugation. Here was "the courage that mounteth with occasion." Hers the knighthood that felt that

"Hope, howe'er he fly
For a time, can never die."

Robert E. Lee recommended the enlistment of negroes in our

armies, and Virginia's governor advised it in his first message after his inauguration the 1st of January, 1864, and sustained his views elaborately, declaring "that if the result were to emancipate our slaves, there was not a man that would not put the negro in the army rather than become a slave himself to our hated and vindictive foe." Perish the imputation that Virginia battled not for liberty. Proudly can she exalt herself before all peoples as exemplar of noblest martyrdom. Self-government was her inherent right, and upon its altar she immolated all else but faith and honor. More abhorrent to her was fear of serfdom of her people than the sacrifice of her slaves. Virginia is invulnerable to any impeachment in connection with slavery. It is history that she condemned the slave trade and insisted upon its prohibition immediately upon the adoption of the constitution. It is history that her greatest statesmen advocated the abolition of slavery, and that one or more of them gave theirs freedom. It is history that Virginia fought for freedom, and that she builded a temple of liberty worshipped throughout all the world, and that all peoples would have it for a shrine. She did not establish slavery, and she would not restore it, except to abolish it at her will.

It was not a blessing cherished by her people, but in love of liberty they defended it, as inseparable from their inalienable rights. Such are the sentiments of him whom we are now perpetuating.

General Payne, in recognition of the responsibility of advocacy of disunion, did not minimize the probability of a conflict at arms, and to the call of his State responded with the enthusiasm of a captive rejoicing in the prospect of delivery from repulsive association. He gathered friends into a body of troopers, organized them, became their first captain, and inspired them to that ardor and courage that gave to the "Black Horse" cavalry a prestige that increased with duration of service and will endure to the end of knighthood. At first Manassas he was conspicuous with his company in intensifying the confusion and flight of the enemy, and was not reconciled by the capture of a number of artillery pieces (delivered to President Davis) to the abandonment of the pursuit he expected to continue to Washington.

At Williamsburg he was wounded unto death, it was believed, and was left in the hospital unparoled; but by love and skill, after the lapse of months, he returned to the field, though not sufficiently convalesced for duty. He was, however, commended by General Lee for gallantry and efficiency in the great cavalry conflict at Brandy. He was again wounded in Pennsylvania and captured and retained in prison for months. Upon his return to his regiment in the Valley of Virginia, though physically feeble, he was welcomed as a tower of strength and assigned to a brigade, with which he demonstrated such capacity for increased command that he was honored with the commission of brigadier-general. His was the action that by determined charges upon advancing columns of Custer's cavalry, so dense it seemed as if the world were on horse, that with a regiment withstood the fearful odds of divisions and rescued comrades from dispersion into reformed and attacking forces. His were the troopers that crossed the stream that wears the name given to a great battle so gently that the murmurs of its waters were not hushed, and that aroused a sleeping enemy to consternation that should have been consummated in victory that would have evacuated the enemy's capital and established a Confederacy.

Wounded at Williamsburg, but one removed from the first battle of the invasion, and at Five Forks, the last engagement of the cavalry, his was the glory of shedding his blood for his State at her gateway and at her grave. Disabled by wounds and long a prisoner, he was denied opportunities that would have won him additional renown and assured him promotion, in the display of those qualities that proved him not only a fighter to thrill followers, but a commander to plan campaigns and conduct them. He was, however, though at the disadvantage of constrained absence from the fields of active service, chosen by General Fitz Lee to command his division, with the rank of major-general.

His joy of contest was almost recklessness, but it was electric and stimulated his men to elan that on many occasions, multiplied their numbers, seemingly, to startled enemies.

His trying experience ceased with the war's close. He was taken from his home in Warrenton by a special detail from Washington to arrest him because of his name and would have

been hung by an avenging mob but that the officers having him in charge, realizing that he could not be an assassin, spirited him to the "Old Capitol" prison, where he was held until passion subsided and it was safe to release him.

William H. Payne was a citizen with genius that fascinated and convinced. Endowed by nature, enriched by culture, strong in thought, magnetic in speech, bold in action, persuasive in appeal, demonstrative by logic, awed by no difficulty, deterred by no danger, he was master among men. A gentle and wise counselor, a tender and true friend, generous and charitable, chivalric and gallant, he was a nobleman who so wore the robes of royalty that he was an honor to his race.

He was history's student, and so vividly and extensively was the past with him, he seemed a part of it. He so garnered the gems of literature they shone in all his thoughts with a lustre all the brighter for the setting of his skill. He was an orator of attractive art and exquisite eloquence, both in the beauty and power of thought and charms of delivery. The classics were commanded by him and cleverly contributed to the chasteness of his composition, and the muses sang for him at his will their choicest melodies, for the delight of his hearers and his vantage in their appreciation. He pointed morals and adorned tales not by execrable jests, but by lessons of experience consecrated by survival for ages.

Politics did not allure him, though tempted by siren with offers rarely refused, and discoverer of the shadows of coming events, ere they were cast to many high in place and honored as statesmen.

Law was his mistress, and returning to her service, and stimulated by necessity, he won from her rewards in the achievement of triumphs and the accumulation of abundance, almost, if not altogether, unequalled in the practice of his profession in the Piedmont section of Virginia.

But despite this career of prominence and prosperity, of honor and power, it was not the pride of his life 'twas less to him than the undisputed splendor of his patriotism, and his distinction in the defense of his State. When the blast of war blew upon our ears he welcomed the sound, for to him it was hosannah for Virginia, though his life blood flowed almost to his death at

the war's beginning; and though battered and bruised and captured, his was the manhood to endure, the unconquerable will to hope, and the courage to fight unfalteringly to the last. When the crimson wings of conquest hovered over the countless hosts of invasion, and our great captain bade our banners furl, he would fain have passed beyond the stars to our warriors, soothed by the echoes of victory and never doubting triumphs.

To every man upon the earth death cometh soon or late,
And how can man die better than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of their fathers and the temples of their gods?

He became a subject but not a slave, and e'en a subject's soul is his own. His cause was none the less sacred that it perished, and he proudly recited the cherished memories of its glories, and imprecated the mystery of its fate. There was no surcease of his sorrow that we failed to command success, for it passeth all understanding that the subjugation of the South should have been decreed. He wept for Virginia in her downfall, and weep we for him. Prophetic in young manhood, heroic in battle, brilliant in war's progress to end, too soon for his hopes, he became exemplar to his people to stimulate them to fortitude in martyrdom and to encourage them in citizenship worthy of their patriotism as soldiers, and promotive of patience in enforced endurance.

“Having run the bound of man's appointed years,
At last life's labor done,
To his final rest has passed,
While the soft memories of his virtues
Yet linger like the twilight hues.”

If 'tis permitted souls to survive dissolution, ours may not be separated, and ere long we may rejoice in reunion with him.

Commander and comrades, I now deliver to you as tribute of the affection and admiration of those whom he was dearest representation of General William H. Payne, and congratulate you all upon the accession of this picture of this noble soldier to the grand galaxy in this hall of heroes.

It may be that from the battlements beyond the skies, where

our reincarnated heroes are assembled, under the Stars and Bars, he is witnessing the homage rendering to his memory to-night.

MR. LEIGH ROBINSON'S ADDRESS.

Leigh Robinson, of Washington, son of the late Conway Robinson, one of the most eminent of American jurists, and nephew of Moncure Robinson, accepted the portrait in an address, remarkable for its eloquence, epigram and sarcasm.

At the beginning of the war he at once crossed the Potomac, and throughout our momentous struggle of four years, participated in the hardest service, being actively engaged in many battles. He said:

Mr. Commander and Fellow-Soldiers:

The Lee Camp of Confederate veterans stands for a grand ideal. In the throng of selfish contention, it is your prerogative to exist, as a shrine amid ruins, that you may preserve as in amber the memory of that bright sword which, among the swords of the captains, shines like yonder sentry of the skies, around whose serene light the stars obediently bend. In an anarchial night time of transition this unswerving force burns in our heavens, like a word of command, whose authority we reverence, and whose speech is the "still small voice" of duty. As the commemoration thereof, this shrine shall be a guide post in the desert.

THE HERO'S BOOTY.

Unselfish force is a Scripture "given by inspiration of God." Our world divides itself into the heroes who live and die for others, and the others for whom they live and die. The hero is the response to that question of the early Satan, "Doth Job serve (or fear) God for naught?" The lofty answer is, he doth. His own heroism is the hero's booty. He gives his greatness to others for the joy and glory of giving. Save in a mere material sense, it is not for naught. The life, which, while strong in the strife forgets itself in the striving, is born Commander of the Faithful, and in every age has found the faithful to command. We look elsewhere, indeed, for the thrifty patriots who make the litany of the daughters of the horse leech the mother tongue

and classic of their Pantheon. We turn to Robert Lee and say: There is one, who in place of taking from others every present they might offer, grandly gave all he had of mind, body and estate to others, and for others. There is one who trod the path of self-denying greatness. There is one who scaled the last heights; in whose majestic passion defeat is transfigured into victory. There behold that power and passion of self-realization through self-renunciation, which is a perennial appeal by and to a divine essence, perhaps latent in the lowest, but forever patent in the highest. With what a serene unconsciousness the destiny laid upon him was met and mastered. It is not in human misfortune, nor in human power to efface the eminence in which he abides, nor to efface us if we are not unworthy of it. Long as there is reverence for honor; long as there shall linger an honor to revere, the earnest, the fearless, the true will bow down to him, who having the option of all that this world has to give, thought of duty first; of self last. Success does not constitute his glory. His glory is enhanced, etherealized, more gloriously revealed by what the world calls his defeat. Sordid success is as dust in the balance by the side of it. Mr. Charles Francis Adams has called Lee "the quintessence of Virginia." As the figure in the forefront of the battle; as the protagonist of the Southern storm; as the embodied righteousness of the cause whereof he was captain, he requires and requites our worship. Viewing him as the concentration of our own soul; as embodying the high duty, the sacred conscience, the martyred valor, which bore aloft his standard, his fame is the proudest possession ever vouchsafed to any people of any country, in any age. We had not known the full stature of Lee, had it not been for what the world calls his defeat. Great as were his victories over enemies, the great conquest of this kingly man was his conquest of himself. Each passing year, more and more, endears him to us. He is more than ever dear to us, for that he was the matchless hero of adversity and example for our own; for that he added to all other victory—victory over defeat—nay over outlawry by them to whom his path was a rebuke. The more he is lifted up by outlaw sentence, the more he draws us to him.

VICTORY OVER VICTORY.

Our hero is victor over victory. Not the champion of the strong against the weak, but of the weak against the strong is the Bayard of the heart. Greatness, which having need to say in the battle, "All things are against me." Yet battles with consummate courage to the end, is by that sign shown to be great. It is not supereminent for one to win when all things are for him. Of all the great things Lee did for his State, and for the South, the greatest was the life he gave; a life the world is unable to measure by reward; save that the world reserves for the highest—a crown of thorns. On his outlawed height, he fought, there he still fights the battle for us. His calm grandeur—calm in the midst of raging elements—because of victory over them, was and is our warrior. We fight behind the fortress of an unsullied life, while we have him for captain. We build his truest monument less by contribution from our purses than by humble imitations in our lives, though at long interval and with tender steps. As the likeness of his mind is stamped upon them who claim to follow him will be his monument. The soul that rises superior to the storms of fate, it shall live.

Bound up with Lee is that warrior of the Living God—led by the Spirit if man ever was—who, facing the sharpest and steepest, brought all the mountains of difficulty to their knees before him; who, patient to plan, infallible to achieve, with one hand grasped courageously that of his fellow man, because he had laid the other humbly in that of God. Bound up with Lee is that right arm of victory, known once and forever as Stonewall Jackson. We learn of him that the genius which wins victory all along the line, under conditions which to the common eye make victory impossible, is the moral and the fruit of faith. In him we read the old eternal mystery of puissance by persistence. The stability of soul beneath that inflexible face words translate not. No stage lightning, no theatric thunder, played part in his equipment. We who once looked upon his face, so earnestly silent, felt the silence to be a measure of the depth; as if the storm of life had ended in the silence of victory over it. By a

power which cannot be put in words we felt the spell of his mysterious might fall upon his followers, and melt the sinews of their strength into his own terrible right arm.

GENUINE STRENUOUSNESS.

Meditation upon Stonewall Jackson inclines one to believe that grand, genuine strenuousness is most apt to abound where there is least said about it. Bound up with Lee I have said. To this twin thunderbolt we give the reverence for true greatness which deepens with every true approach to it and insight into it. In death they give defiance unto death; vanquish death. In death they are lifted up to be the living word of our ideal. They are the Bruce and Wallace of the South. Could we rally a united South to follow in peace, with war's obedience, the banner of their characters, it were a moral Bannockburn.

This camp of veterans has deemed it a grateful and a graceful duty to group around the portrait of their chief, in death, as in life, the lieutenants of his fortitude. You felt you would not do your duty to the hero of duty if you left this undone. Here then, we may mark and inwardly digest the biography of the brave; here breathe in the moral fascination of heroic minds. Every man who is the hero of a brave, true life is a revelation to others. In the degree that we bow down to such life is the enlargement of our own.

It is to-night my privilege, at once proud and sad, to be your medium to accept, as worthy to be included in this goodly fellowship of fame, the portrait of one who was ever foremost in life's battle charge. The image of William H. Payne is etched on our hearts, as by the defining needle on a plate, "wax to receive and marble to retain;" or, to slightly change the figure, the mention of his name evokes the clear-cut cameo of one whose courage knew no danger, or knew it only to despise it; with whom to be heroic was involuntary. A bearing manly and refined, adorned by a gentle courtesy, was the visible sign of knightly grace and knightly valor at all times and in all places, unafraid, unaffected, unequivocal. At Virginia's school of war he had applied himself with natural relish to the profession of

arms. In this camp of preparation he formed a lasting friendship with that fine type of a brave and gentle Southerner, Thomas Henry Carter. Each was destined, by deeds, not words, to write a living chapter in the world old epic of "arms and the man." Later they met at Virginia's University, whither Payne went to study the virtue and the truth of law and Carter the ministries of healing. After the lapse of a decade, in the shock of arms which shook a continent, again they came together to win a parallel renown; Payne at the head of horse: Carter in the blaze of his fierce and stubborn guns. Touching are the words the former wrote in 1882 to Mr. Isaac Winston: "I rejoice that I lived in the heroic age of the South, and that my early life was spent in games of chivalry, romance, and, McGregor-like, love for my own heath. I can say from my heart I loved Virginia—

"Beyond her map, my heart travels not,
But fills that limit to the utmost verge."

So he grew to manhood in the days of approaching doom, when the old mother State was like the quiet lake above which the hawk is circling. It was when the clouds began to lower over her house that in full view of the battle she would inherit, William H. Payne gave her "his promise true."

THE BLACK HORSE TROOP.

At the head of the Black Horse Troop, a band of brothers which came "not to woo honor, but to wed it," this man, with the McGregor-like love for his own heath, rode into his fearless fight for it. They rode together to fight, to bleed; if need be, to die for a Commonwealth in its own limits happy and strong; outside its own limits incurring in some parts the envious hate felt for them who have that whereof the envious feel the force and feel that lack. He, their captain, quickly proved he was by training and tradition all that we picture as the beau sabreur. As the captain rose to the brigadier, the meaning of his life flamed out for all to see. As he rode with Stuart, Hampton, and the Lees, as he rode deeper and deeper into the war, that meaning fell like a shaft of light across a darker and darker sky. War was the steel which struck the spark. He had been

in boyhood the neighbor and the friend of Ashby and was of a kindred spirit with that knight and paladin of Virginia and the valley of Virginia. They read the same books, they dreamed the same dreams. Nor was either content to be a dreamer. Each sought to make the dream reality. For them chivalry was not a mere poetic parable, but the glowing reality of life. For them the book of chivalry was not chained to the altar; but where the book was there rose an altar and the book was the struggle of man. To each this was an infallible book of duty pointing to what for each was very nearly the whole duty of man. To be taught to struggle with obstacles, to cope with the difficult, is far the best part of education. Faith to struggle is what is meant by character—the highest being that of moral struggle with material obstruction. At the head of a charge, whether of the Black Horse Troop or of his brigade in Fitz Lee's division, Payne was in the place carved out for him by nature. A trooper's sabre was his faith, his hope and—for the foe of all he loved—his charity. As Scott said, after severing connection with Vera Cruz, Payne might have said of his own spirit, "The scabbard was thrown away and we advanced with the naked blade." His was the grace which made daring beautiful. He was a lineal descendant of that old Bersekir daring which by preference went to sea in a storm. He had the joy of danger. We know by all the laws and inferences of knowledge that the bugle call to arms was to him as the cry of hounds to the hunter or the roll of the reel to one who wanders by the trout stream. The gleam of his sabre was as the flash of a knightly eye. He knew by instinct how to excite and sustain enthusiasm. He was as alert in his disciplined precautions as he was intrepid in facing odds. He was an enthusiast in war, he did it with all his might. Briefly, let me illustrate the traits of one for whom numbers had no terrors; who despised numbers and defied defeat. They are traits which illustrate the dash and daring most essential to the cavalry officer.

GUARDING EARLY'S LEFT.

On September 3, 1864, he took command of his cavalry brigade (consisting of the Fifth, Sixth and Eighth Virginia Regi-

ments) in Fitz Lee's division, then operating with General Early, in the Valley of Virginia. It was his brigade, with him at the head of it, which guarded the left flank of Early's army in the battle of Winchester and repulsed the Union cavalry in the Luray valley. His brigade, with him at the head of it, led the advance of Gordon's division, in the attack upon Sheridan at Cedar Creek. Crossing the north fork of the Shenandoah, below Cedar Creek, by a swift dash with picked men, he fell upon and captured the enemy's pickets and out posts without firing a shot. The enemy's camp was taken so completely by surprise that two divisions of Sheridan's corps, their camp, with all its equipment, wagons, horses, guns, fell an easy prey to Gordon's foot cavalry, which followed. Gordon, in his published reminiscences, gives this account: "General Payne, of Virginia, one of the ablest and most knightly soldiers in the Confederate army, plunged with his intrepid cavalry into the river, and firing as they went upon Sheridan's mounted pickets and supporting squadrons, the Virginians dashed in pursuit as if in steeple chase, with the Union riders, the coveted goal of both being the rear of Sheridan's army. The Federals sought for safety. Payne was seeking to spread confusion and panic in the Federal ranks and camps, and magnificently did he accomplish his purpose."

At New Creek, a station on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, in Hampshire county, in November, 1864, as Rosser, then in command of the division, approached the town, Payne requested that his brigade might lead in the assault. Colonel Cook, of the Eighth, who well knew the place, did not think it could be taken by assault. In the absence of surprise, this was no doubt the case. Rosser, however, gave to Payne the control of the advance and attack. The latter so moved the first squadron, that the pickets and reserves of the enemy were captured without firing a shot. He then moved down the road at a walk, until he reached the foot of the hill on which a fort had been constructed. No fire came from the fort because the advance was thought to be their own cavalry returning from a raid; as it had been conjectured would be supposed. Payne, then, ordering a charge, rode upon the gunners, in the act of driving the first shot into their guns. In less than half an hour the fort,

town and 828 prisoners had been captured. In Payne's last battle at Five Forks, in command of what had been Fitz Lee's division, he held in check and repelled a large force of Sheridan's cavalry. A severe wound, received by him in the fight, spared him the deeper wound of surrender at Appomattox. While lying helpless, at his home in Warrenton, he was again captured and again imprisoned.

The spirit of battle which stirred in him was kind as it was brave. It was the spirit of one born to command. The ties cemented in war's peril were for him a sacred chain of obligation. Of all the troops he led; of all the staff who bore his orders; of all under him, or over him, in that fiery horse, I have yet to meet the man who was not proudly conscious of that chain and proudly captive to it. His chief of staff writes of him: "A more gallant soldier, inspiring leader, or resourceful commander never drew sword in any cause." Wounded and left on the field at Williamsburg; wounded and captured at Hanover near Gettysburg; wounded again at Five Forks and captured afterwards, as we have seen, Payne's life was spared for the moral battle to which a prostrate South was summoned.

"WAR IS HELL."

The definition, "War is Hell," was given by a prominent participant in the war between the States. In the Savannahs of Georgia; the homes of the Carolinas; the valleys of Virginia, deeds were done which merit the definition. In those sweet valleys, over which, by orders from headquarters, the crow in flying should carry his own rations, the word was not a misnomer. A warrior's renown consists no longer in the greater host of armed men his valor hurls to defeat, but in the greater host of sorrows he fearlessly hurls on the unarmed. Time was when the warfare of the hero Saints was known as "Imitation of Christ." Our higher altruism knows it as "Imitation of Hell." Sheridan, defending the conduct of his troops in South Carolina, said to Carl Schurz: "Before we got out of that State the men had so accustomed themselves to destroying everything along the line of march that sometimes when I had my headquarters in a house that house began to burn before I was fairly

out of it. * * * It always has been so, and always will be so." It has not been always so. On entering Pennsylvania, General Lee proclaimed: "It will be remembered that we make war only on armed men." General Scott did the same in Mexico. Mexican ranches found their best market in his camp. Beyond the Christian pale we may find example. The successor of Mahomet, in dispatching his army into Syria, instructed as follows: "When you meet with your enemies quit yourselves like men, and don't turn your backs, and if you get the victory, kill no little children nor old people, nor women; destroy no palm trees, nor burn any fields of corn; cut down no fruit trees, do not any mischief to cattle, only such as you kill to eat." When last summer the war in Morocco had subsided, it was reported; they, the people of Morocco, "have had a chance to see how a civilized nation fights. It has amazed them to discover that French soldiers respect womanhood and refrain from looting." Nevertheless, it may be admitted, that the war waged by philanthropy against the South was correctly described as "hell" by one of the philanthropists.

HELL IN PEACE.

There remained the lesson, "Peace is Hell." To overthrow the armies of a people is not so fatal as to degrade the ideals of a people. To crush the body is cruel, but not so cruel as to deprave the soul. In the ideals they really pursue is the measure of the real faiths and reasonable hopes of nations, States, social and Federal unions. Our motive force is in the ideals which are really our own. Is the published ideal a reality, or only a blasphemous appearance? Very nearly the last word of the Confederate Congress had this sob of despair: "Failure will cause us to drink the dregs of the cup of humiliation, even to the bitter dregs of having the history of our struggle written by New England historians." Because this prophecy is so far toward fulfilment, I am so unmerciful to-night. In 1861 a strife of swords was invoked to establish a new ideal. "They chose new gods," cried Deborah: "then was there war in the gates." I crave your merciful patience with the narrative of what it was which was displaced and wherewithal it was replaced by Reconstruction.

Old as Aristotle and older, is the distinction of governments into bad or good according as they exist for the sake of the governed; according as they are held as a spoil for the governors, or as a trust for the governed.

“NOBLESSE OBLIGE.”

The binding force of States, which create, for their own and for succeeding ages, what we call grandeur, is the force of noblesse oblige. The truly strong give to the weakness of others a sympathy, born of victory over their own. The rock on which society is built is that of a noblesness conscious of the obligation to be noble. This is the origin as it is also the ideal of that ever miraculous force we call society. “It was by Rome’s self abnegation,” wrote Mr. Bryce, “that she romanized the world.” Not by material but by moral force, man is made paulo minus ab angelis. The fevered turmoil known as “progress of the age” has not quite obscured this principle of origin. In speaking of the swift response of every citizen of Japan to his country’s call, Colonel Nogi, who refuse to partake of luxury in wartime not granted to the soldier, would feel themselves insulted if asked to serve at rates of pay other than those deemed sufficient for the army. It is this spirit of self effacement for the public weal, mingled with fervent patriotism, which has won for Japan her long series of victories on sea and land.” What might be called the government of Noblesse Dispense achieves dispensation from all this. Where the former principle bears sway, we have the great States which are lamps to distant ages. Where the opposite is absolute, although the monarch be called, as in ancient Persia, the great king, his realm in the tale of time is small. We read the record of a selfishness, which, in the midst of palatial graft shrivels the soul. Selfishness is contraction. Sacrifice is expansion. The human secret is this of Nobless Oblige. Obligation measures elevation. Intuitively, we impute this correlation to the Almighty height. The foundation of man’s metropolis are two—reverence and sympathy—the second made in the likeness of the first. Consciousness of this caused the men of old to speak of law. As a covenant with God; of the State as Divine.

Freedom is the free dominion of the law; and the law might be defined as the condition a creator imposes on his creature, which, like the condition a mathematician imposes on a curve, must be satisfied for the creature to properly exist. As we satisfy the conditions of freedom are we free? Does the freedom of which you talk mean freedom for duty or freedom from it? The power to be free is not a quite universal faculty, but the prize of a battle renewed every morning by them who sleep on their arms every evening. The issue to be tried is—which is stronger love of justice to others or rapacity for self? The true “irrespressible conflict” is the conflict between freedom and corruption; between Noblesse Oblige and Noblesse Dispense. What is called the birthright of freedom is the heritage of past heroisms and sacrifices. The sum total of all the conquests which have been made of man’s inherent selfishness is that on which his hope is stayed. As this conquest is, civilization, the refined sense of justice, is.

THE OLD MAGISTRATES.

It seems now a rainbow of romance, but there was once administered a justice which, like human life at common law, was so far beyond price as to admit of none. For some seventy-five years of her independence, and far back of that in her history, the administrative and judicial functions of every county in Virginia were administered by magistrates who, without compensation to themselves, rendered judgment between litigants who incurred no costs. Washington had been one of these magistrates, and before him Fairfax, baron of Cameron. Jefferson was one. William B. Giles and John Taylor, of Caroline, were added to the list after each had left the senate of the United States, and Monroe after he left the White House. “There is no part of the country,” said John Marshall in 1830, “where less of disquiet and less of ill-feeling between man and man is to be found than in this Commonwealth, and I believe most firmly that this state of things is mainly to be ascribed to the practical operation of our county courts. The magistrates who compose those courts consist in general of the best men in their counties.” Here was that “unbought loyalty” which Burke calls,

the "cheap defense of nations." It comes back to us like a picture of some far off, fabled, golden age. It is the story of a society, simply and soundly true; not a new affirmation, but a reaffirmation of those peaks of the past, which are freedom's Sinai. The ideal of that old day stood in direct relation to daily life. It was not a profession. It was a vocation. Men had faith in each other and were justified in having it. Love for Commonwealth and willingness to die for it made a moral unit of their minds. A whole world were the unfair exchange for that clean and wholesome soul. Will you compare it with the "prosperity" which, pointing to "rake off," "honest graft," and the like, says these are my jewels? There were free men once who held it prosperous to be just. A country which is loved for the honor, the noble sympathy, that is in it—ah! how much better than the country, which is loved for the corruption which is in it! After all, may not magnitude be a poor swap for magnanimity? It is the virtue, not the bigness, of a State which is greatness. To govern honestly is more than to misgovern widely.

The convention of 1829-30, in which Marshall's words were spoken, was the arena of contest between sections having, as they deemed, antagonistic interests; the West having the numbers, the East the property; a struggle of the West to acquire, of the East to retain, power; a geographical difference in which East and West stood to each other somewhat, as in another war of sections, the South stood to the North.

A MEMORABLE CHALLENGE.

In that passionate debate, it was asked, in respect of all the men who had ever voted in the Commonwealth: "Has one of them ever been bribed for his vote? Has any gentleman ever heard of a single instance?" It was a memorable challenge. From the ocean to the Ohio no man could point to a single instance, nor to one abuse of the taxing power. And why? Because, as stated by one of the leaders of the West, they, who were invested with the power to tax, "were governed by the principles of justice and the feelings of honor." There was another reason. They who laid the taxes, paid the taxes. They who bore rule, bore the burden of rule.

The social structure extolled by Marshall was a freedom which bound citizen to citizen by stronger ties than those of force. It was the ascendancy of high over low ambitions. It brought justice to every man's door; a justice which held the weak by their right; the strong by their duty. Patriots did not then take office as a means of support, but, on the contrary, impaired their names of support in taking office. Eminence and beneficence were correlative. When the service of Commonwealth at the expense of self is exchanged for the service of self at the expense of Commonwealth, it is self, not Commonwealth, which is loved and served. Like Jefferson, the sons of Virginia might bankrupt themselves in the service of their country, but they did not recoup from the chest confided to their custody. Uncompromising honesty in public life was their riches. They were trustees receiving from a cherished Commonwealth powers of which strict account was given. They became great by sharing burdens which weighed others down, whereby others shared the dignity which lifts greatness up. They offered the calm depths of lives which bowed seven times a day to the sacred city of social compact. The arm of a common mother in loving kindness was around her children. These are the forces which accumulate the moral capital of a community. Whence eminence means sacrifice; when it means gift of yourself, not gift to yourself, all do not speak at once. It comes back to us like a breath from some higher sphere, recalling the truth, sure as anything reached by mathematical exactness, that it is this obligation of the greatest to the least which is the root of all good; rather than the old animal rule of the extinction of the weaker by the stronger—the love of self—which is the root of all evil. There is a difference between the old-fashioned respect which character commanded and the servility which money and appointing power buy.

FOR GREATNESS, NOT FOR MONEY.

The great things of this world have not been done for the money that is in them. They have been done for the greatness that is in them. The grandeur of this world, that on which it turns as on a pivot, has been the work of intense natures seeking as a paramount prize the accomplishment of their work.

A sense of responsibility in the gifted for the inadequate; compassion for the friendless; sympathy for the wronged, is the fine expression through human agents of the justice and love of the Creator. It is the purest and most undefiled religion.

The high men of that old day gave to a Commonwealth characters which touched with their own beauty the very humblest who stood near them and looked up to them. They were made in the image of their State; or, shall we say, their State was the mirror which threw back their image. We see in them a certain repose in greatness and not the restless impatience of them who are forever agonizing to persuade themselves and others that they are great. It was a Commonwealth whose binding link was sympathy; great, because of heartfelt sympathy with greatness. The trouble with this civilization was not that it was too low, but that it was too high; not that it was beneath them who rallied against it, but that it was above. Because she was true to her own tradition, Virginia deserved to be called by James Russell Lowell, "Mother of States and unpolluted men." Those "unpolluted men" had the self-respect which springs from respect for others, and is rewarded by respect of others. So grew Virginia, as grows a high-born tree; spreading by slow degrees in the vital air of sympathy—a sympathy, wide and warm as her own tender sky.

At the first flight of the Eagle of Union, John Randolph, of Roanoke, saw what he called the "poison under the wings." Through his life he fought with the gift divine of genius to expel it. Few there were who could withstand the power of that piercing eye. He knew how to impale the avowed high motive for the action that was mean; how, with a lash of flame to strip selfishness of all disguises; and they who writhed under his wrath abhorred the terrible truth of his veracious scorn. The simulation of the ethics of love by the ethics of lust has been the arch mock to procure each recurring downfall of fair hope. This simulation it was the mission of his fearless wisdom to lay bare with a consuming fury. The sophisters could not entice him. He was peculiar, they said—too peculiar to be practical. From of old God's people have been a "peculiar people." Doubtless, it is true, that in the modern sense no man could have said to him, "We are practical men." He had looked deep

into realities. For this reason his speech pierced through and through appearances. To face the cohorts of the cupidities and to tell them to their teeth that their evil is not good is a role which appeals but freely to the opportunist. The fearless speaker of the truth; the fearless scourger of the false, is not the popular idol. His message is the great message of all freedom, the restraint of selfish power, the conquest of selfish passion, the conquest of self. The freeman is he who recognizes the obligation of restraints, to break through which is anarchy.

Like this son of her ardent soul, Virginia shrank not from "the cause of liberty in the capitol." Her battle was to replace "the divine right of kings" by the divine right of justice; to defend the simplicity of truth against the idols of the time. She stood for that moral order which men may violate, but at their peril and to their ruin. Can brute force, the law of the jungle, be supplanted by the moral law of justice, is the problem freedom undertakes to satisfy. It is a struggle for the deep things of freedom; for the divine reality of a State, for living relations to eternal freedom. Against the ever-recurring selfishness of States, slipping like a snake from skin to skin, Virginia set her face like a flint. She gave her challenge to that gross materialism which is the hereditary foe of man. Specious devices to make the welfare of all pay special tribute to the pockets of the few faced at every turn her "stern round tower" of State's rights. Until overthrown by force in 1865, you will search the statutes in vain for traces of her selfishness. Everywhere she denied herself with a now forgotten grace.

On the threshold of independence, her own Bill of Rights had set forth the inherent rights of freemen. First and foremost was their right to that government which "is most effectually secured against the danger of mal-administration;" and the correlative of this, that power is held in trust for the people—the magistrates who exercise power being but trustees. As privilege proceeds liberty recedes, was the doctrine of those "strict constructionists." The cheerful giver of the money of others did not strike those "Virginia abstractionists," (derisively so-called) as a superlative phenomenon. The "protection" they demanded was protection from power—the protection of which patriotism is the reciprocal; security against a less abstracted

class of "abstractionists," bent upon abstracting the property of others. At the instance of the "corrupt squadron" (the idiom borrowed from the lexicon of Jefferson) to despoil the force (the common weal) confided by the whole and for the whole; the trust fund of the commons, was, in their eyes, to lay unhalloved hands on the mark of the covenant. It was the fateful way to bring to the front what Mr. Dooley calls, "those brave men elected by the taxpayer of America to defend the hearths of the tax dodger of America."

LIBERTY AND MAMMON.

By the searchlight which the present throws back upon the past, he who wills to look may see, that they were not narrow, but wide visioned and far-sighted who foresaw what is to-day the paradoxical combine of liberty and mammon; who saw in this the likeness of another paradoxical joinder, spoken of as that of God and Mammon; and, in the partisans of paradox, another kind of strict construction; the strict construction of God and latitudinous construction of Mammon. It was the part of statemanship to strike at the root of that which is to-day so resoundingly denounced as "predatory wealth;" to strike at the source of malefaction rather than while leaving that in full force and effect, to blast with spiritual thunder the lineal malefactors; to strike fearlessly the cause, rather to seek to condone it by Ernulphus rhapsodies of Billingsgate—vociferous and vain-hurled upon the inevitable consequence. Generosity with trust funds is parent of a multitude of evils; among the evils—Have-meyer being judge-parent of the predatory trusts, it is just now courtly to condemn.

True, by others the Mother State was taunted with retrogression. True, the State which gave to the Union not only the Northwest territory, but the pastures of Kentucky, was reduced thereby in territory and in wealth. The rewards of sacrifice and cupidity are not the same. When sacrifice grows lucrative it ceases to be sacrifice. Virginia stood with all her power to prevent that spoilation by government which is twice cursed—cursing the spoiler and spoilee. The contagion of free government was sought to be spread by example by intrinsic merit, not by corruption; not by subjugation. There she stood, as afterwards

at Manassas stood her immortal son, "like a stone wall." How rich the moral return was shown in the day of her distress, when, from the four corners of the earth her sons came trooping to her to lay all they had on earth upon the altar of sacrifice for—a mother! In the high old Roman sense she could say: "These are my jewels." There came a day when Virginia walked bejeweled from sacrifice to sacrifice—like the Roman mother with her resplendent boys, Washington at the beginning, Lee at the end, of Federal Union, attest the ideal of a Commonwealth.

It was a simple and a grand old day when, in this city, John Marshall might have been seen each morning wending his way to the Old market, accompanied by the negro slave, who carried his basket for him. The line, dark and dangerous, between power and poverty had not then been drawn. If it be replied "the relation between white master and black slave was just that line," I answer, it was no such dark and dangerous line as exists to-day between the extremes of wealth and poverty; between capital and labor. The interval between Marshall and Marshall's Jack; Wickham and Wickham's Bob, was spanned by a bridge resting on the two great pillars of reverence and sympathy. On these two is laid that structure of law and prophets which binds the State together. When the discussion was transferred to the forum of force, the proof was made conclusive that this government of honor, by honor, and for honor, was also the government of love, by love and for love. They who had not shrunk from sacrifice, did not shrink from danger. In language which cannot be obliterated, they said: "Our bosoms are one." The Virginia which had known how to live greatly knew also how to die greatly. Death for country was "sweet and beautiful" once more. It is all a dreamland of the past; that garden of fragrance and bloom; of beauty and peace. The dying landscape of that "First Garden" of free government now wears the quaintness of a vanished age, haunting reminiscence with a beautiful regret. It is a memory and a mist. When this Dominion ended, Virginia could say, like the last of the Judges—"Whose ox have I taken; of whose hands have I received any bribe to blind my eyes therewith?" With war's revolution the Book of Judges closed, the Book of Kings was opened.

THE SIN OF SLAVERY.

To all this, there is an exceedingly simple answer. The South has been condemned at the bar of civilization for holding the negro in bondage. Of all the cruel ironies of fate none seems quite so sardonic as the turn of events which made New England the judge and executioner of Virginia for the sin of slavery.

In the decade which gave a new world to Castile and Leon two events conjoined to dramatize, on a colossal scale, that profound parable of the talents which, of itself, epitomizes the rise and fall of the children of men. In this colossal miracle play, the negro of the whole unrecorded past was seen, like Adam, in one of those old plays, standing there waiting to be created. To exchange such condition of mind and body for usefulness of some kind was the condition precedent to any rise. A law more immutable than that of Medes and Persians; a law which knows no relenting; the implacable law of "use or lose," caused to be entered the judgment of which involuntary exodus from Africa was execution. Our criminal jurisprudence sentences a man to hard labor as a sign of degradation. Nature sentences a man to hard labor as a sign of promotion. It is when we reject the sign of promotion, that we incur the brand of degradation.

South of the Great Desert (the slip north of it being really Asia) was a continent filled with human beings engaged in continuing their animal existence; a moral Sahara, as barren of moral use as the sea of sand which bounded it. Beyond their existence, what very literally was their bare existence, these "heirs of the ages" had nothing to show for their inheritance. As title to the realty he knew not how to use was denied to the red man of America, so by a parity of reason, title to an intangible freedom was denied to the black man of Africa. The laches of six thousand years was the plea in bar to any assertion of negro freedom. Loaded down with the stagnation of six millinaries; lame and halt with locomotor ataxia of the spiritual spine, of what use of himself or others was this freedom—freedom to rot? The sloth of ages had been heaping up death to everything save anamilities. By a movement so swift as to seem electric, Europe said, "Let us use the idle sinews of the east to

develop the idle fertilities of the west; out of two refractory negations make one intelligent affirmative; thus supplying a reason for existence to two continents, otherwise having none." Europe became a huge employment agency for the idle hands and idle acres of two worlds; that two voluntary inutilities might be fashioned into involuntary utilities; and did not trust to baptism unaccompanied by works. Land and the unemployed were brought together on a business rather than a philanthropic basis; but like more modern agencies for profit, this too called itself philanthropism.

TE DEUM FOR SLAVE TRADE.

The red man, by a mute appeal more eloquent than words, had said, "give me liberty, or give me death." The answer came—"we will give you death." The negro, who imposed on himself no such extreme alternative, took the place thus made vacant. When Hawkins made his voyage to the coast of Africa, there to collect a cargo of heathen raw material to be built into pious uses, Queen Elizabeth lent him her good ship "Jesus," for the prosecution of his missionary zeal. One of the few features of the Peace of Utrecht which gave general satisfaction (Queen Ann went in person to communicate it to the peers) was that Assiento treaty, whereby the right to supply Spanish colonies with negro slaves was transferred to England. A *te deum* composed by Handel was sung in thanksgiving. The elder Pitt made this trade "a central object of his policy." Great is England's pride in the Somerset case, wherein the greatest judge who ever sat on a common law bench decided that the law of England provided no remedy whereby, in England, the master could reclaim his slave. At that very time the government of England had negated every effort of Virginia—twenty-three in all—to prohibit the slave trade.

Nowhere was the profit of this trade enjoyed with keener zest than in New England. The composition of the first fugitive slave ship of an English colony—the "Desire"—was built at Marblehead, Mass. At the time of the Declaration of Independence slavery was recognized by law in each of the thirteen colonies. That declaration did not suggest the emancipation of a single slave, but did arraign George III. for seeking to foment servile insurrection.

The close of the revolution was signalized by Virginia's gift, not of principalities but of empires—to cement Federal union—called a "League of Love." The deed of cession of the north-west territory was executed by the delegation of Virginia in congress, in 1784, agreeably to an act of the legislature passed in 1783. Years afterwards, in the debate with Hayne, Mr. Webster took occasion to say that by the ordinance of 1787, excluding slavery therein, Nathan Dane who wrote it, thereby became greater "than Solon and Lycurgus, Minos, Numa Pompilius, and all the legislators and philosophers of the world."

JEFFERSON BANISHED SLAVERY.

The facts are these: Congress accepted this cession and directed Jefferson, of Virginia, Chase, of Maryland, and Howard, of Rhode Island, to prepare a form of government for this northwest territory. Their report, in the hand writing of Jefferson, contained a prohibition of slavery after the year 1800. On motion of Mr. Speight, of North Carolina, to strike out this prohibition, all New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, voted "aye." Virginia, Maryland, South Carolina voted "no;" North Carolina divided. By the vote of a solid North, the prohibition was struck out. Afterwards, nemine contradicente, was passed the ordinance of 1787; reduced to writing, it would seem, by Nathan Dane, as amanuensis. The mechanical office discharged by the medium of transcription, sent to the rear, we are told, all Greek, all Roman fame. In the succeeding generation a great orator exclaims: how divine in the donee, in the grantee, the recipient! Virginians said—"we will deny ourselves the right to go with our own property (purchased largely from you), upon our own soil." This has the aspect of a "self-denying ordinance." Virginia chose the sacrifice of self, crowned with thorns by the beneficiaries; rather than the sacrifice which crowns itself with place, power, profit—the sweet sacrifice of others. She was solicitous to give to freedom a spacious empire from a heart more spacious. Webster's praise commemorates a difference of ideals—a difference between the name and the reality.

NEW ENGLAND FORCED SLAVERY.

On October 5, 1778, the general assembly of Virginia passed an act (the first of the session) prohibiting from that date the importation of any slave into the Commonwealth, by sea or land. Twenty-nine years before England, twenty-nine years before the congress of the United States prohibited the slave trade, Virginia placed her abhorrence of it on the statute book. By whom was this law repealed? In effect, by the vote of a solid New England, in the convention of 1878. What old England began, New England completed. In the sale of opium to China who is the arch sinner—England or the Chinese? In the importation of slaves by the slave trade, was it the slave trader, or his customer, who first and foremost was responsible? “This infernal traffic,” said George Mason, “originated in the avarice of British merchants. The British government constantly checked the attempts of Virginia to put a stop to it. He lamented that some of our eastern brethren had from a lust of gain embarked in this nefarious traffic.” “Twenty years,” said Madison, “will produce all the mischief that can be apprehended from the liberty to import slaves.” As between Virginia’s cession of her north-west territory for the sake of the union; and New England’s refusal (for the sake of union) to relinquish, until twenty years had passed, “this nefarious traffic,” which denotes sacrifice for union, for freedom, and union for the sake of freedom? “We demand,” said New England, “our rights to fasten upon you the fangs of this ‘nefarious traffic’ for twenty years to come.” If New England can forgive herself for this, what should she not forgive? She did forgive herself without a groan.

It was not slavery, it was the slave trade, which John Wesley called “the sum of all villainies.” This was what New England made THE CONDITION PRECEDENT TO UNION. The capital invested in the lucrative exchange of rum for negroes could not (or would not) sooner adjust itself to the impractical views of Madison and Mason. The constitutional power of amendment was inhibited from touching this provision. By profits thus derived, the sons of New England, their legatees and distributees, have been enriched. Which of them has flung upon the ground the tainted money? Of them who received the

tainted spoil in their own hands, which one failed to close upon it a tenacious grip, "with the face which good men wear when they have done a virtuous action?" An old maxim tells us: "the receiver is as bad as the thief." None, with which I am acquainted, makes him worse. Old England and New England handed the forbidden fruit to the South—themselves blind and deaf to the torments of the middle passage (to the negro) in their zeal to do so. Then rolling up the whites of their eyes, they join to upbraid the South for retaining property sold for each still unreturned by the vendors. They retained the approving conscience of well-filled pockets. That was a wonderful bill of sale, having no parallel, which assured to one side excommunication and anathema and to the other "prevenient grace." The excommunicated were the same who with all their strength had protested against the wrong. They who hurled the curse were the same, who, over protest, had inflicted the wrong.

What created the difference between States with negro slaves and States without them? Difference of climate, soil, production. Parallels of latitude voted for or against the negro. The southern man said, "where we are, there is your home." The logic which defined the chasm between convictions was the pitiless logic of a line. Right and wrong were geographical.

My friend, as I esteem it a privilege to call him, Major John W. Daniel, in an address at the University of Virginia, quotes Mr. Hoar, late senator from Massachusetts as saying of Jefferson, "he stands in human history as the foremost man of all whose influence has led men to govern themselves by spiritual laws." Of all emancipationists, Jefferson was by far the greatest. As early as 1778 he sought to begin the work of emancipation in his own Commonwealth. His words of sympathy for the slave are often quoted at the North. He was, however, an emancipationist, not because of ill will to the master, but because of good will to the slave. He was the friend, powerful and sincere, of the great struggling masses. It was as the sincere democrat that he was hated. That part of the constitutional compact which could lend itself to forward the views of this man and his school (i. e. the three-fifths representation of slaves in States, which cast votes for his school) was obnoxious to them to whom his views were visions, not desired to be realized. It

could not be because of any wish to increase or prolong slavery that the Missouri compromise fell upon the ear of Jefferson "like a fire bell in the night." "They are taking advantage," he said, "of the virtuous feeling of the people to effect a division of parties by a geographical line." "The movement," he said, "is under the false front of lessening the evils of slavery, but with the real view of producing a geographical division of parties." To William Pinckney he wrote: "The leaders of federalism defeated in their schemes of obtaining power, by rallying partizans of the principle of monarchism—a principle of personal not of local division—have changed their tack, and thrown out another barrel to the whale." To Mr. Short he wrote: "I envy not the present generation the glory of throwing away the fruits of their fathers' sacrifices of life and fortune, and of rendering desperate the experiment which was to decide ultimately whether man is capable of self-government. This treason against human hope will signalize their epoch in future history." To LaFayette he wrote: "It is not a moral question, but one merely of power * * * to raise a geographical principle for the choice of a president." To Mr. Holmes (then of Massachusetts), he wrote these prophetic words: "A geographical line conciding with a marked principle, moral or political, will never be obliterated, and every new irritation will mark it deeper and deeper." "Thank God," he wrote to John Adams, "I shall not live to witness its issue." His race was run. Not for himself, but for his country, was his warning. It may be that in his far famed "Declaration" there is "glittering generality." It may be "all that glitters is not gold." But no false philosophy lurks in this brief chronicle. It is the aged wisdom of one who from youth to hoary age was freedom's friend. It is his last word and testament. "Every new irritation" reveals new depths to it. It is that dying declaration, when the eye, in the presence of death, is purged of the films of self. To him the Missouri question was the cover under which absolutists stalked their prey. Let the foe tear down the outer wall for any purpose, it will be abased for all. He saw a movement to make the name of freedom do yeoman service for them who were in arms against the reality. Geography would henceforth be their tireless recruit and slavery the flail wherewith to beat down freedom. His was the despair of one who embodied,

as did no other, the democratic idea. His instinct taught him when to fear and when to hope. He had hoped for a rule whose force would be justice. He now foresaw a reign whose justice would be force. The sanguine labor of his life seemed lost at the close. Events seemed to say: "Aha, Jefferson, we have thee on the hip at last." Realizing in his old age the triumph which had come to stay of nominal over real, he turned his face to the wall.

John Quincy Adams noted in his diary: "The discussion disclosed a secret. It revealed the basis for a new organization of parties."

THE BILL OF ABOMINATION.

The convention of Northern States which met at Harrisburg to outline the tariff of 1828, known as the "Bill of Abomination" was the confirmation of Jefferson's forebodings.

Had parliament granted to the colonies the right to appear by representatives (easily outnumbered by the rest of the commons), how nugatory would have been the colonial vote. So specious was the scheme to make the South the milch cow for the North. Real consent of the governed would be violated at the threshold. "I will," said John Randolph, "put it in the power of no man or set of men who ever lived, or who ever shall live, to tax me without my consent. It is wholly immaterial whether this is done, without my having any representation at all, or, as it was done in the case of the tariff law, by a phalanx, stern and inexorable, who, have the majority and having the power, prescribe to me the law I shall obey * * * The whole slave-holding country, the whole of it from the Potomac to Mexico, was placed under the ban and anathema of a majority of two." The logic of liberty thus spoke. That wizzard glance, flashing with a supernatural insight into the heart of things, saw in this the shadow of a stroke which would one day fall with destructive force; and which destructively has fallen. The ounce of prevention would have saved what whole cargoes of cure are powerless to remedy. The power which buys legislation wholesale is sequence from this antecedence. The injury of the many for the profit of the few cannot well have other sequence. Once more, the issue between good government and bad government; between free government and slave government turns on this—Is public good or selfish

greed the propelling power? A liberty to be corrupt! Death and decay have that.

Was it not natural for "practical politicians," who had this matter at heart to ponder, by what common bond the States once assembled at Harrisburg might be massed again in more formidable phalanx and for the answer to flash—"are we not the States called free, the other, the States called "slave?" Freedom against slavery—could battle cry be more sublime than that? Lifting up their eyes, they looked across the Potomac, the Monongahela, the Ohio and whispered with burning breath—"Lo Naboth's Vineyard."

FREEDOM AND PROFITS.

They who might so easily be solid for the name of freedom, why not also for the reality of profits? All that was needed was a swap of the moral force of freedom for the material force of empire, brutalizing and diabolizing; all the more infernal, because masquerading under the name of love for others—taking in vain that holy name. The dangerous enemies of a republic are not the men who make open war upon it; but the men who insidiously undermine.

Events were moving on toward completion, when Andrew Jackson, in his message of January 2, 1835, found it needful to denounce the use of the United States mails for the circulation of inflammatory appeals addressed to the passions of slaves. In such use of the mails, the hero of New Orleans could see but one object, viz.: "To produce all the horrors of servile war."

Mr. William Chauncey Fowler, in his book, "The Sectional Controversy" (published in 1864), when the author was a member of the Connecticut legislature) says, that some fifteen or twenty years earlier, as a leading member of congress, who afterwards became a member of a presidential cabinet, was coming out from a heated debate, he was asked by the writer, an old college friend: "Will you inform me, what is the real reason why Northern men encourage these petitions?" (For the abolition of slavery.) He said to me: "The real reason is, that the South will not let us have a tariff; and we touch them where they will feel it." It was as if, in the darkness, a voice was heard which only the wisest then knew how to translate, saying: "Go

to; we will wage our war against the name of slavery as the most effectual way to defeat once more the ever baffled fight against the reality; make African slavery free that industrial liberty may be enthralled; in the name of equality rivet inequality; break one set of fetters for power to force another."

CONSTITUTION AND "THE CONSTITUTION."

Was it a symbol of this tumult, that in the year 1828, the ship of the line, *Constitution*, was surveyed and pronounced unseaworthy; her timbers decayed, and the estimated cost of repairs a sum far in excess of that expended for original construction? Patriots, not a few, were prepared for out and out abolition; or (practically the same thing) for the sale at public auction of material, which for some other purpose than that of "Iron-sides" of liberty, might be worked up and made available. Then from a poetic throat rang out: "Ay, tear her tattered ensign down;" and a poetic storm drove back the inroad of Goth and Vandal upon the physical emblem; upon the name of *Constitution*. How fared it with the reality; with that moral wall, built also as bulwark against the foe, of which the wooden wall was emblem? This also was exhibiting the weather stain of storm; and there were those who would exchange the old timbers of tradition for a new fabric, having more of the power of pageantry. The assaults were stayed. The ship of state was suffered to sail on; and upon sufferance sailed. Three decades would hardly pass before this ship would be given "to the god of storms"—with none to prevent; none to relent. No lyric storm would pour to countervail that crash. While the hysterical surface thus quivered, the tremble of the real earthquake beneath the surface was ignored.

The Rev. Nehemiah Adams (whose last act, before leaving Boston to seek softer skies for a sick daughter, had been to assist in framing the remonstrance of New England clergymen against the extension of slavery into Kansas and Nebraska) wrote: "The South was just on the eye of abolishing slavery. The abolitionists arose and put it back within its innermost entrenchments." As it was on December 11, 1845, an article appeared in the *Richmond Whig* advocating the abolition of slavery and saying that

but for the intemperance of Northern Fanatics, it would be effected.

NEW ENGLAND AND THE NEGRO.

In the house of them who felt so keenly their mission to call others to repentance, how fared it with the negro? There no Federal compact could run athwart benevolent intent. In the general laws of Massachusetts (compiled in accordance with a resolution of February 22, 1822) it is provided: "That no person being an African or negro, other than subjects of the emperor of Morocco"—(and certified citizens of other States) "shall tarry within the Commonwealth for a longer time than two months." In case of such prolonged stay, if after warning and failure to depart, "it shall be made to appear that the said person has thus continued within the Commonwealth, contrary to the tenor of this act, he or she shall be whipped, not exceeding ten stripes, and ordered to depart, and if he shall not so depart, the same process shall be had and inflicted, and so toties quoties." In March, 1788, this was one of the "perpetual laws of the Commonwealth." It passed out of existence (*subsilentio*), in the general repealing section of an act of March 29, 1834. When in his reply to Hayne, Webster said: "The past at least is secure;" this was part of that past still under the lock and key of statute. Among the kindly affectioned slaves of my first recollections, remembered by me with a kind affection, I am satisfied there was not one who would have sought, or could have found solace, in the hospitable hand extended from 1788 to 1834. They who bestowed this liberty of the lash became our angry judge. Liberty to be whipped at each recurring sessions of the peace; "and so toties quoties!" What a "door of opportunity" for the African—"not a subject of the emperor of Morocco."

When war raged for freedom, how was it then? In September, 1862, General Dix proposed to remove a number of "contrabands" from Fortress Monroe to Massachusetts. To this Governor Andrew replied: "I do not concur in any way, or to any degree in the plan proposed." For, he explained, thereby you will be deprived "of the strength of hundreds of stout arms, which would be nerved with the desperation of men fighting for liberty." But the negro, despite all invocations to do so, had never offered

to fight for liberty; did not then offer. At that very time no negro had ever sat upon a jury; none trained in the militia of Massachusetts. Why should the negro be ambitious to die for Massachusetts? The war governor proceeds: "Contemplating, however, the possibility of such removal, permit me to say that the Northern States are of all places the worst possible to select for an asylum. * * * I would take the liberty of suggesting some Union foothold in the South." In this same month, the adjutant-general inquired of the army of the west: "What is to be done with this unfortunate race? * * * You cannot send them North. You all know the prejudices of the Northern States for receiving large numbers of the colored race. Some States have passed laws prohibiting them to come within their borders * * * Look along this river (the Mississippi) and see the number of deserted plantations on its borders. These are the places for these freed men." Was ever altruism like unto this altruism?

Ever, as with the constancy of natural causes, exercised in some other man's house, on the banks of some far-off, ancient river. On these terms who would not be an altruist?

CURIOUS BIT OF HISTORY.

There is a curious historical event which the muse of history has disdained to notice. At Hilton Head, in March, 1862, it was proposed to organize out of certain loyal blacks, within easy reach, a patriotic negro brigade. But this reinforcement so little appreciated the intended honor that the vigilance of a strong picket of white soldiers was necessary to prevent the escape of the slave to his master. With their Enfield rifles and other military equipments, one-third of this nucleus did, in fact, decamp. General Hunter's force succeeded in recovering at least five of these fugitives from freedom. "Taken when fleeing toward the mainland, occupied by rebels, they were placed in irons and confined at the Rip Raps." Fugitives from freedom, encountering every peril to escape therefrom, by some fugitive freedom laws are pursued, overtaken, loaded with irons and threatened with worse if they make further efforts to free themselves from freedom. It may be, in cold iron outline, is imaged something of deeper import—"the name of freedom graven on a heavier chain."

"In the State where I live," said John Sherman, on April 2, 1862 "we do not like negroes. We do not disguise our dislike. As my friend from Indiana (Mr. Wright) said yesterday, 'The whole people of the Northwestern States, are, for reasons, whether correct or not, opposed to having many negroes among them, and that principle or prejudice has been engraved in the legislation of nearly all the Northwestern States.'"

The Bill of Rights of Oregon (published by authority of an act approved February 25, 1901) prohibits the free negro, or mulatto, from coming within the State; from holding real estate, making contracts or maintaining suit therein; and provides for the punishment of persons who shall bring negroes and mulattoes into the State; harbor, or employ them. Lincoln was but an echo, when, in August, 1862, to a committee of negroes who sought guidance from him, he recommended Central America as the most charming home he could think of for them. For, he said; "on this broad continent, not a single man of your race is made the equal of a single man of ours. Go where you are treated the best, and the ban is still upon you." From an early period in Illinois there had existed a system of indenture and registration, whereby the services of negroes were bought and sold. At December term, 1828, it was held that "registered servants are goods and chattels and can be sold on execution." The system had a strong opponent in Edward Coles, who, in the words of Nicolay, "though a Virginian," waged relentless war against it, beginning his reform in his own slaves. Where are the paeans of praise to him? The paeans are reserved for another who begins and continues his reforms in some other man's house. On the 12th of February, 1853, an act was passed, making it a crime for a negro to come, or be brought, into the State, providing that any such negro who remained therein ten days should be fined fifty dollars, and in case of inability to pay the fine should be sold to any person who would pay the costs of the trial. The State constitution of 1848 directed the general assembly "to pass such laws as will effectually prohibit free persons of color from emigrating to or settling in this State, and to prevent the owners of slaves from bringing them into the State for the purpose of setting them free." The air north of the Ohio was too pure—for slaves? No—for free negroes—to breathe.

In those days, where was the citizen of Illinois so renowned for the wish to put slavery "in the course of ultimate extinction?" Where the thunders against the Black Code of Illinois? Herndon says: "The sentiment of the majority of Springfield tended in the opposite direction, and, thus environed, Lincoln lay down like a sleeping lion!" The lion heart, the *cœur de lion* of romance, is not one of profound slumber when danger is abroad, but of fearless onset on the foe against whatever odds. Surely there must have been as much "environment" for Jefferson. The hero is brave in his own environment, not in some other man's far-off environment. Whether girt by friend or foes, the flame that warms his heart burns on his lip. He sees in the evil that is nearest the duty that is nearest. Here was the bill of attainder of a race. Who rose in Congress to call for an investigation? Who grew hysterical over that? "The misery before their eyes," said Randolph; "they cannot see—their philanthropy acts only at a distance."

In the Taylor and Cass campaign of 1848, Lincoln spoke in Boston. Herndon says: "Referring to the anti-slavery men, he said they were better treated in Massachusetts than in the West, and, turning to William S. Lincoln, of Worcester, who had lived in Illinois, he remarked, that 'in the State they had recently killed one of them.' This allusion to Lovejoy's murder at Alton was thought by the Free Soilers to be heartless, and it was noted that Mr. Lincoln did not repeat it in other speeches." Had some Southern man in Boston made the same speech it would have been cited, as an instance of the "barbarism of slavery." As the case, in point of fact, stands, perhaps "expressive silence" may be becoming.

JUSTICE TANEY'S DECISION.

The press and pulpits of the North have joined to denounce Chief Justice Taney for deciding (as alleged) at December term, 1856, that "the negro had no rights which the white man was bound to respect." It is the kind of candor one would evince who should claim "the Bible says, 'there is no God;'" because the Bible does say, "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." What Taney did say was that at the time of the Declaration of Independence and when the constitution was adopted, such was

the case. He followed this by illustrations, demonstrations rather, from the laws of New England and other States, and it may be the demonstrations were irritations. What made them peculiarly offensive was the impossibility of refutation. The dictum of Taney was incontrovertibly true. This incorruptible jurist, "in early life manumitted all the slaves he inherited from his father. The old ones he supported by monthly allowances of money till they died." He differed by the distance which puts the poles asunder from them whose absorbing passion is to emancipate something which belongs to others; differed *toto coelo* from the philanthropy—feted, crowned, exultant—whose most conspicuous trait is omnipresence of self. He is in the roll of those great judges who have discharged the grandest of human duties; first with intrepid vision to ascertain the truth; then, with a moral courage that knows no danger to fearlessly announce it. For the supreme cause of justice he was not afraid nor ashamed to live and to die poor: "The worthiest kings have ever loved least state." But could he appear once more on this earth, and could the old tests of elevation of mind and manners, purity of life, conviction and the courage of conviction, be again invoked, then of all his defamers there could not be found one worthy to so much as stoop down to unloose the latchet of his shoe.

THE ERA OF LOW TARIFF.

In 1846 the economic battle had been won so completely that in 1857 tariff burdens were still further reduced; Massachusetts voting with Virginia to this end. The leaders of both parties then joined in enacting the lowest revenue tariff which had been known since 1820. The result was an era of prosperity, not for a part, but for the whole. Dogma was put to rout by the event. The fallacy of hostile views was transfixed by the result. The retort to the prophecy of evil was the superlative satire of fact. Experience had been the great expounder. From the end of the war with Mexico to the beginning of the war between the States, had it not been for the war waged by one-half of the States upon the domestic institutions of the other, the Union would have been in the happy state of having no annals; no financial, no economic issue; no broil with foreign parts; no anarchy at home. There is no pillow of rest for freedom.

CALHOUN.

In the decade between 1840 and 1850 the warder on the watch tower had been the great son. I had almost said the great soul, of South Carolina. In blistering speech, Calhoun had defined the bond which held the gathering host of pillage. He called it "the cohesive power of public plunder." The spoils system, he said, "must ultimately convert the whole body of office-holders into corrupt sycophants and supple instruments of power;" and, again, "let us not deceive ourselves—the very essence of free government consists in considering public offices as public trusts." With what subtle analysis, ground fine in debate, he stripped naked the sophistries of senates: with what "iron worded proof" he chained truth to truth. The high, the brave, the incorruptible, must make enemies; and the higher, the braver, the firmer; and more discerning the sense of duty, the more implacable the enmity. He, too, is entitled to be "loved for the enemies he made." The man whom corruption is powerless to corrupt shall he not be hateful to corruption? His moral force had matched itself, not in vain against the "corrupt squadron." It may be a day will come when the force of words, beautiful as wise, in the speech upon the force bill, will strike home to the scorner: "Does any man in his senses believe that this beautiful structure—this harmonious aggregation of States, produced by the joint consent of all—can be preserved by force? Its very introduction will be the certain destruction of the Federal Union. No, no, you cannot keep the States united in their constitutional Federal bonds by force. Force may indeed hold the parts together, but such union would be the bond between master and slave; a union of exaction on one side, of unqualified obedience upon the other." The event which changed his hope into despair was the war with Mexico. He saw in the victory of war the direct menace to the victory of peace; in the midst of vociferation for the "rights of man," he saw the rights of States undone; an impracticable freedom made the pretext for the destruction of a possible and extant one. "Every senator," he said, "knows that I was opposed to that war, but no one knows but myself the depth of that opposition. With my conception of its character and consequences, it was impossible for me to vote for it." The smoke is rolling away from the

senate chamber scene where this tall, vivid form, meet tabernacle of prophetic fire, towered in power and, in purity. The smoke is rolling away. But the grandeur which gave battle there, unconquered then, unconquerable now—cannot be rolled away.

The crisis came with the victory. The mere demonstration of the true general welfare the greater the storm which would overturn proof by force. As the fated bark glided on the smooth wave of success, louder and louder grew the roar of a cataract toward whose rage the irresistible torrent of the time was sweeping. All that had been won would be dashed to pieces in this fury. On May 9, 1828, Benton had said in the senate: "Before the revolution, it (the South) was the seat of wealth as well as of hospitality. * * * All this is reversed. * * * Virginia, the two Carolinas and Georgia may be said to defray three-fourths of the annual expense of supporting the Federal government; and of this great sum annually furnished by them, nothing, or next to nothing, is returned to them in the shape of government expenditures. That expenditure flows in an opposite direction, in one uniform, uninterrupted, and perennial stream." The prosperity of unequal taxes is welcome, as a rule, to them who live on the open site of the sign of inequality. Who are they to-day whose breasts so quake with terror at the thought of competition with the foreigners? Those into whose lap the fruit will fall by excluding competition; the same who underbid Europe for the delivery of steel products in South Africa; for viaducts joining Burma to South China; rails for the holy railway from Beirut to Medina; for industrial triumphs in the antipodes. These lusty exporters, with tears in their eyes, demand that their fellow citizens be restrained from dealing with the "man of sin" abroad, with whom they themselves so lucratively deal. The foreigner receives preferential treatment under a tariff for the protection of the native. After enactment of laws called "patriotic" to protect native toil against the "pauper labor" of Europe, there is then brought in ship load after ship load of the aforesaid "pauper labor" to do the work which, with such timely forethought, had been protected from such labor. It is a benevolence which, on the plea of raising wages, raises the price of all things bought with wages. Ah! those happy isles of the "protected" in the midst of a sea of troubles (growing year by year more trouble-

some); at this time breaking in wrathful agonies upon all the coasts of power!

Special privileges to a few, for the sake of the poor! Is not that like feeding the ravens for the sake of the doves? The man whose name is the synonym for treachery was much bent upon converting ointment into cash for the sake of the poor; "not because he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief, and had the bag, and bore what was put therein." Samuel Johnson, had no such thorough paced sympathy with the doctrine, "Taxation no Tyranny," as have the citizens of commonwealths which in Johnson's day, rose in arms against the doctrine. But when was taxation ever tyranny to the tyrant? Importunate is the rush of patriots to clamor for the increase, to inveigh against the decrease of public burdens. "Can you expect us to live," they cry, "if the load is lifted?" Never did Roman procurator more savagely protest against being curtailed of his spoil. Does this patronized pursuit of happiness for the sake of the patrons proceed from love of others or from the love of self, cruel as the grave? What is the Standard Oil monopoly against which is hurled such malediction? Simply a thoroughly perfected method to exterminate competition. A liberty of the strong against the weak wild beasts have that. Because they can rise no higher they are wild beasts. Predatory wealth has been built up by predatory laws.

TAX EATERS AND TAX-PAYERS.

With a simple dignity befitting senates, on the 11th of January, 1861, Mr. R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, spoke as follows: "I have often heard Mr. Calhoun say that most of the conflicts in every government would be found at last to result in the contests between two parties, which he denominated the tax consuming and the tax-paying parties. The tax-consuming party, he said, was that which fed upon the revenues of the government, the spoils of office, the benefits of unequal class legislation. The tax-paying party was that which made the contributions to the government by which it was supported; and expected nothing in return but the general benefits of its protection and legislation. And he said, and said wisely, in my opinion, that whenever the tax-consuming party, as he called it, got possession of the

government, the people must decay and the government must either go to pieces or assume another and different form.

"Now, sir, I say that the working of our present executive system is such as to produce a party of that description in the country, and give it the power of ruling our affairs. Place the predominant power in the government in such hands, and I say one of two things must certainly happen; the union will go to pieces in the collision which such a state of things would occasion, or else the government would eventuate in a despotism."

The danger signal was that the bond or union for the tax-consuming party was geographical. The dominion of the North would move on with the invariable sequence of the processes of nature. The natural result would be a government of the South by the North and for the North; a government under which the South would have no rights which the North would be bound to respect.

THE OLD, OLD STRUGGLE.

Richard Henry Lee, in October, 1787, wrote to Edmund Randolph, "The representatives of the seven Northern States, as they have a majority, can by law create a most oppressive monopoly upon the five Southern States, whose circumstances and productions are essentially different; although not a single man of these voters is representative of, or amenable to, the people of the Southern States. Can such a set of men be, with the least semblance of truth, called representatives of those they make laws for?" George Mason said: "A majority of interests will oppress the minority" and refused to vote for the constitution in Federal or State convention.

The distinguished gentleman, late secretary of war, more lately still a successful candidate for the highest Federal office, in a speech at Kansas City some years ago, described the attitude of protectionists toward Philippine products as "the quintessence of selfishness." Class legislation may, in general, be so defined. But it is so, most abhorrently, when it operates to rally section against section, by making burden to one bounty to the other. Better way could not be devised for breeding a ruling class to which honest conditions must be intolerable. The same distinguished gentleman, in an address, delivered last July, at the court-

house of Bath county, described the opposite of free government—abroad, he said, people saw in government “an entity different from themselves.” When people feel that their government is their own, one for which they are responsible, that the administration of justice represents their own conviction of what is just; so long, said the speaker, “we can count on a continuance of free government.” But why go abroad for the object lesson which on such continental scale, has been seen at home? The republican party, said Wendall Phillips, “is a party of the North pledged against the South.”

In 1856, Rufus Choate, in contemplation of a government thus acquired by the North, wrote: “I turn my eyes from the consequences. To the fifteen States of the South that government will appear an alien government. It will appear worse. It will appear a hostile government.” Was the government organized in 1861 “responsive to the will of the people,” or responsive to the will of a North “pledged against the South?” Was it unnatural for them against whom it was “pledged” to see in it “an entity different from themselves; in a sense antagonistic to themselves;” and to feel they could not “count on a continuance of free government” if this became supreme? It was as if the word went forth, “That which moral force has wrung from us, by material force shall be reversed; persuasion having failed to win your voluntary vote, we must needs have corruption of coercion.” The policy to procure this result had been championed as that of “a higher law than the constitution.” A far higher law, coeval with man’s aspiration to be free; not at variance with the constitution, but intended to be secured thereby; was the right of a free people to be free of alien rule. For a free people there can be but one ground for submission to such rule; that the ability to resist is lacking. Laws for one community imposed by another foreign in sympathy, opposed in interest, was not current with our forefathers as the idea of self-government.

EMANCIPATION.

As incident to the war of 1861, “and as a fit and necessary war measure,” in September, 1862, was issued a paper which (with the sequel 100 days later) is called “proclamation of emancipa-

tion." By this in portions of the country called rebellious, slaves were made free, unless by the 1st of January, 1863, said communities ceased to rebel. Slave ownership was to be the reward of loyalty; slave abolition the penalty of rebellion. This might be translated; "negroes shall continue to be slaves to their masters if only their masters will be slaves to us. Let us have in peace the jobs which are in sight and your slaves may reap in peace your harvests, taxed only by our tariffs. We will let you have your slaves if you will let us have your freedom." After this offer had been made and rejected, who had a right to say that the South was fighting for slavery, or Lincoln for freedom?

As in the South construed, the motive was not to free the slave but to enslave the free. The proclamation of September 22, 1862, states: "The executive government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize the freedom of such persons and will do no act or acts to repress such persons or any of them in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom."

In October, 1863, Lord Brougham (an abolitionist ab initio) referring to this proclamation, said: "Hollow we may well call it, for those who proclaimed emancipation confess that it was a measure of hostility to the whites and designed to produce slave insurrection from which the much enduring nature of the unhappy negro saved the country. My esteemed friend, the prelate, who exalts by his virtues the name of Wilberforce which he inherits, declared that the authors of the proclamation cared as little for the blacks' freedom as the whites'; and now they call for the extermination of one race to liberate the other."

The late Henry Ward Beecher, descanting on the advantages of education, once drew an illustration from the war between North and South. "Southern leaders," he remarked, "are accustomed to say, 'The North wore us out.'" He then added: "It is this lasting power which education gives." When on one side the last man so easily could be, in point of fact, was drawn and each gap in the ranks, as it was made, be filled only by closing up more closely; while the other, from the start, so easily was able to lose two and more for one; with a whole world in the rear from which to recruit each gap, the consequence derived partakes of the non sequitor. When Xerxes wore out by "attri-

tion" the Spartans at Thermopylæ, was that the lasting power of education in the victor? Or was a higher education for the storm of life evinced by those valiant arms which again and again hurled back numerical ascendancy, and still hurling, while strength endured, fell finally where they fought? They who stand in the last ditch, to hold up the sinking standard of their faith, or fall with it; they who fall for their altars and their fires, can always send word to their country: "Here obedient to thy laws we fall." He who, in stout resistance to the odds against him, succumbs only to the last conqueror, has been schooled in the discipline and doctrine of life, is both hero and scholar. To conquer the difficult is the first command of education, and the second is like unto it—not to be dismayed by difficulty. Education is the strain of him who overcomes; or who, undaunted to the end, puts forth all that in him is to be not overcome; and so, if fall he must, falls unconquered. He has been faithful until death. If, as in the republic of which Plato dreamt, education is the growth out of selfishness into self-satisfaction, lack of education was not the serious deficiency.

By the endless attrition of endless numbers, and under the ever-tightening coil on coil of the anaconda stranglehold, the South was drawing to the end of her agonized strain; when Lincoln, in the second inaugural, likened by some to the prophecy of Isaiah—with, as he explained, "malice toward none, charity toward all"—suggested a possible prolongation of the war, "until all the wealth piled up by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword. As it was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said: 'The judgments of the Lord are true, and righteous altogether.'" The epitome of Reconstruction was in these words. Mr. Labouchere said of an English statesman that he did not find fault with him for being found occasionally with an ace up his sleeve. What he did find fault with was the claim that the ace had been put there by the Providence of God.

BANDED BY ILLINOIS.

In 1862 as part of the work of a constitutional convention held at Springfield, Illinois, were the following sections of Article

XVIII, of a proposed constitution: (1) No negro or mulatto shall migrate to or settle in this State after the adoption of this constitution. (2) No negro or mulatto shall have the right of suffrage or hold any office in this State. (3) The general assembly shall pass all laws necessary to carry into effect the provisions of this article.

In the convention the first was adopted by a vote of 59 to 7; the second by a vote of 42 to 18, and the last by a vote of 45 to 18. This article was submitted to a special vote of the people, each section was approved by a majority; the constitution itself was defeated by a majority of 16,051 votes; but the vote on article XVIII, was as follows: The first section was approved by a majority of 100,590 votes; the second by a majority of 176,291 votes, only 35,649 voting against it, and the final section was passed by a majority of 154,524 votes. Where was the lash for them who, under the Illinois act of 1853, reduced freedom to bondage, and by these provisions prohibited the negro all entrance into the State? The answer is obvious. What politics could reside in such intrusion? But did he who, in one decade, threw his mantle over the killing of Lovejoy, acquire in the next a right to corroborate his wrath by that of the Almighty? Nor had he not been of counsel for a Kentucky master, seeking to recover fugitive slaves? If slavery was *malum per se*, how did that master's sin surpass his own? Lincoln's biographer, Mr. Joseph H. Barrett, is much comforted to have such good proof, "after all that has been said to the contrary, that he had no objection to a good client with a bad cause." What! Philanthropy could turn coat for a fee! No man has a right to be indifferent to the transgression going on around him. But the transgression which concerns him most nearly is his own. For indifference here, he does not quite compound by "bloody instructions" for the rest of mankind. Prophecy is relieved of much that were afflictive, when the prophets, instead of dwelling sadly on their own sins, confine their message to dwelling gratefully on the sins of others. They who were "of purer eyes than to behold iniquity," undoubtedly had no eyes for their own.

On June 1, 1862, Colonel (afterwards General) Thomas Kirby Smith, of the Union army, wrote home, of "the spacious lawns and parks, and cultivated grounds kept trim and neat" in Missis-

sippi; of the slaves in the fields, "running to the fences to see us pass, and to chaff with the men." On July 11th he wrote: "A man here with 1,000 or 1,500 acres is a prince. His slaves fare better than our working farmers." In the moral judgment of time, will not freedom to work in Mississippi sustain a contrast with freedom to be an outcast north of the Ohio? One more word from this officer and gentleman, bearing date July 28th: "Seventeen hundred people have left Memphis within three days, rather than take the oath of allegiance. Leaving, they have sacrificed estate, wealth, luxury." War meant this for the South. Self was annihilated. The annihilation of self was in death grapple with the coronation of self-moral with material power.

In the fascinating autobiography of Augustus Hare is narrated. "Bayard mentioned a Southern lady, who, when the army of liberation approached, entrusted all her silver and jewels to her slaves, and they brought it back safely after the army had passed." In the trial fire of war the negro said: "I obey where I revere." Could consent of the governed be more authentically certified? Under similar conditions would philanthropy in the Philippines receive a vote of confidence like this? "Have seen," said John Randolph, "the dissolution of many friendships, such at least as were so called; but I have seen that of the master and slave endure, so long as there was a drop of the blood of the master to which the slave could cleave."

SLAVERY AT UNIVERSITY.

Dr. A. B. Mayo, of Massachusetts, in the report of the bureau of education (1900-1901) writes: "Here in contact with a superior class, through a period of more than 200 years, this people underwent the most rapid and effectual transition from the depths of pagan barbarism to the threshold of a Christian civilization on record in the annals of mankind. The 250 years of slavery had, indeed, been in itself a great university and the history of the world may be challenged to present a spectacle so remarkable." In the report of 1895 the same writer stated: "It was found after emancipation that all the mechanical trades were represented among these people, a portion of whom were free and themselves slave-holders." In circular No. 1, 1892, he

had reported "the condition was not one of special hardship; indeed it was favorable to the growth of the strongest attachments in the more favored household servants. For more than two centuries the American negro received the most effective drill ever given to a savage people." The world's great awkward squad demanded the drill master's accuracy. Southern slavery was the reform school of the negro. Much is published concerning the higher life of the emancipated; the general uplifting by them who are neighbors "to the man who fell among thieves," and whose homes had been "the asylum of the deeply wronged;" morning hours devoted to "patriotism, temperance, kindness to animals, love of plant life and current events;" the campus here, the campus there; "enclosed by the handsome iron fence;" and, more important still, the endowment here, endowment there, "to warrant salaries sufficient to tempt the highest class of instructors." Against all this, I put the following from the New York Nation, of March 25, 1869: "We may well call attention of the philanthropist and Christian to Dr. Draper's estimate of the religious status of the Southern slave at the beginning of the war. He declares that, 'through the benevolent influence of the white women of the South, and not through the ecclesiastical agency was the Christianization of the African race accomplished; a conversion which was neither superficial nor nominal, but universal and complete; and the annals of modern history offer no parallel success.' The paragraph divulges what might be termed the sumnum bonum of missionary achievement; a higher race sharing with a lower the moral ideas which give eminence to the higher. This can receive no lesser name than the hallowed name of an evangel. All other sources of enlightened conscience, of self-respecting growth, of conversion to higher standards are futilities in comparison. The fittest to survive used their higher power, not to destroy the unfit, but to make the less fit more fit. No "sounding brass" resounded for these unobtrusive women. Self contemplation would seem to have been absent; only the religious truth of duty present. They asked none to read their gentle manners in the mirror of their Christian works; wrote no articles in magazines, besought not others to do so—to tell mankind how true, how beautiful, how good they were. Save in the sentence quoted, they have received no mention; a

not uncommon incident of the benevolence which is for the sake of helping others and not for the means of promoting self. They in their modesty illumine the text, which, though Jacobinical, is fine: "Perish our memory rather than our country." "Not unto us, not unto us," they said. They were doers of the word, unthinking of the praises of the world. As if they caught the purity of the sky to which their hearts were lifted, they 'shed abroad a Saviour's love,' among the humble folk in whose dark plight (as from old England and New England they had been received) the ministries of these unrecorded women were as stars. The chastened sanctity of their toil rises before us as a beatitude of the discipline and duty of life. They are in the number of those great teachers who transfigure into beauty the inmost force and feeling of high calling, and by so doing, lift toward their likeness the ignorant and stumbling. Purified love of the highest shone in purified piety to the lowest. The slave had been civilized by Christianity, even if spared the curriculum of post graduate courses and aesthetical belles lettres. Never was a great trust so greatly discharged.

THE CONSCIENCE OF THE SLAVE OWNER.

By old England and by New England a trusteeship for the inveterate savage had been imposed. The authority of white over black was a spiritual supremacy. A higher social consciousness had reclaimed the negro from a savage sociology; out of dark chaos had educed something of moral symmetry. The negro had been trained in the school of discipline. What is civilized man, as he exists to-day, but the pupil of all the adverse strokes of time? The negro felt himself subject to higher powers, to a government which was in sympathy with the governed. With what measure of sympathy it was meted out, with that measure it was meted back by the slave in the stress of war. It was a high, not a low, ideal of supremacy which was loved, honored and obeyed. The sincerity of a common cause had been wrought into the heart and habit of a race. Not quite two years ago, hard by the plantations once owned by Patrick Henry and John Randolph, I could have pointed you to the home of one, whose former slaves, with a reverence

not assumed, but real, still addressed as "Mistis" the venerable lady of the manor, who, like another queen, might have celebrated her reign of three score years over a loyalty which had never wavered, never faltered. A higher force had so far counteracted the lower as to convert the lower into sympathy with the higher. How does the higher accomplish this? By taking merit from the lower? No; but by imparting merit to the lower. The higher is such, not by what is taken, but by what is given. The slaves had been taught in the school and out of the book of good example. They were pupils of the "old masters." From them the slave had acquired that which is the secret of all growth; the trait of truly perceiving and then of truly revering a higher than himself. They had been taught the military lesson of well-disciplined duty; and taught so well that, when the master was fighting in the field, fidelity to discipline, devotion to duty, were unabated. Mrs. Morse Earle, herself a descendant of the pilgrims, writing of Boston at a time when this humane city was still a slave mart, says: "Negro children were advertised to be sold by the pound as other merchandise," citing proof. "We have," she adds, "a few records of worthy black servants who remind us of the faithful black house servants of old Southern families." "These are the men," said Wilson, of Massachusetts, of the freedmen after the war, "who have been elevated from chattelhood to manhood." Yes, but it was Massachusetts which sold them into chattelhood "by the pound." Virginia and her Southern sisters had elevated them to what Wilson esteemed "manhood." Not by Wilson, nor by them for whom he spoke, had the blind received sight. "Property in man," you say. Well, at least it was property impressed with a trust; a trust which the vendor would not perform but which the vendee did perform so admirably as to raise "chattelhood" to manhood. The social problem is to make authority that of real highest over real lowest. To this the name of slavery may be given. The reality of slavery is government of the highest over real lowest. To this they forced upon the South in the name of liberty. Of all the crimes committed in that name none surpass this. It said to the slave: "Be free;" to the free: "Be slave." The philanthropy which emancipates to corrupt imposes a far more deadly yoke than the one it assumes to break. The dogma that all men are born, or are by nature,

"free and independent," may call for some revision, seeing that man is born, or is by nature, the most dependent of all the animals on earth; and rises to some intuition of freedom, if at all, only through the stern tuition of necessity.

THE LAST ARROW.

In the quiver of doom there remained undrawn one arrow which none doubted would go straight to the mark. On the 20th of September, 1865, Oliver P. Morton said at Richmond, Indiana: "Can you conceive that a body of men, white or black, who, as well as their ancestors have been in this condition (*i. e.*, slavery) are qualified to be lifted immediately from their present state into the full exercise of political power? * * * The mere statement of that fact furnishes the answer to the question. To say that such men—and it is no fault of theirs; it is simply their misfortune and the crime of the nation—to say that such men, just emerging from this slavery, are qualified for the exercise of political powers, is to make the strongest pro-slavery argument I ever heard. It is to pay the highest compliment to the institution of slavery. In what condition is Indiana to urge negro suffrage upon South Carolina or any other State? Let us consider the position we occupy. We have perhaps 25,000 colored people. Most of them are very intelligent and excellent citizens, well to do in the world, well qualified to exercise the right of suffrage. We not only exclude them from voting, we exclude them from our public schools," (What a pulpit from which to anathematize the South for not providing the negro with academies!) "and make it unlawful and criminal for them to come into the State. No negro who has come into Indiana since 1850 can make a valid contract. He cannot acquire title to a piece of land, because the law makes the deed void; and every man who gives him employment is liable to prosecution and fine. * * * With what face can Indiana go to congress and insist upon giving the right of suffrage to negroes in the South?" With what face! O, Heavens, with what preternatural face! The face was equal to the fate, with the face of Morton in the lead. "The highest compliment, to the institution of slavery" was offered; "the strongest pro-slavery argument ever heard" by

Morton, was made by Morton. * * * "You cannot find," said the orator, "the most ardent anti-slavery man in Wayne county who will go and locate in a State that has a colored government." * * * "If you do this," he continued, "these States will remain permanently colored States. The white men who are now there will move away. They will not remain under such a dominion. In such case the colored States will be a balance of power in this country. * * * Finally, they will bring about a war of races."

What has been the upshot of free government in Haiti? A cutlass in the hand of a babe. Within the past few years Mr. Charles Francis Adams has made known what was for himself "a reflex light from Africa." In the negro's native continent, he says, "the scales fell from my eyes. * * * We have actually wallowed in a bog of self-sufficient ignorance. * * * Upon the sheerest of delusions, due to pure ignorance, we built in reconstruction days as upon a foundation stone."

Only the other day Viscount Morley, secretary of India, announced that democracy was as unsuited to Indian temperament as a Canadian fur coat to the Indian climate. Filipino students take first prizes at our law schools, but for the present, with due precaution for human rights, "benevolent assimilation" can see no way to bestow the boom of self-government upon them. What then was the bestowal of the boon on the black race of the South? Was that malevolent assimilation? To the South was said: "It shall be your glory to make a pathway over the impassable." This which, in time of peace, the "free States" of the North with such contumelious scorn had rejected for themselves—this, the South, when worn by "attrition to the bone," like Prussia after the battle of Jena, "a bleeding and lacerated mass," was blithely called on to perform.

How are we to explain votes for this enfranchisement on the part of States which, so long as their own interests only were involved so unreservedly had voted otherwise? It was a change sudden as that which, on the road to Damascus changed Saul into Paul. The fabulist Aesop—whose sententious wisdom outweighs whole "volumes vast" called history just because the so-called fable condenses into single instances the experience of all, so as to be co-operant with all—tells of two men, let us call them A and B, to whom Jupiter agreed to grant whatever wish they

might prefer, on the following terms: A was to have first wish, and whatever A received was to be doubled to B. A promptly wished for the loss of one eye. "Are our slaves," wrote Jefferson to John Adams, "to be presented with freedom and a dagger?" The so-called freedom had been bestowed and the dagger had not been drawn.

THE REAL REASON.

D. H. Chamberlin, once reconstruction governor of South Carolina, could speak with authority. "Under all the avowed motives for this policy," he wrote (in the *Atlantic Monthly* of April, 1901), "lay a deeper cause than all others, the will and determination to secure party ascendancy and control at the South and in the nation by the negro vote. * * * Not one of them professed or cared to know more. * * * Eyes were never blinder of facts; minds never more ruthlessly set upon a policy, than were Stevens and Morton on putting the white South under the heel of the black South. * * * Seventy-eight thousand colored votes were distinctly and of design pitted against forty-six thousand whites, who held all the property, education and public experience of the State. It is not less than shocking to think of such odds, such inevitable disaster. Yet it was deliberately planned and eagerly welcomed at Washington. * * * To this tide of folly and worse, President Grant persistently yielded. * * * Those who sat in the seats, nominally of justice, made traffic of their judicial powers. * * * No branch of the public service escaped the pollution." "No property in man!" No; but justice is the stuff laid on the bargain counter; justice is bought and sold; the soul of the State made vendible and venal. The president who made Underwood a Federal judge did not carry love of justice to a fanatical extreme. Is not justice a human right? It is the one inalienable right of man. The great abolition was the abolition of justice. To put "the white South under the heel of the black South!" Nothing devised by Weiler in his worst estate; nor by Alva; nor by Attila, promised such hideous doom, as the calculated cruelty of the design to make the black man in the South the white man's master.

"Have we," inquired Frank Blair in the senate of the United

States on February 5, 1871, "a Federal union of free States." "We have not," he answered. "The senator (Morton) has gone somewhat into the history of the fifteenth amendment, the rightful adoption of which is controverted by his State in the concurrent resolutions passed by the legislature of Indiana." * * * In Kansas, in the election preceding, negro suffrage had been defeated by fifteen thousand majority. In the State of Ohio the majority against negro suffrage was fifty thousand. * * * In the State of Michigan the people refused to give suffrage to the negroes by a majority of thirty-four thousand. * * * The very gentlemen who claim that the ballot is necessary to protect the negro; who attach such immense importance to the ballot; when the ballot has been exercised by their own constituents, adverse to their wishes and party interests, disregard it, as if it were no more than waste paper. * * * The senator from Indiana well says 'it is a political necessity to his party at this crisis.' Again on February 20, he asked, "what sort of power have they built up in the South by purifying the ballot down there?" "You have put in power throughout that Southern country a class of men who have made plunder their business and sole pursuit. Your reconstructed State governments are organized conspiracies against the lives, liberties and property of the people. * * * The rotten edifices of corruption, built up in the South under your laws, were never erected by men who had any idea of purifying the ballot. It was done by men who intended by fraud to destroy the ballot." So spoke this Union soldier, who, in Missouri, was outspoken in opposition to slavery at a time when Lincoln deemed it impolitic to be explicit in Illinois. "An indestructible Union composed of indestructible States!" But how can States which a president and congress can overthrow and reconstruct when and as they please, be "indestructible?" Might not the phrase be paraphrased—"an indestructible Union composed of States whose rights might be perpetuated!" A consummation not unlike the forethought of the Irish agent, who, to build a wall of defence for the landlord's castle, pulled down the castle to provide stones for the wall. In order to secure the black man's rights the white man's must be taken from him. Was the negro, as Jefferson surmised, simply a flail in the hands of enemies of a republic to accomplish results which otherwise

were foiled? Was slavery the flail wherewith to beat down freedom? Was the real problem to put freedom "in course of ultimate extinction?"

RACE WAR AND MILLENNIUM.

"Finally," Morton has prophesied, "they will bring about a war of races." At a much earlier day Joshua Giddings is reported to have said: "I look forward to the day when I shall see the black man supplied with British bayonets and commanded by British officers, shall wage a war of extermination against the whites—when the master shall see his dwelling in flames and his hearth polluted; and though I may not mock at their calamity and laugh when their fear cometh, yet I shall hail it, as the dawn of a political millenium.*—A millenium of polluted hearths!" In the dark history of hate is there a match for that?

Dark and dark of purpose was the ship which was freighted to rebuild the South. All the criminology which Beelzebub and his ardent princes could hoist aboard now weighed anchor to feast on the fair soul of a gallant race. Like the beasts, not so long ago, unloosed on the Phoenix Line steamship *St. Andrew*, were the ravenous now uncaged. The decks resounded. Every plank quivered. So came Reconstruction. It satisfied Gladstone's definition of the Bourbon rule in Naples—"the negation of God, erected into a system." It was the essential atheism involved in the disbelief and disdain of a moral government of the world. It was a "higher law" whereby the higher duties were insulted; whereby duty was made the ignoblest word in the language. It was "moral ideas" without a fig leaf. As Poins said to Prince Hal, "The thieves had bound the honest men." It was anarchy tempered by piratical precautions. The one adequate image of it is that shape of horror which has become a paragraph in each day's paper. It was the rape of the highest by the lowest. To Virginia went forth a command, not unlike that of St. Remigius at the baptism of Clovis: "Burn that thou hast adored, adore that thou hast burned." There was a past as well as present to be rifled. Every natural sentiment operated to confirm the affection of the former master for the former slave, who, by his

* "Cause of the War," by S. D. Carpenter, page 63.

unabated reverence in the hour of trial, had refuted the accusations urged to justify ruin. The problem was to extinguish this kind feeling; to create antipathy in place of sympathy between the races; to mass race against race; to teach the negro to exchange all the higher qualities of a lower race for the lowest qualities of a higher race, that the tutors might walk over the course to offices of profit. The architects of this ruin, in their own behalf, lifted up the sacred refrain, "Forasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these!" And what is it ye have done "unto the least of these?" Made them part and parcel of the most predaceous, predatory gang the world ever saw. In the zeal to make odious what was called "treason," what was really brigandage was made honorable. "Let us have peace" was the name; Reconstruction the reality. The message was: Weakness has no rights which power is bound to respect. It was the appeal to all that was low to put an end to all that was high.

"THE HEART OF THE SOUTHERN WOMAN."

What men and women, bound together by a sacrament of blood and sorrow, then bore, has been hidden out of sight. The majesty of a broken life, which yet was master of the breaking pain, drew up in moral squares of battle. If force abounded, faith more abounded. There could be no better proof of the moral sceptre of the South than that it has held such sway in the heart of the Southern woman. She has built the monument to Hector, though as yet none to Andromache. A force of grandeur dared to "turn the battle to the gate." It must have been the feeling of this which caused Mr. Robert Y. Conrad to say of his stricken Commonwealth, with a son's emotion: "She is lovelier in her weeds and woe than in her queenliest days." Yet lovelier, with that divine face of sorrows, whose halo comes from suffering for the sins of others—without sin.

For them who stood beneath what seemed the blows of an almighty malice a voice out of thick darkness said, or seemed to say: "Flung as you are, by iron-hearted fate, into the vortex of this foulness, by beating back the baseness of the torrent which so blackly beats upon you, you may put on a finer strength. Every truth by which life is lifted stands as the meet-wand of the

struggle, the sorrow, the constancy demanded for it. You must be true to it before it becomes a truth for you; becomes your own. Supremacy which endures is fruit of struggle with agonies which wrestle against it. There is no alternative in this world, between the steady fight for higher things and the steady rot into lower. You who at Chancellorsville rolled in rout across the Rappahannock, like a scroll when it is rolled together, odds against you more than two to one, now, in this moral battle are welcomed to a victory of equal lustre. To "the quintessence of selfishness" oppose, as your great captain did, the quintessence of heroism. A greater than your enemies has planted injustice like the sands of the sea around you that you may triumph over it. In your passion read the prophecy of your resurrection. In the crux of trial to be unconquered by the pang is to conquer. This is the image of the Divine. The heavens have decreed you worthy of it. Make of your humiliation a meritorious cross and passion. Endure it, "despising the shame."

PAYNE AGAIN A LEADER.

Out of the injury of wounds whose marks he cherished as armorial bearings; out of wounds and prison, Payne returned to stand with worn strength and torn heart against more bitter battles. As he had fought bravely he as deeply mourned the cause which had gone down. The warrior scars upon him, the warrior soul within him, commissioned him to lead. He had returned to see the natural enemies of government in control of government. There loomed before him, and others in like case with him, the figure of a wrathful Nemesis, commissioned to smite hip and thigh the tradition of the past, and bury it face downward. A mother State, chastened by the sanctity of sorrow, held out her hand. There could be but one course for Payne. The word tergiversation was not in his lexicon. Apostacy was not his long suit. With a stern repression of that which admitted not of suppression; with a kind of mail-clad resolution; with an intrepid calm, through which one almost saw the gauntleted hand still resting on the sword hilt, he took his place in the conflict, where all that was lofty was at stake. He had the faith of courage, the courage of faith. Faith without courage is dead.

As a working theory, faith might be defined as fidelity to the law of our being. As is the depth of this faith, so is the sense of responsibility to acquit ourselves to it. So is the sense of remorse for dereliction from it. To maintain moral independence was now very nearly the whole duty of man. To influence others, Payne had what in his day had not ceased to be the winning forces of courage, courtesy and rectitude. In his own Northern Neck he was seen and heard, with cheering word, with manly hope, with conviction, with resolve. His State lay beneath the heel of corruption, more deadly than any of which George III. had cognizance. Her proud *sic semper* for him as the vow of his sponsors in baptism, claimed from him never a more supreme allegiance than when the figures on her shield had been reversed. When her misfortune was supreme his allegiance was supreme. Her proud honor had stood the Erenbreitstein of heroic hope. Might not that still stand—the lofty, battle-scared rock—to which hope might cling, when all around was falling? In later years it was said of him, “he lives in the past, out of place in this hustling scene, as Cato’s republic in the dregs of Romulus.” It may be there has come upon the stage a generation which feels competent to look down upon all that is here commended. Be it so. Yet just because his own foothold was so firmly planted in that past, with the greater firmness he looked through the bitterness of his own time to the resurrection of a better time. Fight on, brave heart; out of the dust and darkness of the well-fought field emerge, at last, the stars of heaven. The book of chivalry once more lay wide open; once more the altar rose. In the wreck of hope he dared to hope. In the life of her husband, Mrs. Jefferson Davis tells us his construction of his stewardship was very strict. His office had for him no perquisites. When she once sent a package by his messenger he said to her: “Patrick’s services are for the war department; the horse and wagon are for government use. Employ another servant if your own are not adequate to your use.” So once the trust for liberty was held. To-day we come across it as a quaint relic dug up from the Old Curiosity Shop of the past. It discloses a discrepancy between post and antebellum, which, in Carlyian phrase, is “significant of much.”

GENTLEMEN OF THE OLD SOUTH.

The hour had struck for the abasement of the like of this. In this forlorn extremity, beautiful once more was the hero's scorn of self; once more holding the hearts of followers by the spell of that beauty. As in camp the general sought to fare no better than his men, so it was in the ravages of peace. To Hampton, in his need, South Carolina offered the gift of a home. Great as was the need of him who had sacrificed wealth and home, the offer was declined. The people of Texas contributed a purse to enable Magruder to buy a plantation. The knightly answer came: "No, gentlemen, when I espoused the cause of the South, I embraced poverty and willingly accepted it." The trustees of Washington and Lee offered to their president a deed to the house he occupied. With appreciation it was declined. It was offered to his wife, and again declined. To his son and successor, for the third time, it was offered. With renewed appreciation for the third time it was declined. This was that old South, on the final passing of which we are from time to time felicitated. Answer might be made. "In that old South, power was sought for the eminence of which it was the witness; for the sincere 'honor, love, obedience' which followed; and no longer follows. When power is sought because it puts money in the purse, it ceases to be a spiritual power. It becomes that for which it is sought, pursued, possessed—material power. That old South left record proof (nobler than proof of mail), that greatness is in the world not to get for nothing, but to give for nothing; that the sign manual of heroic love—the seal wherewith it is sealed—is sacrifice. Because of this spiritual source of power that old South knew how to follow truth and suffer for it. Because thereof, though forty years and more look back upon it, our hearts invincibly are held."

This is the meed of greatness—falling overborne by numbers—to fall without loss of greatness; to be glorious in ruin; nay, to be glorified by ruin; because the greatness is deserved, the ruin undeserved. Robert Lee had shown the futility of a whole hostile world against that armor of proof called character. The enmities which would if they could humiliate become the ap-

parel of a finer dignity. A whole world's force breaks in vain against this; crouches at last before this.

And now if his Commonwealth, and others in like adversity, approach this pattern, may they not also break misfortune by being broken? I hold up the constancy of Payne as that of one who in this battle "firm did stand;" along with others also firm. Once more he bore him as a knight; true to the tradition of his State; true to it in the beginning; true to it in the middle; true to it in the end. The moral battle now before him, was a hand-to-hand conflict with the constabulary of Satan and his posse; a fight against the rulers of darkness of this world. Out of chaos was to be created a habitable world. Law secures freedom by imposing limits upon license. "Higher law" tore down those limits, so as to leave freedom no defense.

Beautiful is courage in response to duty. Sincere expression in word or work of a man's true spirit; his veritable essence fascinates. The condition of moral progress is moral courage. This moral force was the strength and charm of Payne. One felt that the physical man had been cast in a mould to match the intellectual and moral. In the grapple with evil at the bottom of the pit; in the duel in the dark between sincerity and semblance, calling every instant for that patience under strain which gives strength to the weakest, depth to the shallowest, his own profound conviction was his eloquent persuasion. All could see the purpose to put before other minds what was deepest in his own. The issue was—which is strongest, the contagion of baseness or the contagion of heroism? Beneath a quiet manner was felt his alert energy. The energy of worthy passions was his pathos. A force of heart and intellect spoke with a simplicity of sympathy and force which grasped hearts and intellects; spoke without dissimulation. Fealty to the highest that was in him was his faith. His enemies were the enemies of Virginia; his friends all who fought for her, wrought for her, suffered for her. The great heart of her past was for him a sacred heart, beating in him as his own. He had the reverence of the antique world for the lofty in deed and thought, the true in heart, the firm in will. This (indeed, was ingrained in him; part of the essential refinement of his nature; a spirit enveloping him like a fine ether. For what so refines as reverence; what so refined? He was true

soldier of the cause which pierced with wounds for us is pure and crowned with thorns for us is holy. His silver spurs, the gift of fair women to brave manhood, were torn from him as he lay insensible on the field of Williamsburg. Of the knighthood they were intended to adorn he could not be despoiled. There might be applied to him words spoken of an English statesman by Argyle—"Firm as the rock, and clear as the crystal that adorns the rock." Perhaps I could not better draw the picture, in which all who knew him would perceive his portrait, than by giving as the pilot star of an impassioned life the sentiment of this verse:

"To set the cause above renown,
To love the game beyond the prize,
To honour while you strike him down,
The foe that comes with fearless eyes;
To count the life of battle good,
And dear the land that gave you birth,
And dearer yet the brotherhood
That binds the brave of all the earth."

WITHOUT ONE ENSLAVED THOUGHT.

He was no demagogue, nor did he bow to that material wealth, which is the mimic counterfeit of greatness. He had not "flattered its rank breath." Yet had he so willed, the highest honors in his Commonwealth were within his grasp. General Fitz Lee and Major John W. Daniel bore testimony to this. To a friend he wrote: "My aversion to public life is genuine, and, I confess I exult in the freedom of speaking, thinking and acting without one enslaved thought." In this subordination of self to the cause more dear than self, he makes us feel anew the force and charm of those grand old types which flash on us from the age of chivalry. Not for office, not for renown, still less for his own pocket, but for herself, he loved and served Virginia. By the side of this all the trumpets of renown were as naught. The dearness of a cause which defeat could not dethrone, he characteristically uttered in a letter advocating the election of General Hunton to the senate: "You know," he wrote, "he was picked up at Gettysburg, at what the Yankees call the 'high water

mark,' and brought away from the field in a bloody blanket. I would not make them a substitute for industry, energy, integrity and capacity; but where industry, energy, integrity and capacity exist, in my opinion a good Confederate record glorifies the whole."

It is hard to be popular and pure; yet Payne was popular and he was pure. The fact survives for me as a memory and a monument; as a credible witness that the world, even the sordid, venal, rocking world of this time and land, still falls at the feet of him who will not swerve from calling and conviction, for a world. No man had warmer friends; no man was more deserving of them. Ingrained thoughtfulness of others, the natural courtesy of high breeding, was stamped upon him. He lived among us like an echo of the olden time. How true he was, how he tied to his heart the cause for which he fought, disdaining to desert the rent banner of his faith: holding aloft to the last the glorified symbol of his heart's devotion, that dying he might fall upon it, and be buried in it.

With the withdrawal of that "consent of the governed" which bayonets procure, carpet bag government fell; as if consumed to ashes in the blaze of an Almighty scorn. The fabric of fraud and falsehood crumbled at a touch. The rubbish lies behind us; image of the facts of false appearance before firm reality. Constitutions of freedom worthy the name spring from hearts that will break rather than forsake them. They who mistake the hue and cry of the moment for the voice of ages, find it easy to put fanatical hyperbole into statutes; not so easy to obtain obedience thereto or respect therefor. Fiction will not do the work of fact.

Ernest Crosby, in his life of Garrison, writes: "The slaves were finally freed, as a war measure to assist the armies in the field. The war was not desired to help emancipation, but emancipation to help the war. * * * The practical element in the union spirit was the desire to preserve the size of the country: it was devotion to the idea of bigness, and the belief that bigness is a matter of latitude and longitude. * * * Money was needed to pay the enormous expenses of destruction and the tariff began to grow, and behind it monopoly ensconced itself. * * * We

stabbed the South to the quick, and during all the years of reconstruction turned the dagger found in the festering wound."

"By their fruits ye shall know them." Where are the higher moral aims to which a crusade of "moral ideas" and "higher law" should summon? Territorial magnitude has supplanted compact as basis of union. The prevailing passion is that the committee on insurance of the American Bar Association has called "the riotous desire of bigness." A gigantic egotism; a supreme power cemented by bribes to the phalanx on which that power depends; a Federal force which was ordained for the protection of the citizen from power; perverted to one which exists for the plunder of the citizen by power; all the unclean progeny brought to the birth by the malign mother of predatory trusts; a civil liberty which is the crowned courtesan of all the appetites—are our present help in time of trouble.

A HARVEST OF CORRUPTION.

The governor of Indiana, in his message of January 5, 1905, stated: "The statistics of political debauchery in this State for 1904, if it were possible to present them, would be nothing short of astounding. * * * In a single county, casting a little more than 5,000 votes, there were in the last campaign nearly 1,200 votes regularly listed as purchaseable, and \$15,000 raised by assessments from candidates, and otherwise were spent in efforts to control the county." He called this "the pollution of the very fountain of republican government." The present secretary of state, shortly before his assumption of that office, described the second city in the land as governed by criminals. The question, with him was whether it was capable of honest self-government. It is a solecism to speak of freedom as "corrupt and contented;" yet one might find vouchers for what is claimed to be such bestriding this western world, like a Colossus, from Philadelphia to San Francisco. A government of corruption by consent of the governed is that government of the people or government of them who buy the people? One who in the roll-call of statesmen, without excess of egotism, might answer "Here," McCall, of Massachusetts, is reported to have said, "The nation is about to devour the States." The consequence predicted would seem

now to be admitted. The States (if they are not already, are to be devoured by the Frankenstein of their own creation. Rulers who are isolated from the sympathies of the ruled, holding themselves splendidly aloof from the pain and problem of life, holding the breadth and depth of life around them as a foreign land, a land of aliens; they, the alien government, in common parlance irreverently entitled "government of the gang" are not candidates for reverence. The riches of violated trust, how can any human being revere that? At the time of the disclosure under oath of the criminal use of the fund insured to "the fatherless and the widow;" bought, as one might say with the heart's blood. Cardinal Gibbons (if correctly reported) was moved to lament what he termed "the putridity of private character." But this was illustration not exception.

THE "CRIMINAL RICH."

So it comes to pass we have them, who from the official pinnacle are branded as "the criminal rich." Anarchy answereth to anarchy, lawlessness at the bottom to lawlessness at the top. The grand triumph of our universal suffrage would seem to be a re-discovery of the ways and means whereby banded capital can hurl as the abject instrument of power, a servile proteletariat. Benjamin Harrison was entitled to know whereof he spoke, when on the 22nd of February, 1898, referring to the speech: "A house divided against itself cannot stay half slave and half free," he gave as present paraphrase; "This country cannot stay half taxed and half free." This is the reality; the other has done yeoman service to accomplish the reality. This creates the ruling class, whose reason for existence is, in place of reciprocal welfare, to ordain a reciprocal rapine; of which the ultimate promise is the Asiatic system, whereunder the tax-payer shall have no rights which the tax consumer will be bound to respect. It is the old eternal conflict between government as a trust and government as a spoil. Magnitude has taken root as magnanimity. As conclusion of the whole matter, the *Washington Post* of August 14, 1906, has this to say: "Let us be frank about it. The day the people of the North responded to Abraham Lincoln's call for troops to coerce sovereign States, the republic died, and the nation was born."

PURIFIED OR PUTRIFIED SUFFRAGE.

Are these the fruits of a purified or of a putrified suffrage? Where is the moral regeneration for which such sacrifices of ravage and slaughter were laid upon the altar? Does a great movement for righteousness "win out" in this fashion? Were moral ideas the expression of moral insincerities? Is it thus the "new birth of freedom" is justified of her children; thus the thunderbolt purifies the sky? The authors of reconstruction have called down on themselves the beasts they turned loose to rend others. Retributions like those foretold by Hebrew prophets have followed with the force of fate. The tireless force of a universe takes a terrible revenge on them who pollute the altars of the highest with the selfishness of the lowest. In the issue, dark and deep, increasingly, darkening and deepening; between the toiling and spoiling classes, we already hear the rumble, as of distant thunder; or it may be of volcanic insurgence against a rule which presents the antithesis of wealth to Commonwealth. There are signs of dissatisfaction with spoilation as a means of grace; a dumb consciousness of feeling rather than perception that the prosperity of plunder is the adversity of the plundered. The center of gravity has been shifted from moral to material power. As climax to a war for human rights, the one inalienable right, which seems secure is the right of Lazarus to be taxed for the table of Dives. What means this antithesis; this accumulation *pari passu* of material wealth and moral poverty; this material almightiness seated on the throne? It means that the South as the conservative force of the union was struck down by reconstruction. It means that war for the Union, and reconstruction in pursuance thereof, tore up by the roots the civilization of the South, and laid the axe to every best element in that of the North. It means that carpet bag government has come home to roost.

For the veneration of reality we have the idolatry of appearance; "the powers that be" dethroned by the powers that seem. A moral system that has abolished reverence cannot be expected to receive it. Reverence has been lost in the battle of machinery. A greatness, strenuous for self (where the strenuous is so ready to slide into the sinuous), looks out upon the hollow worship of

a greatness as hollow. The stream of Reconstruction has not risen higher than the source. Self-aggrandizement and self-ostentation care little for others; are little cared for by others. If, as from time to time suggested, what is visible is only a bubble on the surface of a deeper putrefaction, we have simply the old, old story of a material progress whose price is moral decay. This swirling vortex of delirious cupidities, this welter of the sensual beatitudes, after all, is but a shining robe of rottenness, which differs in size chiefly from John Randolph's "rotten herring in the moonlight, which shines and stinks, and stinks and shines." The old question confronts you. Will you cling to your own birthright; or in the exigency of material desires swap for the mess of pottage. Be sons of your own sires; and in the future the cause for which your purest spirits yielded up the ghost will be numbered with the grand "Lost Causes," which conquer by crucifixion. Join your ardours to the opposite; and though you lay field to field, island to island, isthmus to archipelago, the history of the future, whenever the historian fearless and free shall come will be constrained to write: "Never was there a people which so purely worshipped bigness or was so wholly innocent of greatness." O, my fellow Virginians, for long absent from you, I am one of you; spurn from you these ideals; leave to the idolators their idols. To wallow in their worship is to break the sword of Lee.

PAYNE AS A LAWYER.

When the stress of Reconstruction had subsided, Payne gave his mind to law with a fair share of the concentration which had pervaded him in war. In the forum, as in the field, he maintained his cause frankly, firmly, fearlessly. As still later, he retired from general practice, it was his delight to draw around him, in the circle of his home, his old companions in arms. His friends admired in him the sincerities of a strong, the sympathies of an ardent, nature; the poise of a masculine good sense; the ingrained frankness, the subtle graces of intuitive high breeding. Had his table talk been taken down, freshly as it was conceived, it would have borne comparison with more famous dialogue. It possessed that great charm of life and manners—sincerity and

simplicity. His discussion of a subject enchaind attention by the spontaniety of the thought and chastity of speech which clothed it—this lightened with a genial humor, at times a quiet wit, which could be both searching and severe. He was at ease with those around him because of his self-respect, and courteous because of his respect for others. He had to the last the strict habits of a man of business. Punctual to his appointments, exact in his accounting, he knew as well how to take care of himself as to defend others. To the last his counsel was sought, valued, followed. A gentleman's inexorable instinct never failed him on any field of daring or of grace. Take him, all in all, he was a fine type of that fine old Virginia gentleman who rose up in a grand unappeasable wrath on the day that Lincoln called for troops to conquer commonwealths.

AT THE LAST.

So life wore to a close; until at last to the sadness of many, on the 29th day of March, 1904, the spark flew upward. Standing not far from him when he breathed his last, I felt that I saw expire one who was, if not the last, then among the last of the knights. It was the close of a life founded on conviction. As he was sinking he was heard to mutter, "Fitz," as if calling to him by whose side he so often rode to mount the pale steed with him and once more at full gallop charge the enemy of all. The last trumpet had roused him to meet the last enemy in the spirit in which he met the first; with the same true friend, the same trusty sword by his side. And ah! so soon the one to whom he called did follow. Do two, who lived in sight of the same pattern, will strive together, like racers, for their goal? Was that, which so soon followed, the response? Have the old comrades clasped hands once more?

"In what etherial dances
By what eternal streams?"

Never will I forget the beautiful lament which thrilled the air as his body was borne into the little church at Warrenton. A tender pathos quivered on the lips as of some vox humana which had wandered from the skies and to the skies returned.

From no doomed cathedral ever floated purer sorrow than from this choir nestled in the hills. A noble life's music, the music of his own life, rose with it and breathed from it. It was a requiem which swept with tears the eyes of warlike men. His Black Horse Troop—all that was left of them—followed him for the last time to his last rest. The flags of Virginia and the Confederacy, and his old gray coat, were wrapt about his bier like the Highland Plaids around Dundee. Over his open grave there bowed the genuine lament which a life of integrity and intrepidity commands. It was one more witness to the unfading lustre of the Spartan borne upon his shield. The Valhalla of the warlike is his home. The company of all true knights shall call him comrade. Each brave, each courteous, spirit will be there. If the pure in heart shall see God, he is face to face with his Maker.

It is then my privilege to be your medium to accept the portrait of this officer and gentleman, this jurist, this Virginian. It has been painted for you by an artist of his own beloved Warrenton, one who knew and loved him; whose aim, in this, as in all other work, has been to paint the truth. It has been presented to you by the companion of his courage and his heart. I accept it as the portrait of one who, in the words placed upon his tomb, was, in war and in peace, the soldier of Virginia's honor. I accept it as the portrait of one worthy to shine in the firmament of your renown. He is entitled to share the fame who was ever more than ready to share the fate of the bravest in the brunt.

From the *News Leader*, December 30, 1908.

MONUMENT TO WYATT FIRST TO DIE IN WAR.

Charlottesville Progress Says He Was Native of Albemarle County.

Under the lead of the Selma Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, zealously assisted by Captain John A. Mitchener, \$844 has been raised for the Wyatt memorial, lacking only \$156 of the first thousand needed as a fine beginning to erect in the capitol square in Raleigh, a memorial to Henry W. Wyatt, of Edgecombe county, the first man to give his life for the Southern Confederacy, says the Raleigh (N. C.) *Observer*.

A letter last night states that a gentleman of means has offered to give an additional \$1,000 to the fund provided the first \$1,000 is raised by Friday, the first day of January. Only \$156 must be raised, therefore, within the next three days to insure that the fund will be \$2,000 on the first day of the New Year.

In a private letter Captain Mitchener said: "Now to get this special gift of \$1,000, the Daughters of the Confederacy need to raise only \$156 more by Friday. Urge them to come to the rescue. The Wyatt monument will then be a certainty and can be unveiled on the tenth day of next June, the forty-eighth anniversary."

This appeal should meet with instant response. There are at least sixteen chapters of the Daughters who can easily raise \$10 each within three days to guarantee the needed \$156 by Friday. Let them act at once. Contributions should be sent to Captain John A. Mitchener, Salem, N. C., or if sent to *The News and Observer* they will be acknowledged in this paper and the money forwarded to Captain Mitchener.

Let the money be fully subscribed to-day!

The Charlottesville (Va.) *Progress* says:

On the 9th of May, 1906, or it may have been 1905, Governor Glenn, of North Carolina, delivered the address at Appomattox

on the occasion of the dedication of a monument erected on the field of the surrender by the Old North State. The monument bore the following inscription: "First at Bethel; farthest at Gettysburg; last at Appomattox," and this legend was the theme of Governor Glenn's address.

The writer of this editorial happened to be present on the occasion, and after the address was over he sought an occasion to speak upon the subject with the amiable governor, who is portly and good conditioned, with an aldermanic abdomen 'on good capon lined.'

We told him that although Wyatt, the youth who fell at Big Bethel, the first Confederate killed in actual battle, came to Virginia as a member of a North Carolina company, he was a native of Albemarle county, in this State, and went out with his father's family to the North State when twelve years of age.

We then told him that his claim for North Carolina at Gettysburg contradicted the well-established facts of history since all the world knew that Pickett's Virginia division went farthest at Gettysburg, part of it having actually gotten over the stone wall on the crest of the hill.

He said that he did not deny that and did not claim that the North Carolinians went farthest to the direct front, but that Pettigrew's North Carolina brigade made a detour to the left and went a greater distance than did Pickett's men. Suppressing our risibles as best we could at 'this lame and impotent conclusion,' we then informed him, and, indeed, pointed out to him where the Virginia battery (Poague's, if we are not mistaken) was stationed that fired the last shot at Appomattox. To this he had no reply to make since there is no contradiction of it than can be truthfully made.

"There is no discount on the gallantry of the North Carolinians in war, but though they were first in many things, they were not in all."

From the *Richmond Dispatch*, June 17, 1901.

COMPANY G, TWENTY-FOURTH VIRGINIA INFANTRY.

A List of Its Members and a Brief History of Them.

Following is the muster-roll of Company G, Twenty-fourth Regiment, Virginia Infantry, William R. Terry's Brigade, General Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps.

Winton Absheir, died in hospital, 1862.

Raleigh T. Austin, killed September 30, 1864, at Drewry's Bluff.

David M. Alvis, died at home, 1897.

Isaac Alvis, killed at Williamsburg, Va.

Ed. Bailey, killed at same battle.

G. C. Bailey, died at home, 1894 or 1895.

Robert H. Bailey, living.

Granville F. Bailey, living.

Nicholas B. Bailey, living.

Festus Bailey, died at home, 1892.

William Bolling, supposed to be dead.

Jesse Bowling, living.

Charles Burroughs, killed at Gettysburg.

John Brown, killed at Williamsburg.

Thomas C. Brown, lost a leg in 1862 at Frazier's Farm; yet living.

William McH. Belcher.

George P. Belcher, wounded at Seven Pines; living.

Bluford W. Bird, living.

Robert Bacheldor, living.

L. A. Cooper, captured at Williamsburg and never returned.

R. C. Cooper, living.

C. W. Cooper, lived through the war; now supposed to be dead.

'Squire Cook, killed at Gettysburg, 1863.

John Coburn, living; wounded at Frazier's Farm and Second Battle Manassas.

Second-Lieutenant William McCalfee; died 1861, of fever at Camp Ellis, near Manassas.

H. Milton Calfee, killed at Frazier's Farm, 1862.

Henderson French Calfee, killed at Gettysburg, 1863.

William T. Carbaugh, living; wounded at Trent river, N. C.

James Calloway, killed at Drewry's Bluff, 1864.

Jordan Cox, wounded at Gettysburg, and, I think, died since the war.

John F. Deeds, died in hospital in 1862.

John A. Douglass, living.

Alexander East, wounded at Williamsburg; living.

John Easter, killed at Williamsburg, 1862.

David French, died since war at home.

B. P. French, killed at Gettysburg, 1863, or second battle of Manassas.

Zachariah Fellers, wounded at Seven Pines; died at home since.

Marshall Foley, captured at Williamsburg and never returned.

Hugh M. Faulkner, wounded at Seven Pines; yet living.

William Farley, died at home since the war.

John M. N. Flick, captured at Williamsburg and never returned.

Robert A. George, wounded at Gettysburg, now dead.

B. P. Grigsby; living.

Peter Grim, captured at Williamsburg and never returned.

Granger H. Gore, killed at Seven Pines.

William H. Herndon, wounded at Seven Pines; died at home since.

L. H. Heptinstall, died in hospital, 1863.

Andrew J. Holston, wounded at Frazier's Farm and Gettysburg; yet living.

Andrew Hearn, living.

James Hearn, living.

James T. Hopkins, living; captured at Williamsburg and transferred to the cavalry.

George Hill, died with fever, 1861.

Joseph H. Hambrick, died since the war.

James Holt, supposed to be dead.

L. C. Hale, living.

George A. Harris, wounded at Seven Pines and yet living.

James H. Johnston, living.

Dennis Johnston, captured at Williamsburg, and died since the war.

Addison Johnston, captured at Williamsburg, and died since the war.

Henry D. Justice, died in 1862.

James Kenney, killed at Gettysburg.

Isaac Karnes, died since the war.

First Lieutenant B. G. McNutt, died at home since the war.

John W. McNutt, living.

N. H. McClaugherty, living.

Albert McClaugherty, died 1861, of measles.

William Mahood, dead.

F. W. Mahood, died since the war.

R. D. Motley, living.

F. M. Mullins, killed at Drewry's Bluff.

James H. Mills, wounded at Williamsburg and died two years ago at home.

Tobias Manning, killed at Williamsburg.

James Monroe, died in 1861.

Isaac A. Oney, captured at Williamsburg; now dead.

William Odaniel, living; wounded at Williamsburg.

Thaddeus Peters, wounded at Williamsburg; since died.

B. Wallace Peck, killed at Gettysburg.

George W. Parker, wounded at Seven Pines; died at home since the war.

Stephen Prillaman, wounded at Williamsburg; now dead.

James A. Perkins, supposed to be dead.

Jesse Parson, killed at Gettysburg.

Captain Robert A. Richardson, died at home since the war.

Manley Reese, killed on train in 1863.

William M. Reynolds, living.

R. F. Rowland, wounded at Williamsburg in 1862 and Gettysburg in 1863; living.

Heriales Scott, wounded at second battle of Manassas and Gettysburg; living.

G. L. Saunders, wounded at Williamsburg; living.

M. B. Saunders, died at home.

Allen Smith, captured at Williamsburg and never returned.

John M. Smith, captured at Williamsburg and never returned.

William M. Smith, died at home.

Joseph Stovall, killed at Drewry's Bluff.

George W. Smiley, killed at Drewry's Bluff.

P. H. Shumate, died at home.

George B. Schmitz, died in 1862.

James Snead, wounded at Gettysburg and died since.

William Stuart, captured at Williamsburg and never returned.

George W. Toney, captured at Williamsburg and never returned; living.

James M. Thompson, died in 1861.

H. C. Thompson, living.

John Pres. Thomas; killed at Gettysburg.

Jeff. Thomas, living, but lost a leg.

James Thomas, died in 1862.

William H. Turner, wounded at Fredericksburg and died.

Levi V. Vermillion, killed at Gettysburg, 1863.

Crawford Vest, killed at Boonsborough, Md., 1863.

John Wright, died in 1861.

H. G. White, wounded at Drewry's Bluff, May 16, 1864; living.

H. M. White, living.

A. J. Whitteker, wounded at Williamsburg and died since the war.

William M. Whitaker, living.

This company was made up in Mercer county, Va., (now West Virginia), and was the first company from the county. It was continued as a part of the Twenty-fourth Virginia Regiment throughout the war, and belonged to the First Brigade of the First Division, commanded by General George E. Pickett, of Longstreet's Corps.

The brigade was commanded by various brigadier-generals as follows: J. A. Early, S. P. Garland, J. L. Kemper, and W. R. (Buck) Terry.

The company participated in several battles, and lost from death in battle, death from wounds and disease, about 35 per cent. of its members.

H. G. WHITE,

A Member of the Company.

From the *Richmond Dispatch*, February 25, 1901.

THE PETERSBURG GRAYS.

Headquarters

L. O. Branch Camp, N. 515, U. C. V.,

Raleigh, N. C., February 20, 1901.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

The enclosed is a printed list of Company B, Twelfth Regiment, Virginia Infantry. I have been trying for several years to secure a complete list of my old company. Since I had the enclosed list printed I learn that I have left out two or three names, and with the hope of securing these, I respectfully ask the insertion of enclosed in the Confederate column of your Sunday edition.

During General Longstreet's raid upon Suffolk, in 1863, a recruit was sent to the company—he was a character—and his name is forgotten. The boys dubbed him "Jamaica Ginger." I would like to secure his name.

If any reader of the *Dispatch* knows the name of any one who was a member of the company during the war, and which does not appear in this list, a great favor will be done if it be mailed to me on a postal card.

It is my intention to have the list reprinted, and I purpose mailing a copy to each member now living, or to his family, if the address can be had.

J. C. BIRDSONG,
213 east Hargett street,
Raleigh, N. C.

[The Editor would be glad to have, at this late day, the desiderata.]

List of officers and privates who volunteered in Petersburg "A. Grays," Fourth Virginia Battalion, afterwards Company B, Twelfth Virginia Regiment, Mahone's Brigade, A. P. Hill's Corps:

Commissioned officers—John Lyon, captain; Robert R. Bowden, first lieutenant; Thomas P. Pollard, second lieutenant; Thomas J. Crenshaw, third lieutenant.

Non-commissioned officers—W. G. Lea, first sergeant; William S. McCance, second sergeant; W. H. Granger, third sergeant; Samuel G. Jones, fourth sergeant; *William H. Drinkard*, first corporal; William H. Morrison, second corporal; Alex. B. Anthony, third corporal; Joseph O'R. McCleavy, fourth corporal.

Adams, T. J.	Maclin, Joseph J.
Aiken, R. P.	Madry, A. J.
Aldridge, L. A.	Madry, John W.
Aldridge, W. B.	Martin, John
Andrews, Z. P.	Martin, Samuel
Archer, A. W.	McCann, Alex. M.
Bass, Thomas W.	McCrackin, David
Bean, John	Mathias, C. P.
Benezette, Charles	Miles, Alex. M.
<i>Birdson, James C.,</i>	Miles, George W.
<i>Bott, M. T.</i>	Minatree, Jr., John
Brady, John B.	Mingea, John F.
Brushwood, John	Newsom, E. S.
<i>Brown, Samuel E.</i>	Noble, Charles G.
• Cayce, E. M.	Nolner, S. B.
Cayce, Milton	Northern, Robt. N.
Cayce, George W.	<i>Oliver, M. E.</i>
Chappell, Robert G.	Page, J. F.
Chase, Henry	<i>Pannill, Charles</i>
Cocke, W. F.	Panill, Walter
Coldwell, H. T.	Peaman, Charles J.
Coldwell, J. E.	Penman, John
Cooke, John E.	Pettet, Thomas T.
Cooke, John S.	Poarch, E. J.
Cooke, William	Poarch, E. N.
Cox, H. E.	Pool, Stephen
Crowder, W. M.	Pool, S. D. P.
Crowdis, W. S.	Rae, J. E.
Cunningham, J. E.	Reade, G. W.
Davis, John A.	Reade, J. T.

Davis, W. H.	<i>Robertson, J. T. R.</i>
Dean, Leonidas H.	Roberts, John P.
Derring, James	<i>Ruffin, Theo. B.</i>
Dunlop, James R.	Sandford, Paul W.
Folks, Joseph	<i>Simmons, N. B.</i>
Farley, George W.	Smith, Joseph A.
Farley, Peter F.	<i>Smith, W. C.</i>
Farley, Thomas A.	Smith, Robert L.
Gibson, Jeb	Snead, John W.
Gregory, Thomas B.	Summerville, J. B.
Grigg, W. E.	Spottswood, Jos. E.
<i>Gucss, Nelson</i>	Steel, Alexander
Harrison, R. H.	<i>Stone, Jordan</i>
Hobbs, Robert H.	Stywalt, Hiram
Hobbs, Samuel B.	Styles, Waverly R.
Hofman, C. H.	Tally, George A.
Jelks, William A.	Talley, Peyton
Jameson, W. A.	<i>Taliaferro, J. B.</i>
Johnson, R. H.	Taylor, George A.
Jones, R. E.	Tatum, L.
Jordan, Orris F.	Tomlin, C. B.
Kenney, Robert	Topham, J. H.
Kevan, William C.	Totty, William G.
Kinsey, Levi A.	Vaughan, Lycurgus
Kull, Mark E.	Waller, Thomas J.
Lacy, William P.	Webb, Robert T.
Lee, E. B.	White, George R.
Lilly, William E.	<i>Wells, Robert M.</i>
Lipscomb, Hersey	Wills, O. L.
Lufsy, H. Lewis	Williams, Wm. J.
Lyon, Daniel	Weeks, E.

The names in italic type indicate those who were present and surrendered at Appomattox Courthouse.

From the *Richmond Dispatch*, February 25, 1901.

RANSOM'S BRIGADE.

Its Gallant Conduct in the Capture of Plymouth.

By EDWIN G. MOORE, of Company A, Twenty-fourth North Carolina Regiment.

In the winter of 1861-'62, by the capture of Hatteras, Roanoke Island, and New Berne, all the tidewater region of North Carolina east of Wilmington lay at the mercy of the Union forces.

To render these conquests permanent, and to serve as bases for further inroads into the State, they seized and strongly fortified several strategic points; among these was Plymouth, situated on the south bank of the Roanoke river, a few miles above the Albemarle sound.

The region of country thus brought under subjection included the principal waterways of the State, the most valuable fisheries of the South, and many thousand acres of fertile and productive agricultural lands. Indeed, on account of the fall of Roanoke Island, Southeast Virginia, including Norfolk, Portsmouth, and its great navy-yard, was abandoned to the enemy.

These disasters naturally produced great depression among the people of North Carolina, and in certain quarters discontent and unmeasured criticism of the Confederate authorities.

But there was no wavering in devotion to the cause; the State contributed her treasure, almost to the last dollar, and her sons, to the number of 120,000, before the conflict ended.

The Confederate Government made an ineffectual effort to regain New Berne in the winter of 1862-'63, but it was not until April, 1864, that any important success to regain the lost ground was accomplished. This was the recapture of Plymouth, by a force under General Robert F. Hoke, consisting of his own division, composed of North Carolinians, Georgians, and Virginians, and the brigade of General M. W. Ransom, composed of the Twenty-fourth, Twenty-fifth, Thirty-fifth, Forty-ninth, and Fifty-sixth North Carolina regiments. The Eighth North

Carolina Regiment was temporarily attached to Ransom's Brigade for this expedition, and it should be mentioned that Branch's Artillery of Virginia formed a part of the brigade.

The first step taken for the recapture of Plymouth was the construction of the Albemarle, a small, but powerful, iron-clad steam ram. This boat had been commenced the year previous at Halifax on the Roanoke, and when completed the forces under General Hoke were put in motion and arrived at their destination on the evening of April 17, 1864.

The town of Plymouth was directly accessible from two directions, the west and south. By a flank movement it could be approached from the east, but on the north was the river, held by a fleet of gunboats, and beyond was an impassible swamp.

The object of the preliminary operations was to enable the Albemarle to pass the river batteries on the western side. The dispositions of the forces for this purpose was as follows: General Hoke's brigade approached the western side of the town and General Ransom's the southern. In the absence of the official reports of this battle the details of the narrative which follows must be confined mainly to the operations of Ransom's brigade, and even these to the limited view of the writer's observations and experience. So, on the evening of the 17th of April, while Ransom's brigade was resting about a mile distant from the southern fortifications, Colonel William J. Clarke, of the Twenty-fourth North Carolina Regiment, called aside the officers of Company A, of which the writer was a member, and instructed them that he wished the company to deploy as skirmishers, and develop what force held a certain point which he indicated, and drive them if possible. The order was immediately obeyed, and the company encountered a spirited resistance in a few moments. The object for which Company A had been sent out had scarcely been accomplished before the entire brigade advanced in fine array, firing as they moved. This demonstration drew forth the concentrated fire of all the enemy's batteries on the south side, including the heavy guns on board their fleet.

General Hoke was making a similar show of attack on the western side, and the two demonstrations so engaged the attention of the enemy that the Albemarle, commanded by Captain

J. W. Cook, succeeding in passing the batteries which guarded the river approach and assailed the fleet in front of the town. Swift and thorough was the work of our little boat, in a short time the entire fleet of the enemy were either sent to the bottom or driven out of harbor. The Albemarle succeeded in withdrawing to a place of safety, and the remaining forces withdrew for the evening.

But the work of capturing Plymouth was by no means accomplished. All of its lines of defence were still intact. Fort Williams, a powerful earthwork, thrown up to a considerable height, commanded the field directly south and enfiladed the approaches, both east and west. Extending from this fort to the river, and enclosing the town, were lines of breast-works. The roads leading into the enclosure were protected by stockades, or timbers firmly set in the ground. The daytime of April 18th and 19th was occupied in resting by a portion of our forces, and in reconnoitering by others. General Hoke selected the eastern front as the most feasible point of assault along the riverside, since the fleet was not there to interfere. To this work Ransom's brigade was assigned. Late on the evening of the 19th Ransom approached a creek of some depth but little width, which was stoutly defended by an outpost of the enemy. By the aid of Branch's Battery these were forced to move back, and quickly—a pontoon having been laid—a line of skirmishers passed over and took position at the crest of a gentle rise from the creek. As soon as possible the brigade passed over and took position. A detachment of one company from each regiment had been made, Company A, of the Twenty-fourth, being of the number. These were deployed as skirmishers and advanced some distance in front of the principal line. We inferred from these arrangements that an assault upon the enemy's works was contemplated, and that we of the skirmish line were expected to lead. Soon word came along the line of skirmishers that Captain Durham, of the Forty-ninth, would command us. From this we knew that serious work was ahead.

I must pause here and pay a passing tribute to the memory of this officer. He had already distinguished himself for skill and courage in the service. However, on account of his superior business qualities he was offered the post of quarter-

master for his regiment. This he would accept only on condition that he should be permitted to participate in all the dangers to which his command might be exposed. Thus it came about that the quartermaster of the Forty-ninth Regiment was frequently placed in command of detachments, both of infantry and cavalry, which required cool courage and skillful leadership. Young, handsome, and lovable, he was popular with the men. A few weeks later he gave his life to the cause near Drewry's Bluff, and rarely has a braver spirit ascended from a battlefield than was that of Captain Durham, of the Forty-ninth.

The information that Captain Durham would command inspired us with the faith that we would be well led. But there were long hours of waiting. The disposition of the forces was completed by 9 o'clock. The moon was at her full, and not a cloud obscured her light. We had not more than fairly taken position before the enemy turned its batteries upon us. All night long its shells hurled above and around us, and sometimes exploded in our very midst. But no response did we make; dead silence reigned throughout our lines. Action under such circumstances enhances the courage of men; inaction weakens it. Then it is that thoughtful men engage in introspection and sit in judgment upon their past lives. They realize fully the force of Hamlet's conclusion that

"Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action."

But the longest night, no matter what its horrors, must have an end. At the first appearance of light in the East the quiet, but firm, command of Durham, "Forward, men!" was given. Instantly every man of the skirmishers was upon his feet and began to press forward.

The ground over which we were to move was a level plane several hundred yards in extent. All obstructions had been removed, and it had been used by the enemy as a parade-ground and a place for target practice.

The pickets gave us a parting shot and retired quickly. We returned the compliment and pushed forward. When within fifty yards of the enemy's works of defence the writer was brought to the ground by an enfilading shot from the left from Fort Williams, which was pouring down a leaden hail upon our advance. But Ransom's main line was up, silent, grim, unbroken, irresistible, firing not a shot. It swept on and over the enemy's works, and then, as if every energy had been pent up for that supreme moment, the men gave forth such a yell as only Confederate victors could give. But the voices of 500 comrades, equally brave, who had started on that perilous march, were not heard in that exultant shout. They lay dead or wounded on the plane.

General Hoke had well held the enemy to its defences on the western side, but by the success of Ransom, its lines were untenable, and all of the enemy who had not been captured retired to Fort Williams. This stronghold continued the struggle a few hours longer, and then surrendered, making the Confederate victory complete.

It was the fortune of the writer to occupy a place in the line which defended Marye's Hill at Fredericksburg, and to witness the repeated onsets of Burnside's thousands against that strong position. Well does he remember how Meigher's celebrated brigade from New York, selecting a somewhat different point of attack, and advancing in column under cover of some buildings, sought by a rush to penetrate our lines only to recoil wellnigh destroyed by the blow which it received. But not upon the famous field of Fredericksburg did he see anything which surpassed the conduct of Ransom's Brigade at Plymouth. Indeed, the late Colonel Duncan K. McRae, of North Carolina, declared that it was very similar in many respects, and compared favorably in all respects, to the storming of the Malakoff in the Crimean war.

FATHERS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

When Rev. Jacob R. Hildebrand died, it was thought that he was the last man in Augusta county who had sons in the Confederate army, but the statement of that fact has brought to light the names of at least four men who are now living who had sons in the Confederate army. They are Mr. Henry Harrison and Mr. John A. Wiseman, of Staunton; Mr. James McDaniel, of Stuart's Draft, and Mr. William F. Bradley, of Cotopaxi, the last named being nearly ninety-four years of age. There are not many left, however, and it is really remarkable that there are any. The Rockbridge County *News* thinks there is not one left in Rockbridge.—Staunton *Dispatch*.

The above published in December, 1908, and copied generally by the Virginia press seems to have failed to elicit any additional names.—ED.

HOW "DIXIE" CAME TO BE WRITTEN.

Dixie, the most popular song of the South during the Civil War, was written by a Northern man, Daniel Decatur Emmett, who was born at Mount Vernon, Ohio, in 1815.

Young Emmett began life as a printer, but soon afterward gave up type-setting to join a band of musicians connected with a circus company. He discovered that he had a talent for composing songs used by clowns and he reeled them off in numbers, and with much success. "Old Dan Tucker" made a great hit. Emmett became so popular that he concluded to try New York City, at the Old Gotham Theatre. His performances, with the help of two companions, were of a mixed negro song and dance kind, and the little company was billed as "The Virginia Minstrels." They took the New York crowd by storm, and the result was the negro minstrel shows which have ever since had so great a run.

The company went abroad and had great success in England. Even royalty became enthusiastic, and the present King, who was then in his teens, thought "Dan" Emmett one of the most interesting Americans.

It was several years before Emmett returned, and then he joined the Dan Bryant Minstrel Company. It was during this engagement that he wrote Dixie. Years afterwards, when he was an old man living in retirement at Mount Vernon, he told his story to a newspaper reporter.

The story follows:

"Are you Dan Emmett, who wrote Dixie?" asked the reporter.

"Well, I have heard of the fellow; sit down," and Emmett motioned to the steps.

"Won't you tell me how the song was written?"

"Like most everything else I ever did," said Emmett. "It was written because it had to be done. One Saturday night, in 1859, as I was leaving Bryant's Theatre, where I was playing, Bryant called after me, 'I want a walk-around for Monday, Dan.' The

next day it rained and I stayed indoors. At first when I went at the song I couldn't get anything. But a line,

'I wish I was in Dixie'

"kept repeating itself in my mind, and I finally took it for my start. The rest wasn't long in coming. And that's the story of how Dixie was written.

"It made a hit at once, and before the end of the week everybody in New York was whistling it. Then the South took it up and claimed it for its own. I sold the copyright for five hundred dollars, which was all I ever made from it. I'll show you my first copy."

He went into the house and returned in a moment with a yellow, worn-looking manuscript in his hand.

"That's Dixie," he said, holding it up for inspection. "I'm going to give it to some historical society in the South, one of these days, for though I was born here in Ohio, I count myself a Southerner, as my father was a Virginian."

It was at New Orleans that Dixie got its great start as a war song. In 1861, just after the breaking out of the Civil War, an actress sang it at one of the New Orleans theatres. It was received with a storm of applause, and at once passed to the street, and then to the camp. It flew over the South on wings, and is now a universal favorite.

Emmett died in 1904, at Mount Vernon.

The song has been changed and paraphrased many times. The most elaborate attempt of this kind was made by General Albert Pike, of Confederate fame, who tried to give it more dignity. But his attempt did not prove successful. The public preferred Dan Emmett's doggerel and the tune, which he had adapted from an old "Coon Song."—*The Advance*.

From the *News Leader*, December 30, 1908.

MANUSCRIPT OF CONFEDERATE CONSTITUTION ON EXHIBITION FOR HISTORIANS.

The original parchment copy of the provisional constitution of the Confederate States has not been lost as reported in an afternoon paper, declares the secretary of the Confederate Museum, but has been preserved with the knowledge of many members of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society in the Confederate Museum since its establishment in 1897.

It appears that the original constitution was purchased in 1870 by Mrs. Mary de Renne, of Savannah, Ga., for \$25,000 and presented to the Southern Historical Society. When the Confederate Memorial Literary Society was established here in 1896 with a fire-proof building for the care of their relics, they offered a room in their museum to the Southern Historical Society, who accepted their offer. In 1907 the Southern Historical Society turned over its relics and documents to the society here.

About a year ago Dr. Douglas Southall Freeman, an astute young historian and expert in transcript work, was engaged to catalogue the documents belonging to the Confederate Memorial Literary Society in collaboration with a historical manuscript commission composed of a number of ladies belonging to the society. His work in this connection has been highly successful and valuable, and he has published a book showing the results of his researches in the manuscripts of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society.

Quite recently Mr. Freeman took up the work of examining the Southern Historical Society papers which were in the keeping of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society. The original constitution was among these papers, carefully preserved in a tin tube in one of the book cases. The impression created that the valuable manuscript had been lost or forgotten is an entirely erroneous one. It has been securely and carefully pre-

served, only awaiting time and means for a proper publication and exhibition, which Dr. Freeman has now arranged.

The parchment will be exhibited this week to the members of the American Historical Society, but after that will be withheld from public view; as it is feared that the effect of light will dim the ink with which it is engrossed. The manuscript is the third most valuable in the United States, and is in perfect condition.

By hard work and perseverance the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, which is primarily a literary organization, has collected a most valuable number of papers of all kinds. So large has the work grown that it was recently found necessary to appoint a historical manuscript commission.

This work for the classification and arrangement of papers belonging to the society is now going on under the direction of Dr. Freeman.

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